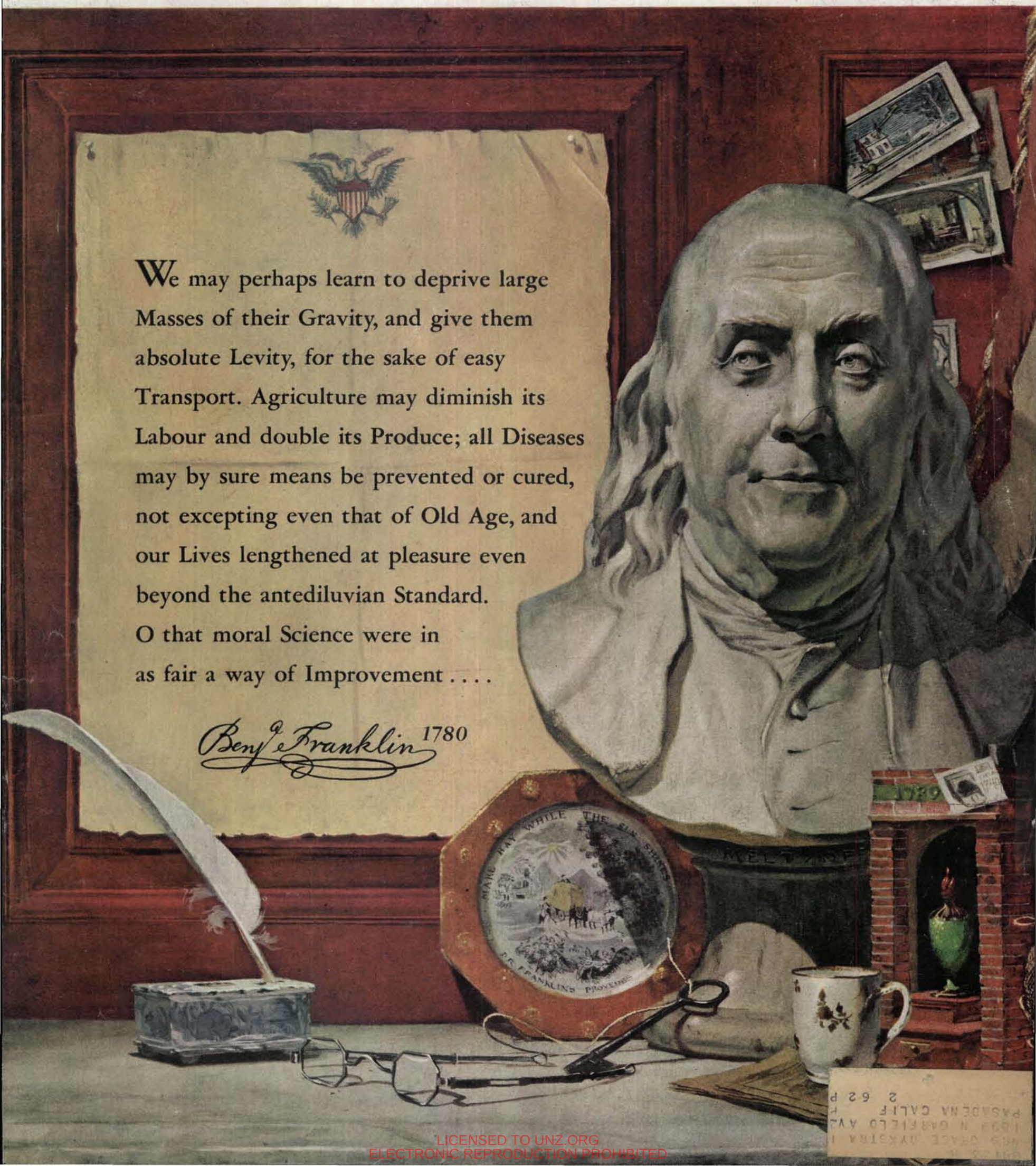
The Saturday Evening
POST
January 16, 1960 – 15¢

THE DIFFERENCE
BETWEEN BLACK AND WHITE

By a Southern White Woman Teacher in a Negro College


We may perhaps learn to deprive large
Masses of their Gravity, and give them
absolute Levity, for the sake of easy
Transport. Agriculture may diminish its
Labour and double its Produce; all Diseases
may by sure means be prevented or cured,
not excepting even that of Old Age, and
our Lives lengthened at pleasure even
beyond the antediluvian Standard.
O that moral Science were in
as fair a way of Improvement . . . .
Benj.a Franklin 1780
MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES
B. FRANKLIN'S PROVERBS

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When you get that just-can't-wait-to-tell-it feeling, reach for your phone. Call the folks who live out of town and share your news. There's always so much to tell—and to hear. There's no better time than *right now!*

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM *Call by number. It's twice as fast.*

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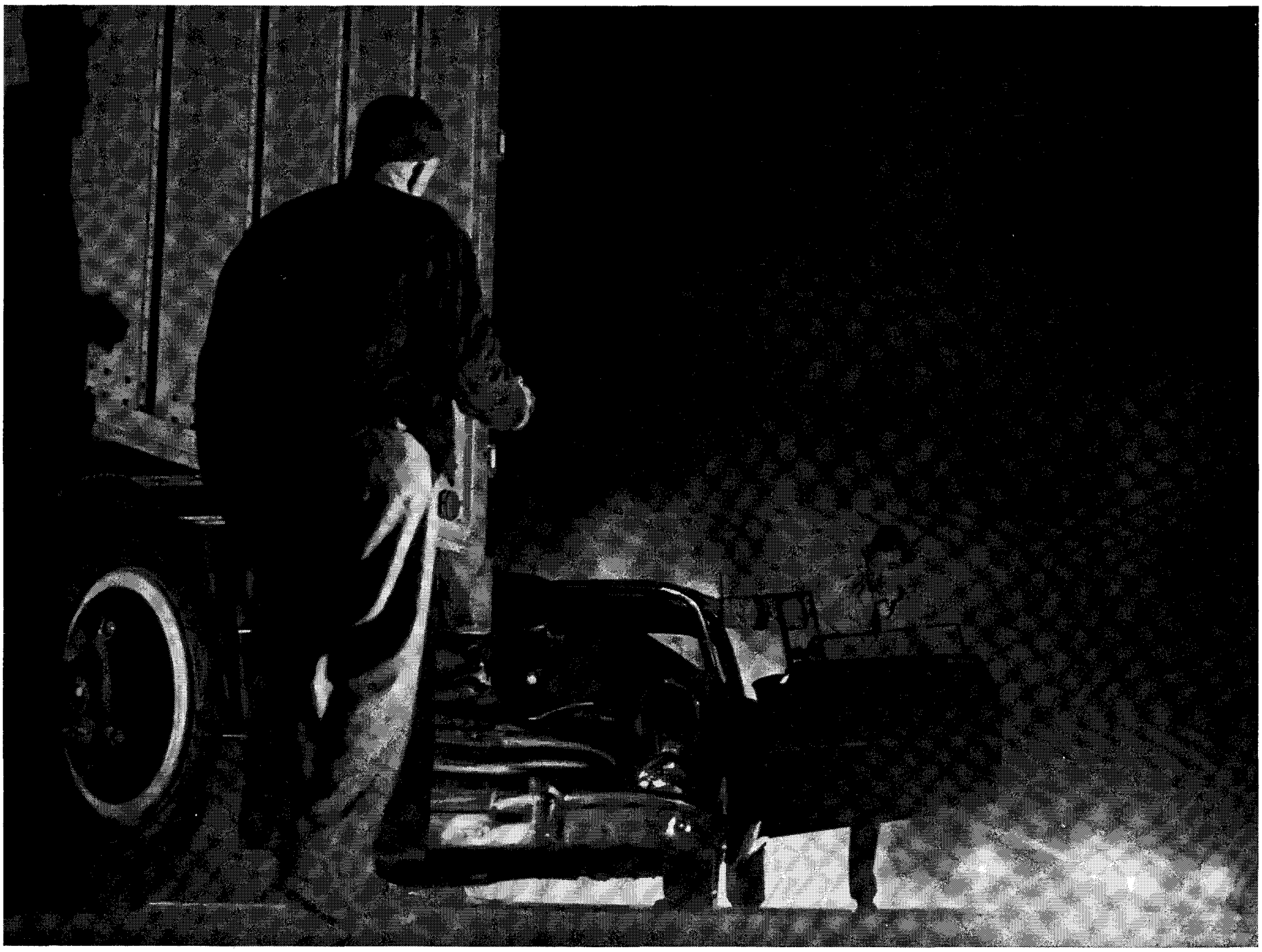

Trouble strikes: How Liberty Mutual's quick action helped a distraught policyholder

A Liberty Mutual policyholder had this to say about our claims service: "I wish to express my appreciation to Liberty Mutual for the quick settlement of my automobile accident. My sincere thanks. A beautiful repair job was done on my car.

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"We have been insured by Liberty Mutual for at least thirty-five years . . ."

Incidentally, the garage, making repairs, found additional hidden damage caused by the accident. Our appraiser re-inspected the car, confirmed the findings and Liberty paid the bill.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE COVER

Our Benjamin Franklin quotation, honoring the 254th anniversary of his birth, is from a 1780 letter to Dr. Joseph Priestley of England; the founder of this magazine was in Paris then, doing brilliant diplomatic service for the war-burdened American colonies he loved. Priestley was a famous clergyman, chemist and physicist, which constitutes a well-rounded man indeed. Yet he was no more the versatile genius than was Doctor Franklin, who here again reveals the timelessness of his words, the way they apply as aptly to life today as they did in the faraway yesterdays when he set them on paper. To Franklin's sad conclusion about the lagging moral evolution of his era, he added in his letter, "O . . . that human Beings would at length learn what they now improperly call Humanity!"

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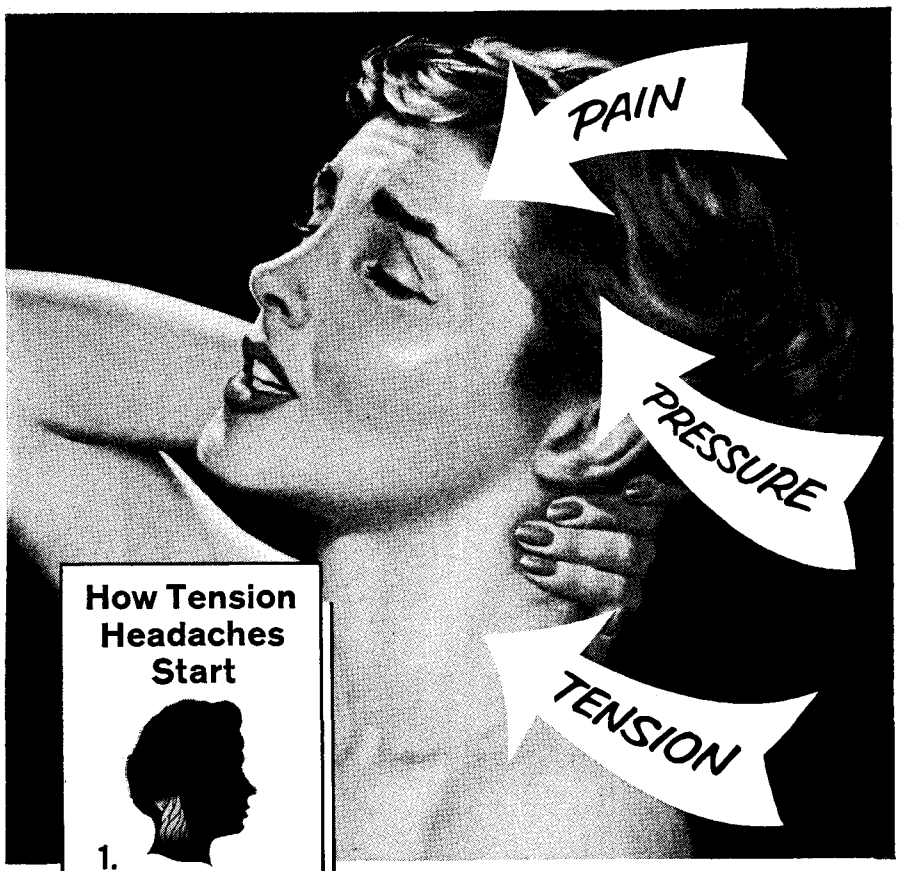

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Letters

"Somewhat Startled"

Dear Sirs:

I was somewhat startled to observe Professor Greenstein admitting in the LETTERS column [Dec. 19] that osmium, not lead, is the densest solid. It just goes to show that it pays one to read his *Saturday Evening Post* thoroughly. Here I had thought all along the distinction definitely belonged to the material housed in the skulls of your editors when they send back my little and infrequently offered manuscripts.

BILL ODELL
Chicago, Ill.

● *Come now, Mr. Odell. You have made* The Post *twice in the same issue. (See right, above.)* —*ED.*

Our Moral Bankruptcy

Dear Sirs:

The full-page editorial on our national deterioration in morals [QUIZ SCANDALS ARE ONLY A SYMPTOM, Dec. 12] was the most timely, the most comprehensively devastating, and the most unanswerable *The Post* has printed in years.

LABAN LACY RICE
Warwick, Va.

Dear Sirs:

A hearty "Amen". . . . You rightly included all of us in this matter of dishonesty.

REV. JAMES W. MARSHALL
First Methodist Church
Pennington, N.J.

Dear Sirs:

The most powerful editorial I have ever read in any American publication. . . .

It leads one to wonder what lies beneath this glittering thing we call civilization.

MYRON SHOEMAKER
Laceyville, Pa.

Dear Sirs:

Could Charley McCarthy, Effie and Mortimer talk? Weren't they fixed?

Woodenhead Charles.

Egghead Charles.

Why can't we have Edgar Bergen back? . . . Good old Charley never gave us an inferiority complex such as another more distinguished Charles did.

TOM J. NORDBERG
Mackinac Island, Mich.

Dear Sirs:

Why do you accuse yourself of abetting the national delinquency by fostering phony values . . . and then not do something about it? You decry bosomy pictures and then the very next week you print other pictures in the same vein—Dec. 19, page 19.

GERALD W. GRAWEY
Rochester, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

You just got a subscriber for life, and I'll beat the drums for you till they carry me out feet first, if you can keep up that sort of editorial leadership.

FLOYD B. WILLERT
Dayton, Ore.

Dear Sirs:

There was an important omission. I mean those phony, absurdly oversized wrappers on five-cent candy bars.

BILL ODELL
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

How about lobbying? Why has that never been mentioned, while our smug Congress sits and pillories its various victims, forgetting or ignoring its own dirty linen?

MRS. JUDD WILSON SPRAY
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Sirs:

The real cause—the Welfare State.

The something-for-nothing philosophy endorsed down the political spectrum from Reuther to Rockefeller is the cancer.

JAMES D. TILFORD JR.
Palm Beach, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

We wonder what will happen
When Congress decides to pry,
And a committee demands the secrets
Of catching the manly eye.

Fake long nails and whitened teeth,
Waved and bright-dyed hair,
Proportioned hose to slim the legs,
Perfume everywhere.

Penciled brows and shadowed lids,
Eyedrops that gleam like dew,
Pancaked skin, enameled toes,
Lashes attached with glue.

Fake bosoms, a cinched-in waist,
Rouged and molded lips,
Beauty spots and lacquered locks,
Deftly padded hips.

Honorable Senators and Congressmen,
Jurists so brave and wise,
All of this unbelievable fraud
Is right before your eyes!

ROBERT F. MACLEOD, *Publisher*
Harper's Bazaar
New York, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

I thought your editorial on quiz scandals was timely and well done with the exception of your reference to automatic-promotion policies [in our schools]. . . . I don't believe in completely automatic promotion and graduation, but neither can I relish a return to the days of a sixteen-year-old bully in the third grade molesting his classmates and slapping the teacher around.

The most common practice in this area is to retain slow learners in grades one, two, and three, where the most good in fundamentals can be given them. Then they are moved along with classmates who are somewhere near their own age. They . . . receive certificates of attendance rather than high-school diplomas. You must understand that I am talking about youngsters with low mental ability, as most schools do not hesitate to fail a student who is capable of doing his work but is too lazy or indifferent.

GARY S. OLSON
Superintendent of Schools
Barrett, Minn.

(Continued on Page 6)

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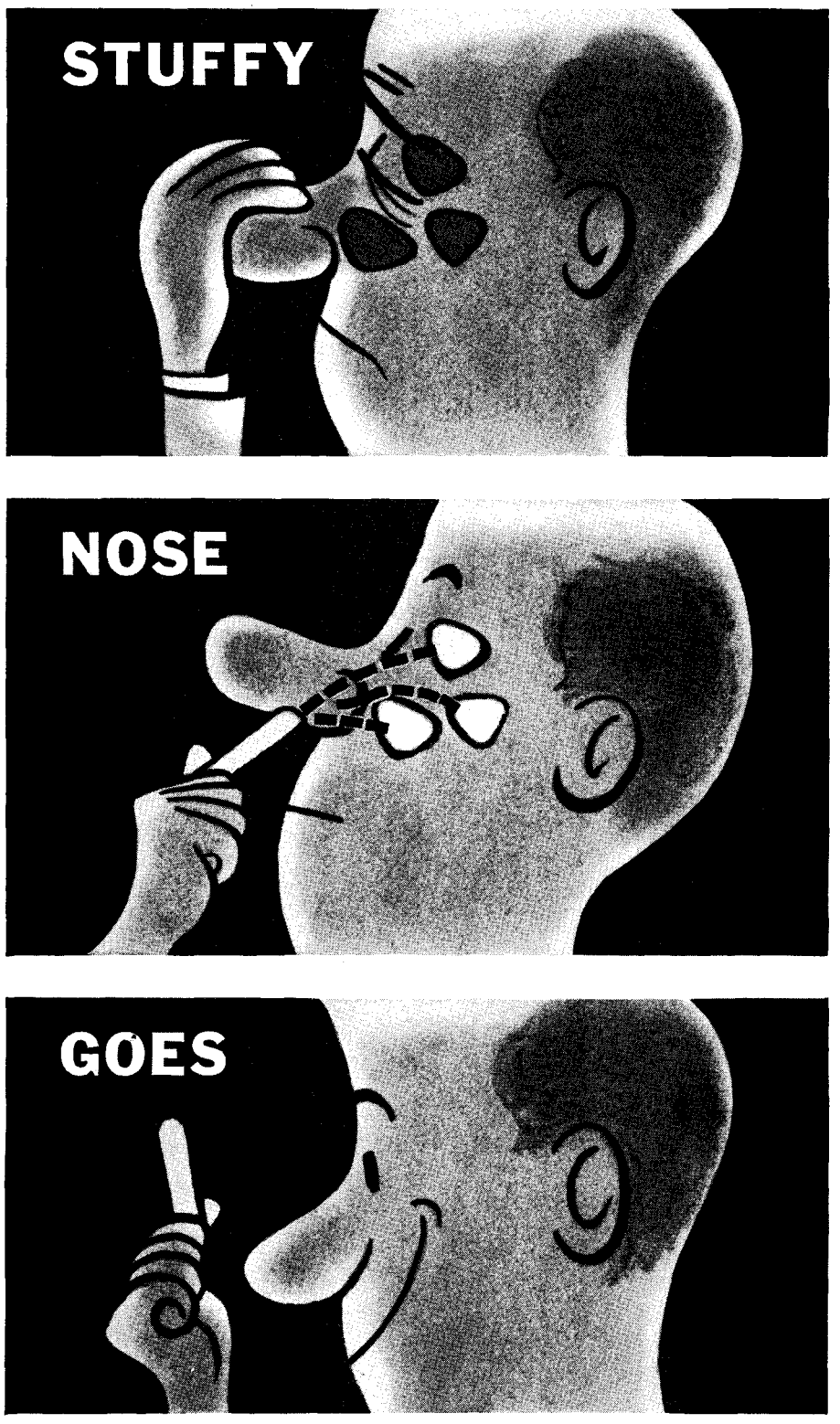

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Opens cold-blocked nose clear up to your sinus!

Tests prove new Vicks Inhaler clears congestion fast. Dramatic new clinical tests of actual colds-sinus sufferers show that 5 minutes after use the new Vicks Decongestant Inhaler decreases nasal congestion most effectively. And it may be used regularly for continued relief without stinging or burning.

Actually, just one whiff and you feel immediate relief! New Vicks Decongestant action instantly shrinks swollen membranes, clears congestion of colds, allergies, hay fever. Opens your cold-congested nasal passages all the way to your sinuses for faster wide-open breathing relief.

only 49¢

Letters (Continued from Page 4)

Dear Sirs:

A few schools here are using a system whereby the pupil is only promoted in the subject in which he passes. . . .

Why not give it a try?

M. ETHEL ASH
Pointe Claire, Quebec

Noisy Comeback

Dear Sirs:

As a Philadelphian now living in Washington (have you ever heard one call himself a *former* Philadelphian?) allow me to congratulate you on the superb article in the Dec. 5 issue, COMEBACK OF A SHABBY CITY, by Roul Tunley. The color photographs and the text could not possibly be improved.

It must be a tremendously exciting period in which to live in the neighborhood of Independence Hall. Just a few weeks ago I drove through this section of the city and was greatly impressed by the sight of green grass near Carpenters' Hall. What a drab and uninteresting area this used to be!

RICHARD E. PEARSON
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sirs:

At exactly 1:15 A.M. a refuse-collecting truck with a grinding mechanism to dispose of the trash—making a horrible noise—chugs under my window, and added to the din is the thump of the metal trash containers being banged back on the pavements. . . .

The gurgles of delight of the writer of your piece were downright amusing to a certain center-city dweller who sleeps with rubber noise stoppers in her ears and is always battling gritty dirt in her home and on her face.

Comeback?

ELEANOR SCOVEL MILLER
Philadelphia, Pa.

Not Murder

Dear Sirs:

In the November 14 issue, I said: "I defended one client, a widow, against a murder charge in the little town of San Luis Obispo."

The charge was manslaughter, not murder, and she was acquitted. I very much regret the error.

JERRY GIESLER
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Butchered Books

Dear Sirs:

In the article MUST THEY SPOIL CHILDREN'S BOOKS by J.C. Furnas (Dec. 12), the case against abridging children's books was decisively and clearly stated. Thanks to you and Mr. Furnas for attempting to convince those who put out and handle children's books that classics should be left as written. As a children's librarian, I have long felt so.

MARY E. OSEN
Rockford Public Library
Rockford, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Cheers for Mr. Furnas' tirade against abridgment of classics. As an elementary-school librarian, however, I deeply resent his charges that Johnny can't count on librarians to provide him "with what makes civilized readers," or that most libraries and school systems buy the watered-down versions.

Just today, in reading reviews written by librarians for librarians, I found these statements: "Simplified watered-down version which does not compare with original editions. Parents and children would do better to choose one of these which are more difficult to read but offer so much more" . . . "Lacks the flavor of the original."

Please don't tar us all with the same brush!

SALLY WOOD NOLLER
Delmar, N.Y.

Dear Sirs:

He makes too much of the angelic quality of librarians. . . . Our children have had to fight with aseptic librarians who won't let them choose their own books unless they fall into the right age level.

LOUIS R. BURNS
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Sirs:

Why can't publishers be required by law to clearly and conspicuously label all butchered books? It's . . . the only decent thing to do.

MAURICE J. GREENIA
Detroit, Mich.

● *The Federal Trade Commission Act requires publishers to label abridged books as such. When a violation is called to its attention, the F.T.C. can order a publisher to cease and desist.* —ED.

Too Busy to Be Bad

Re the article WHY DOES EUROPE HAVE LESS DELINQUENCY? [by Judge Mary Conway Kohler, Nov. 7]:

I go to school in Palma de Mallorca from nine in the morning until eight at night, five and a half days a week, with two hours off for lunch. By the time we get home at night we only have time to do our home work and get into bed.

This really is a big factor.

KERRY KIRSCHNER, *age 13*
Palma de Mallorca, Spain

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

4–Two from Wide World. • 13, 14, 15–Bill Shrout. • 16, 17, 18,19–Eugene Kammerman. 20, 21–Jim and John Burns. • 22, 23–Hanson Carroll. • 24–Robert Meyers. • 25–Mike Shea. • 26–United Press International; Pictorial Parade; Wide World; United Press International. • 27–Map by Center Studio; Two from Pictorial Parade; Wide World. 28, 29–Austin Briggs. • 30–Two by Photogrammetry, Inc ; Frank Ross. • 31–Mike Ludlow. • 32–Eugene Kammerman. • 33–Two by Eugene Kammerman; Jim Burns; Two by Eugene Kammerman. • 36, 37–Bob Lavin. • 39–Wide World. • 88–John R. Wells; Austin Briggs; Philippe Halsman.

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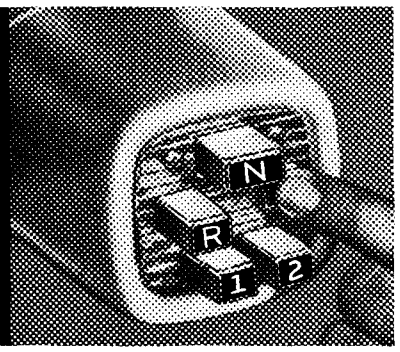

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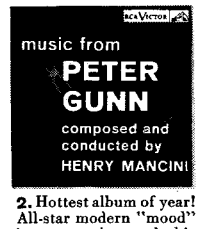
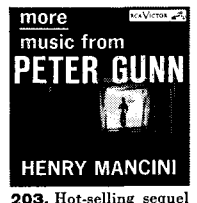
You save up to 40% with this introductory offer alone. After the trial membership, if you continue, you will **save about one third** of the manufacturer's nationally advertised price through the Club's Record-Dividend Plan. This plan lets you choose a **free** regular L.P. or stereo album (depending on which division you are enrolled in) with every two you buy from the Club.

Every month you are offered a wide variety of albums (up to 200 a year). One will be singled out as the album-of-the-month. If you want it, you do nothing; it will come to you automatically. If you prefer an alternate—or nothing at all—simply state your wishes on a form always provided. For regular L.P. albums you will pay the nationally advertised price—usually $3.98, at times $4.98; for stereo albums you will pay the nationally advertised price of $4.98, at times $5.98 (plus—in all cases—a small charge for postage and handling).

1. Singing strings, soothing moods. *Autumn Leaves, Star Dust, By the Sleepy Lagoon, While We're Young, Estrellita.*



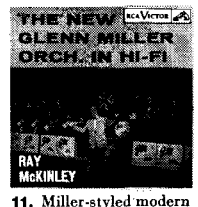
2. Hottest album of year! All-star modern "mood" jazz—combo and big band—from NBC-TV series. *Fallout!*, more.



203. Hot-selling sequel to year's top album stars Shelly Manne, other West Coast jazz giants. *A Quiet Gass, Spook!*, etc.

9. Operetta film stars remake their 12 biggest hits. *Indian Love Call, Will You Remember?, Rosalie, Wanting You.*

10. Lanza at his greatest—12 Italian favorites: *Funiculi' Funicula', Santa Lucia, Maria Mari', Voce 'e notte.*



11. Miller-styled modern repertoire, Ray McKinley. *Birdland, On the Street Where You Live, Mine, Anything Goes.*

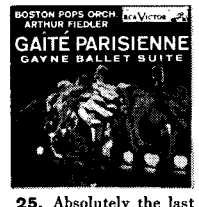
19. Lush, rhythmic, exotic instrumentals. *Valencia, Granada, Delicado, Come Closer to Me, The Peanut Vendor*, etc.

20. Hi-fi remakes of his 12 biggest rumba, samba, bolero, etc., hits. *Green Eyes, Adios, Oye Negra, Mambo No. 5, Baia*, etc.

21. Cha chas, hot and cool, by Prado's crackling big band. *Lullaby of Birdland, Flight of the Bumblebee*, 9 more.

23. Cha-cha versions of top Latin tunes: *Frenesi, Yours, Perfidia, Brazil, Tampico, Cuban Pete, Port-au-Pleasure*, others.

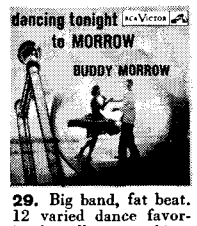
24. 12 pop favorites and light classics. *September Song, Warsaw Concerto, Diane, Tenderly, Too Young, Charmaine*, more.



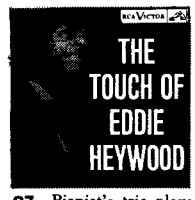
25. Absolutely the last word in sound, performance—the greatest *Gaîté* of all! *Gayne* excerpts include the *Sabre Dance.*

26. La MacKenzie sings 12 ballads. *Hey There, Ebb Tide, Too Young, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango.*

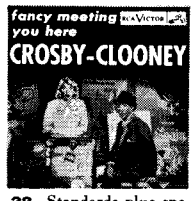
27. 12 dance-mood specials by famed Trio plus strings: *I'll Get By, I'm in the Mood for Love, Moonglow, Stranger in Paradise, Blue Tango.*



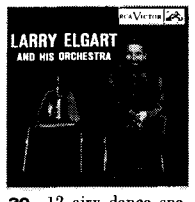
29. Big band, fat beat. 12 varied dance favorites by college prom king. *Margie, Sleepy-Time Gal, I'll Be Around, Cherry.*



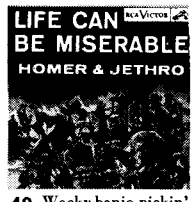
37. Pianist's trio plays *Summertime, The Man I Love, All of You, Cherry, Pennies from Heaven, I Cover the Waterfront.*



38. Standards plus special material, fun-filled ad libs, sassy Billy May scorings. *Isle of Capri, Hindustan, Brazil*, etc.

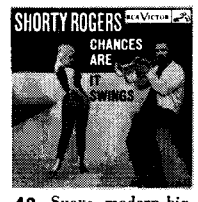


39. 12 airy dance specials. *Once in Love with Amy, That Old Feeling, Dream Boat, Midnight Sun, Heartaches*, others.



40. Wacky banjo-pickin' country comics fracture hit songs, special material. *Oh Lonesome Me*, 11 more laugh getters.

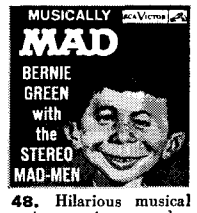
41. Laugh a second! Kraut-sour German band plays (?) concert pieces, waltzes, marches, polkas, etc., in highest fi.



42. Suave, modern big-band jazz; top West Coast stars. *Chances Are, Everybody Loves a Lover*, plus 10 other recent hits.

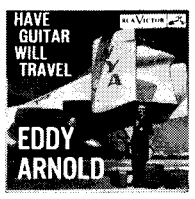
45. Ultraromantic piano with orchestra. *They Can't That Away from Me, Autumn in Rome, Secret Love*, 12 in all.

47. Hot, happy HONKY-TONK PIANO special! Ricky-ticklers like *My Gal Sal, Side by Side, Hello Ma Baby*, etc.



48. Hilarious musical satire, caricature plus commentary by Henry Morgan. *Gunsmirk Suite; Anvils, of Course;* more.

60. In dramatic hi fi, world-famous Spanish group sings, plays 17 songs of Spain, Italy, Portugal and France.

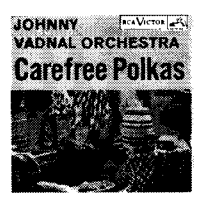


61. Singalogue by country pop star. *Kentucky Babe, Idaho, Georgia on My Mind, Carolina in the Morning, Indiana*, etc.

62. Tender love songs and ballads. *Fifteen* (theme of *The World, the Flesh and the Devil*), *Delia's Gone*, 10 others.

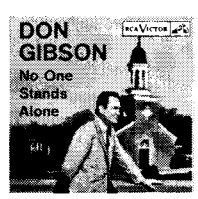
63. Oriental orchestral feast! Colorful sounds magnificently recorded. Voluptuous, melodious, familiar themes.

65. The dancing-listening surprise package of the year. Swing beat, modern sound. *Baubles, Bangles and Beads*, etc.

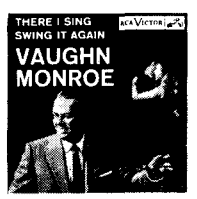


66. Dozen happy hops and waltzes. *Vass Iss Dass? Polka, Laughing Sailor, Ginger Polka, Mandolina Waltz*, others.

67. Most unusual, exotic album of 1959. SOUND-MOODscapes of oriental humor, romance, intrigue. 11 offbeat treats.



68. 12 soul satisfiers by the *Oh Lonesome Me* star. New ones include *Faith Unlocks the Door, My God Is Real*, etc.



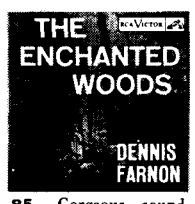
69. His biggest hits re-recorded in hi fi. *There, I've Said It Again; Riders in the Sky; Racing with the Moon; Ballerina*; etc.

79. Teen-age rock-and-roll singer-songwriter's hit versions of *I Go Ape, The Diary*, other originals—*Stupid Cupid*, etc.

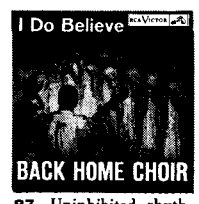
80. Aged-in-the-jazzwood vocals of *Memphis Blues, My Melancholy Baby, Someday You'll Be Sorry*, more.

81. TV's first lady at her warmest. *I'll Remember April, What's New?, I Fall in Love Too Easily, These Foolish Things*, etc.

83. Glorious new production of Romberg's operetta starring Giorgio Tozzi, large cast. Lehman Engel, conductor.

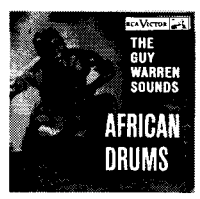


85. Gorgeous sound, dreamy dance fare with woodwinds and rhythm. *I Hear a Rhapsody, You Are Too Beautiful*, etc.



87. Uninhibited, rhythmic, moving renditions of 12 Negro spirituals by one of the most popular, authentic mixed choirs.

88. Soft, intimate jazz with Tyree Glenn, Hank Jones, bassist Bell featured. *All the Way, The Party's Over, Love Nest.*



89. Exciting, exotic African rhythms and themes, sometimes blended with jazz. "Fascinating"—*Variety.*

90. Crack quartet sings 12 many-mooded hits. *Lazy River, My Blue Heaven, Pretend, J'Attendrai, Shine*, etc.

97. Gershwin plays his own *Rhapsody in Blue* in hi fi! Also vintage piano rolls by Fats Waller, Zez Confrey and others.

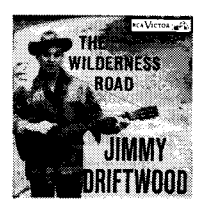
100. Two super-stars render 12 Gershwin treasures in fresh, modern manner. A current best seller.

200. Smoothly arranged swingers include *Linda, St. Louis Blues, I've Got You Under My Skin, Donkey Serenade.*

201. Dreamy hi-fi trip to romantic places. *Around the World, Paris in the Spring, On a Slow Boat to China*, etc.

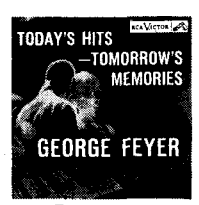
202. Soundtrack recording from late tenor's last film. *Come Prima, Vesti la giubba, O sole mio*, Schubert's *Ave Maria.*

204. *Hawaii in hi fi!* 12 authentically played all-time Hawaiian hits: *Sweet Leilani, The Hawaiian Wedding Song*, etc.



205. NARAS award-winning tunesmith sings his own hit *Tennessee Stud* plus 11 folk songs for the whole family.

206. Ballads and "belters" by new vocal sensation. *Star Dust, As Time Goes By, Daddy, Be My Love*, more.



207. Elegant piano versions of 12 recent quality hits. *All the Way, Around the World, Tammy, Just in Time, Volare*, etc.

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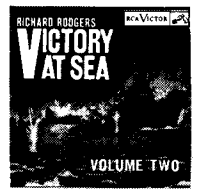
3. Blues types, rhythm backing. *Hallelujah I Love Her So, One for My Baby, Fare Thee Well, God Bless the Child.*

4. Original soundtrack recording from Rodgers and Hammerstein film hit. 15 hardy perennials. M. Gaynor, R. Brazzi.

5. All-time best-selling classical album by the extraordinary pianist who took Moscow and the world by storm.

6. 18 evergreens. *It Could Happen to You, Love Letters, When I Fall in Love, Birth of the Blues, You Made Me Love You.*

7. Stunning new recording of the dramatic 9-section suite from the award-winning TV score by Richard Rodgers.



91. 8 sections from Richard Rodgers' dramatic TV score. De luxe package includes bound-in booklet, photos.

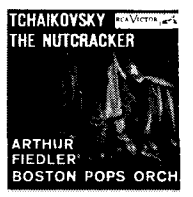
8. Brand-new production of Kern-Hammerstein classic stars Howard Keel, Gogi Grant and Anne Jeffreys.

12. *Jalousie* and other Pops Stoppers, recut. *Liebestraum, Ritual Fire Dance, Skaters Waltz, España Rhapsody*, others.

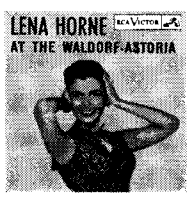
13. Dancing, listening delight. Sunny piano-with-rhythm medleys of fox trots, waltzes, lindys, by Porter, Kern, etc.

14. Fresh versions of 12 harmony hits: *Paper Doll, Love Is a Many-Splendored Thing, To Each His Own*, etc.

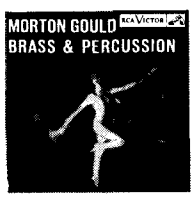
15. Lilting versions of *The Blue Danube, Artists' Life, Emperor Waltz, Tales from the Vienna Woods, Wiener Blut.*



16. Key highlights from Tchaikovsky's enchanting masterpiece for ballet (and the whole family). *Waltz of the Flowers*, etc.

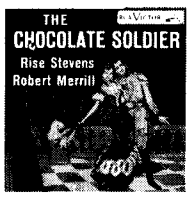


17. On-the-spot recording. Yes, includes *Day In—Day Out* plus *It's All Right with Me, Mood Indigo, Honeysuckle Rose.*



18. 17 blazing, red-blooded marches include 12 Sousa and Goldman classics. *Stars and Stripes Forever, On the Mall*, etc.

30. Colorful pipes, drums, Black Watch Band in a sonic treat! Marches, folk favorites plus Harry Lauder medley.



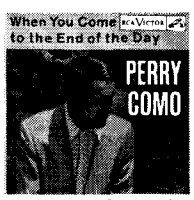
31. Handsome production of Straus operetta stars Risë Stevens, Robert Merrill, Jo Sullivan. *My Hero, Sympathy*, etc.

32. Liquid sounds from Hammond organ. *Over the Rainbow, Ebb Tide, Sweet Leilani, Jalousie, Moonlight Cocktail*, 7 others.

33. Rich baritone of the Billy Graham Crusade sings *God Will Take Care of You, My Saviour's Love, God Is So Good.*

34. Fantastic sound, realistic atmosphere, familiar songs, virile singing. Different! *Red River Valley*, 10 more.

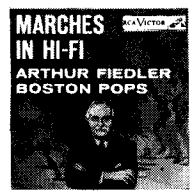
35. *My Man, Young and Foolish, They Say It's Wonderful, Yesterdays, Bewitched, The Thrill Is Gone, Summertime*, more.



36. 12 warmly sung inspirational songs: *He's Got the Whole World in His Hands, Whither Thou Goest, Scarlet Ribbons.*

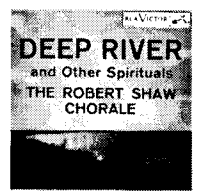
50. Lerner & Loewe (writers of *My Fair Lady*) Academy Award winning score. Stars Gogi Grant and Tony Martin.

52. Mighty pipe-organ sounds, colors, plus 24 favorites by Gershwin, Friml, Youmans, Rodgers, Romberg, others.



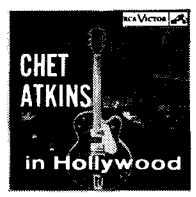
54. 15 strutting marches by diverse composers. *Colonel Bogey, 76 Trombones, March of the Toys, Yankee Doodle, Dixie.*

55. 12 other-worldish scorings for modern big band, piano, singers. *Granada, Begin the Beguine, Night and Day.*



56. 16 timeless spirituals. *Swing Low, Sweet Chariot; Dry Bones; Every Time I Feel the Spirit; Set Down, Servant*; more.

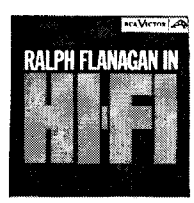
57. Modern classics: Ravel's *Bolero, La Valse, Rapsodie Espagnole* plus Debussy's *Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun.*



58. Flowing, many-mooded guitar plus rich, warm strings. *Estrellita, The Three Bells, Greensleeves*, 12 in all.

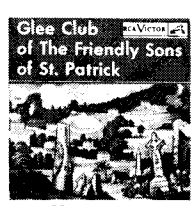
70. 14 thrillingly hi-fi marches by Britain's finest regimental band. *The Thin Red Line, Fame and Glory, Scipio*, lots more.

71. 13 rousing party perkers. Jacket lists recipes. *Heart of My Heart, Beer Barrel Polka, Sweet Adeline*, others.



73. Remakes of the band's biggest hits. *Hot Toddy, My Hero, Where or When, Street of Dreams, Penthouse Serenade*, etc.

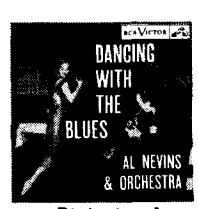
74. 12 shimmering waltzes. *Charmaine, Ramona, Always, Memories, Together, Girl of My Dreams, Would You?*



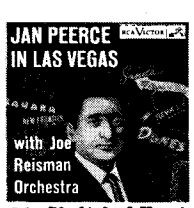
75. 65-man group sings 15 authentic Irish favorites. *The Rose of Tralee, Killarney, Come Back to Erin, The Minstrel Boy.*

76. Rollicking tortoni troubadour sings happy ones — *Hey, Gumbaree; Where Do You Work Marie?*; etc., plus ballads.

78. TV emcee Troup's relaxed singing with top jazz stars Benny Carter, Bud Shank, Conte Candoli, etc. Danceable, too.



93. Distinctive dance stylings by Al Nevins' swing band plus bluesy strings. *Sugar Blues, Basin Street Blues*, 10 others.



94. *Bluebird of Happiness, Because, Around the World, I Believe, Granada, September Song, Without a Song*, others.

96. Romantic, colorful mood setters, lushly recorded. *Laura, The Man I Love, Solitude, Hora Staccato*, others.

208. New hi-fi version of Kern-Hammerstein hit. Julie Andrews, Giorgio Tozzi. *Indian Love Call*, other favorites.

IMPORTANT—PLEASE NOTE

Regular (monaural) long-playing records can be played on stereophonic phonographs; in fact, they will sound better than ever. However, stereophonic records are designed to be played ONLY ON STEREOPHONIC EQUIPMENT.

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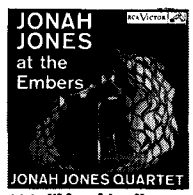
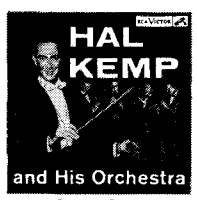
These are the incomparable originals. RCA VICTOR engineers have improved the sound and surfaces of the older recordings to enhance your enjoyment.

102. 12 Dixieland classics in highest fi. *Muskrat Ramble, Tiger Rag, Tin Roof Blues, Panama, That's a Plenty*, etc.

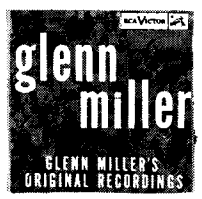


103. "Muted-jazz" trumpeter and quartet—in hi fi. *It's All Right with Me, All of You, Lullaby of Birdland*, etc.

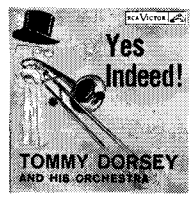
124. 14 of Perry's million-sellers since 1945. *Prisoner of Love, Till the End of Time, Temptation, Round and Round*, etc.



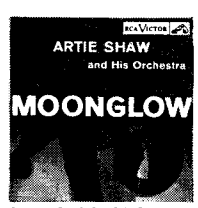
134. Original versions, Skinnay Ennis, Bob Allen. *Got a Date with an Angel, Lamplight, Remember Me*, 8 more.



145. *In The Mood, Moonlight Serenade, Kalamazoo, Tuxedo Junction, String of Pearls, Pennsylvania 6-5000*, etc.



148. With Sinatra, Stafford, Pied Pipers, Berigan, Rich. *Marie, Song of India, I'll Never Smile Again, Opus No. 1*, etc.



183. Artie's 12 biggest hits. *Begin the Beguine, Star Dust, Frenesi, Nightmare* (theme), *Temptation, Dancing in the Dark.*

192. Original hits with Krupa, James, Berigan, Hampton, etc. *Sing Sing Sing, Don't Be That Way, And the Angels Sing*, etc.

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Editorials

Economy Might Just Possibly Be Good Politics

The Eighty-sixth Congress, which closed up shop in mid-September, did not enact most of President Eisenhower's plans to reduce long-range Government spending. Last January the President's budget message contained eighteen points that would have cut back Federal expenditures, ranging all the way from flexible interest rates on Government loans to better procedures in selling military surpluses.

If the President's proposals had been accepted, the Administration figured, savings of as much as $2,000,000,000 would have been possible. But a post-Congress analysis by the Bureau of the Budget now shows that Congress acted only on three of these eighteen proposals, and even on these only partly. The bureau finds that Congress took no action whatever on eleven presidential recommendations, and in four cases did just about the opposite of what the President had recommended.

In these latter four instances, this is what happened:

The President had asked for an increase in the "low subsidized interest rate" on college housing loans; the Congress did not legislate such an increase, but expanded the loan program. The President called for an increased sharing, on the part of local governments, in the cost of slum-clearance and redevelopment projects; Congress did nothing to increase local participation, but went ahead and expanded the program. Similarly the Congress increased the size of school projects in areas of military bases and Federal installations. Finally, the Congress did not act on the proposal that the program of grants for waste-treatment facilities be transferred to the states.

In virtually every one of the President's eighteen proposals a withdrawal of the Federal Government from an area that more properly belongs to local government or private enterprise was envisaged. Thus the President wanted to "encourage more private financing for credit programs" by permitting the Government to increase interests on loans in housing, rural electrification, college dormitories and shipbuilding. The President had hoped Congress would go along with his program to sell some surplus real estate and the Government-operated communications system in Alaska. Congress ignored all these money-saving proposals.

Of course, we have a situation in which a Republican President faces a Congress with Democratic majorities. Politics is always in there pitching. However, it is in such relatively small and politically unappetizing items as the eighteen presidential proposals that the courage of a legislator's convictions is measured. And is the politician sure that it takes courage for a politician to be for economy? Times change. And it's never too late to reform!

Formosa's Army Is Far From Decrepit. Look at Its Record!

By GERALDINE FITCH

There is a belief current today that, however faithful or even effective the army of the Republic of China was in the past, it is growing old today.

This idea was expressed editorially in a leading Canadian paper not so long ago in this way: "So he (Chiang) and his make-believe government are withering in Formosa. His troops are growing old, and there are no replacements for them—except to the extent that Formosan youth, of dubious loyalty, can be drafted into his army."

This Canadian daily obviously sent no correspondent to Formosa to cover the Quemoy battles of a year ago, or its editors would have been better informed. A hundred newsmen were on the spot from nearly all over the world. As one of them put it, "Quemoy's baptism of fire has put the native-born sons at the front to a severe test. They have dispelled all previous anxiety that they might be too green and inexperienced. Instead they displayed courage and calm. The Formosa-born recruits . . . have shown they were not only unafraid but extremely brave and duty-conscious." So much for this too-often-repeated smear of "dubious loyalty."

About four years ago there was quite a little truth in the report that Chiang's soldiers were getting old. Washington was worried about it, because our Government had agreed to help train Free China's armed forces.

Then $48,000,000 allocated to Indochina, but still unused when North Vietnam fell to the Communists, was transferred to Formosa for the purpose of bringing Free China's armed forces to full combat efficiency and caring for the medical needs and job training of those released from active service. This was called the Vocational Assistance Commission for Retired Servicemen, or VACRS for short.

In September, 1954, nearly 80,000 ineffectives were released from the armed forces. It was estimated that about 5000 more would be discharged annually. VACRS has established facilities for medical care for the ill or disabled, vocational training, jobs in road building, reclamation of land, propagating fish in artificial lakes and reservoirs and handicrafts.

But where does Chiang get recruits to keep his army strong as well as young? Actually, nearly half the army today is made up of island-born Chinese. Many more have been trained and are in the reserves. These men proved themselves at Quemoy.

While exact figures on the armed forces of Free China are not given out for security reasons, a good guess would be between 500,000 and 650,000. How good are they? General Kuter, United States Pacific Air Commander, said, "Red China's air force suffered a resounding defeat . . . and its half-million-round barrage failed." Adm. Harry Felt, United States Supreme Commander in the Pacific, said of the Chinese navy, "They learned in the past two months the techniques and tricks of amphibious warfare which we spent years and years to develop."

That's the kind of army Chiang has today—and the average age of his troops is 24.5 years.

Deformed Bulls and Defeated Kings Get a Big Hand in England

One thing you have to like about the English is their resistance to conformity. Granted that their Ministry of Agriculture has decreed that a farmer's bull must be slaughtered because its face and manner does not conform to the ministry's idea of what a bull's face and manner ought to be. But immediately a nationwide hue and cry is raised to save the bull. When such crises arise, the Englishman doesn't just say "Oh" and get on with his business. He joins the Committee for the Defense of Pie-faced Bulls. Or at the very least he writes to *The Times* on the subject.

The Times is the organ of the British establishment, but it is also a cell in the anticonformity resistance. Thus in the "In Memoriam" column of *The Times* for October 14, 1959—stashed away among the tributes to the recently deceased—appeared this item:

> Harold of England—killed in action defending his country from the invader, 14th October 1066.

For obvious reasons the notice did not include the conventional postscript: "Faithfully mourned by wife Ealdgyth, mistress Eadgyth and sons Godwine, Edmund, Magnus and Ulf." The year 1066 is a long time back.

Had the Battle of Hastings had a different result, as it might have had if Harold had not been bothered by various family rebellions in the North, thousands of American social climbers would be claiming descent from Harold, or at any rate from his brother Tostig. As things turned out, Harold fell with an arrow through the eye, and William the Conqueror, the hated Norman invader, although illegitimate, is claimed as the sire of snobbish American clans from coast to coast!

Descendants of Magnus, Godwine and Ulf may be known to industrious genealogists, but they lack the class of the multitudinous get, real and fraudulent, of William.

If this memorial to Harold of England was not a plug for one of those British mystery cinemas, it could be the beginning of a patriotic Back-to-Harold movement, jumping over William the Conqueror as a superfluous French import.

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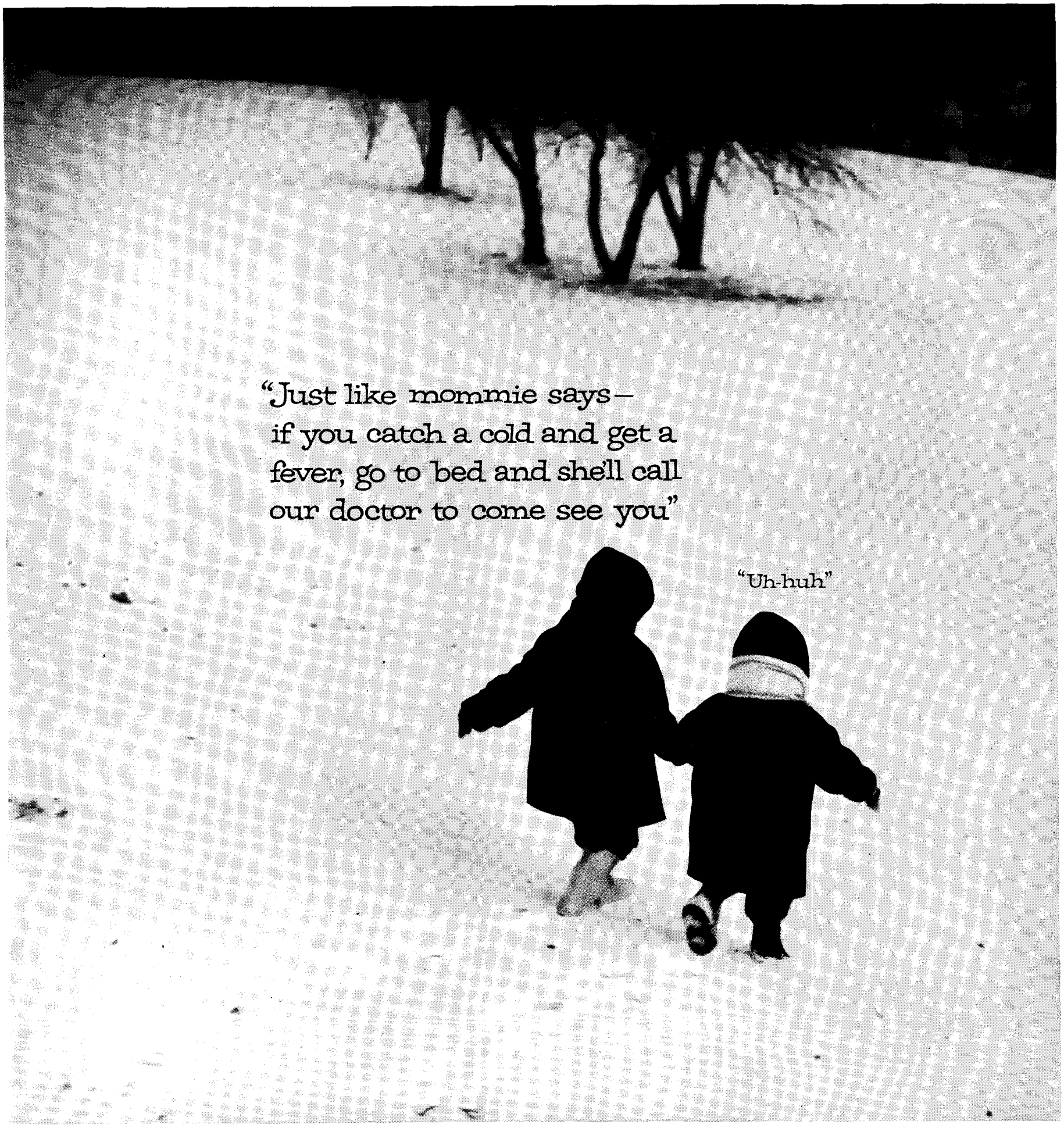

WINTER WARNING! A cold with fever is a danger signal . . . often a warning of pneumonia or other serious complications. Never take chances when you have a "feverish" cold. Call your doctor. Don't depend on home remedies. His treatment, to be most effective, must be started promptly.

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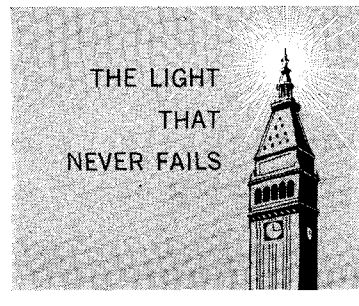

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The author and her freshman class in art history at Morehouse College, in Atlanta, Georgia.

The Difference Between Black and White

The author, who is a Southerner, tells what she has learned as a white faculty member at a college for Negro men.

By Marcia M. Mathews

The students, all twenty-five, eyed me with the curious intentness that freshmen usually focus on their first college teacher. Only I had forgotten about freshmen in the twenty years I had been away from college teaching. To me their eyes, so magnetized by wonder, were charged with criticism. Not for me as a teacher—they had no way of knowing my talents or limitations as a teacher, not even by hearsay—but for me as a human being. Or did I feel the unconscious guilt that Southerners are said to feel about the Negro race? For I am a white woman, Southern-born, and my class was a class of Negro men, or rather—I say it almost apologetically, having learned that certain words are taboo by my students—boys. But I am the mother of a teen-age son, and to me any male under twenty is inevitably a boy.

The day was hot—early September is usually hot in Atlanta—and the big, barnlike "art studio" that formerly served as boiler room was uncomfortable, for I had pulled down the shades and turned off the window fans to prepare for my first lecture, which would be illustrated by slides. The closeness of the room and the bright glare of the fluorescent lights suspended from the high wooden ceiling made me acutely conscious of the united front ranged silently against me. Yet even then—for subsequently this fact has reinforced itself a hundred times upon my mind—I was aware of the diversity of types that composed the group. On the front row to my left sat a handsome, heavy-set, very black Negro boy. At the back of the room was a tall, thin lad whom under other circumstances I would have taken to be white. In between these two extremes were as many variations of skin coloring and ethnological types as one could imagine. But out of the mosaic of faces—and I believe that most teachers have this experience with any

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new group of students—one impinged itself upon my mind.

It was a black face, with eyes that looked out sullenly from a lowered head, almost like those of a prize fighter whose opponent's blows have hurt him. I wondered vaguely who he was and what a course in Humanities could possibly mean to him.

Why was I here in this unpleasantly hot classroom at Morehouse College—one of five Negro colleges in Atlanta, Georgia—taking up work that I had left behind me twenty years ago? While I am a professor's wife, and a professor's salary can always bear supplementing, money was not the motivating force. It was after a conversation with one of my neighbors that it occurred to me that I might see for myself what it was that made the idea of integrated schools so distasteful. While I knew that my neighbor's attitude was not the only one found in Atlanta—there are many "moderates" here as elsewhere—it is one that has a strong following among those who call themselves "real Southerners."

Her reasons for opposing integration were the usual ones: Negroes, with their poor backgrounds, would not be happy thrown in classes with children far above them in training and aptitude; white children would suffer by an inevitable lowering of standards; social integration would follow school integration, with intermarriage the logical consequence. And, as though to drive her point home, she added, "How would you like your son to marry a Negro girl?"

I did not argue with her. In the first place, did I know that she was wrong in believing Negro children could not compete with white children, that standards would automatically be lowered by school integration? I might have ideas on the subject, based on reading, but as a Southerner my life had been peculiarly insulated from contact with Negroes except in a domestic relationship. And what of this "mixing" of the races—not as it existed in slavery times, which was a different situation altogether—but between individuals with similar educational backgrounds and common interests?

A teaching job seemed the best way to find out. A teacher may not know each of her students individually, but she learns something of the caliber of their minds and, if she is lucky, she gets to know a few students very well.

I was not in a position to take a secondary-school position; but I did have four years of college teaching to my credit, so it was to Dr. Benjamin Mays, president of Morehouse College, that I applied for a job. I had never met Doctor Mays, but I knew that he was avowedly in favor of integration and, after all, it has to work both ways. Since he happened to need an extra Humanities teacher, I became a member of the Morehouse faculty in the fall of 1958.

My first academic conference was with the dean, a tall, imposing man whose skin was nearly as light as mine. "Will my being white make any difference in the students' attitude toward me?" I asked, expecting a reassuring smile.

He looked at me. "That depends on you," he said. "It is a matter of how you handle your classes. But," he added, a hard note in his voice, "if any of the students give you trouble send them to me. You'll never have trouble from them again, I promise you."

The thought of having students I might have to expel from class was not a pleasant one. And my students were all to be freshmen, just out of high school. Visions of *The Blackboard Jungle* flashed through my mind. I was not sure what the dean's conversation implied, but I left his office feeling slightly uncertain of myself.

This explains, I suppose, my sense of relief when my first class was over and the students filed quietly out of the room. None lingered, even to ask a question or make an observation. I was the first white teacher most of them had ever had, so in a way we were both being tested. I hoped I had stood up as well as they.

As the days went by I ceased to worry about discipline problems. I had none. As a matter of fact, I soon ceased to be thankful for my students' quiet acceptance of me as a teacher and wanted nothing so much as to break down the barrier of formality that held us apart. Even in private conferences my students retained a diffidence I had never known before. I learned in time that this formality is one of the things that distinguishes the Negro student. It was not just with me that he was formal. He was the same with his Negro instructors or, for that matter, with his schoolmates if the occasion required it. Standing before the student body a Negro will wear his dignity like an academic gown. I mentioned this once to an older student.

"We *are* formal," he said. "I was in a group with some white students the other night. The white boys got up and called their teammates 'Bill' and 'Joe.' But when I got up I had to say, 'My colleague, Mr. Jones.'"

I noticed this same outward display of dignity in the dress of the students on the Morehouse campus. There was none of the sloppy casualness you see on many of the white Southern campuses. This dignified behavior is encouraged by Doctor Mays. He firmly believes in the Morehouse slogan, "Maker of Men." The word "men" is not incidental. It is one of the most important words in the Morehouse vocabulary.

A student told me once, "After your first class some of your students said, 'She called us boys!' They didn't like it. I told them it was just a matter of age, that you didn't mean anything."

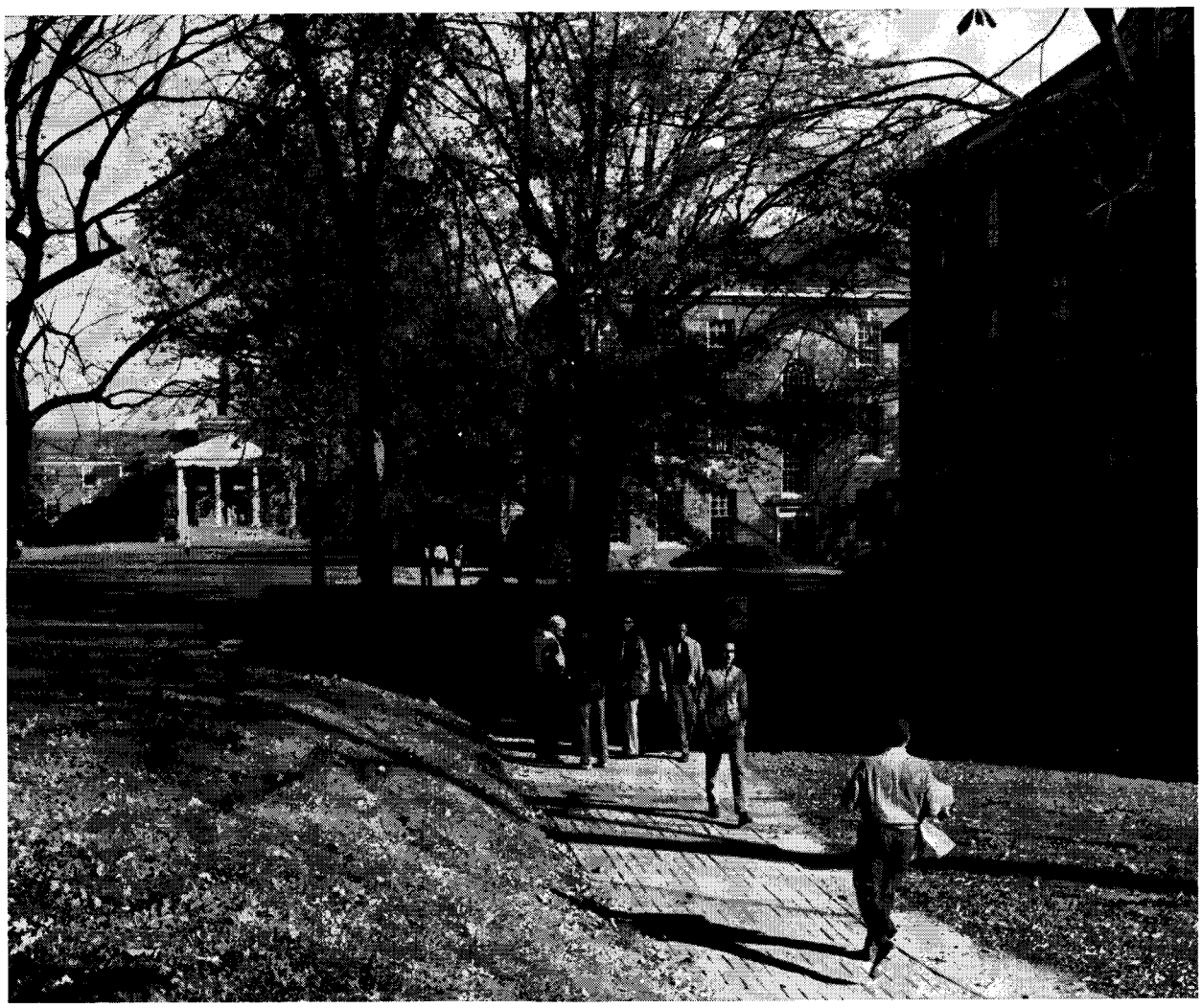
A few days later the significance of this was brought home to me when I was in the library entry talking to a student. A white man came in and, ignoring the young man at the desk by the door, asked me where an office was. Before I could answer, my student, an exuberant and not altogether tactful lad, spoke up.

"Ask the boy at the desk," he said.

The young man at the desk carefully directed the visitor, then with a look of icy coolness came over to the student by my side and demanded an apology. His anger was so great that I thought briefly there was going to be a fight.

Trivial? From their point of view, no. As one student put it, "In some Southern communities a Negro man is a boy until he's sixty-five. After that he becomes 'uncle.'" This is something they know must go if the Negro is to assume equality with the white.

Can he assume equality—or are my neighbor and those (Continued on Page 56)



The Morehouse campus. Many of the college's 700 students are on scholarships and come from small towns and country areas. Morehouse is a privately endowed, liberal-arts school.

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An international, interracial meeting, held at Mrs. Mathews' home, of students from twelve Atlanta colleges. At gatherings such as this, young white and Negro students often meet for the first time as equals. Seated on the couch next to the author (dark dress) is Mrs. Benjamin E. Mays, wife of Morehouse's president.

Photographs by Bill Shrout

President Mays (above with the author), a firm advocate of integration, has eight white teachers, including Mrs. Mathews, on his faculty of forty-three.

The author with her husband, Dr. Joseph J. Mathews. He is a professor of history at nearby Emory University.

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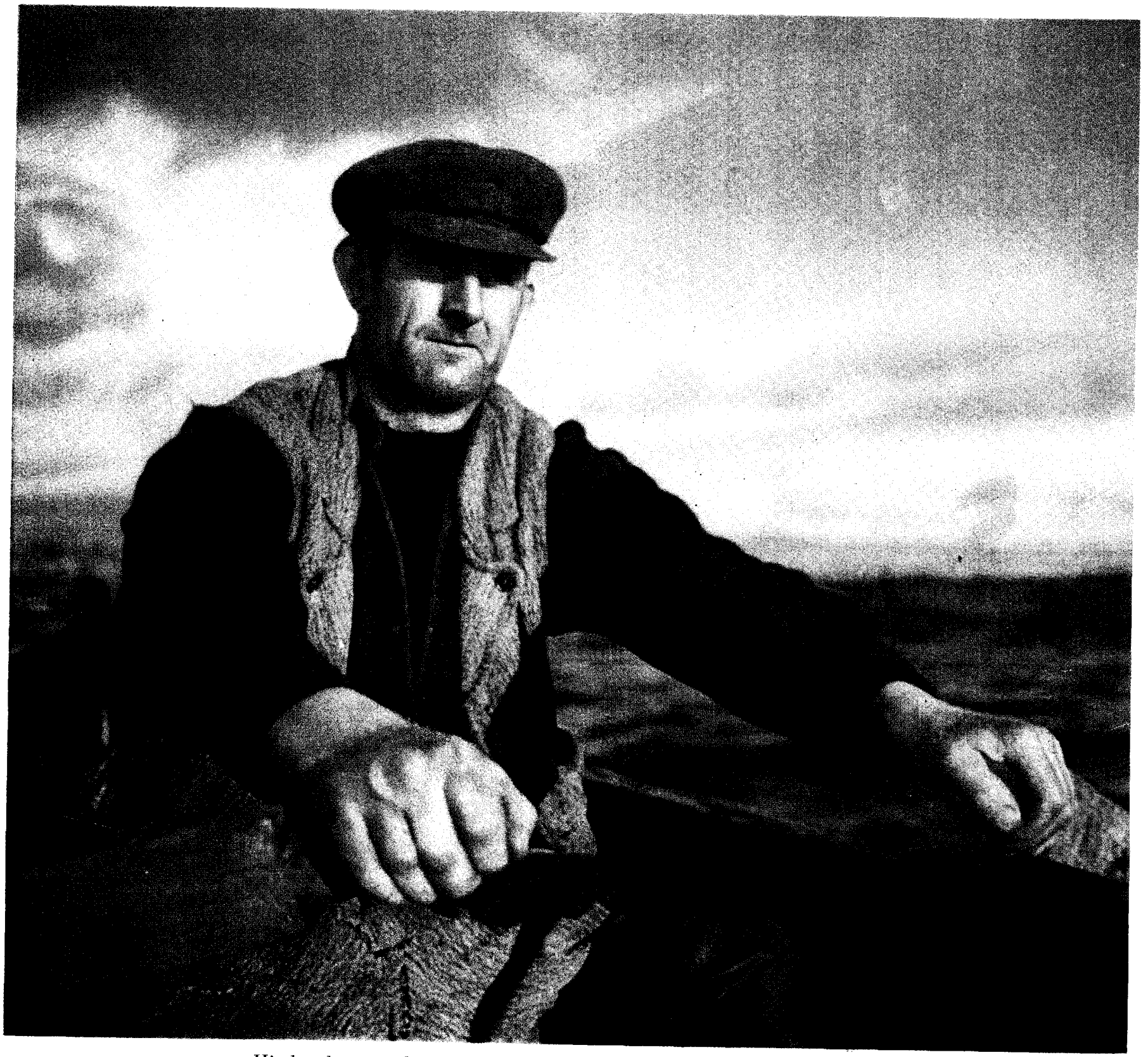

His hands seemed impervious to heat, cold or hurt. They were strong, tough, purposeful hands that didn't flinch from the shock of the ocean water or get weary with toil of oars.

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A DISTINGUISHED SHORT NOVEL

By Leonard Wibberley

The Hands of Cormac Joyce

Complete in This Issue

Cormac Joyce could see just the smear of dawn on the gunwale of his currach and on the blades of the oars as he pulled away from the island to where his mackerel net lay in the water off the headland. He was a big man, and it took a long time for his body to wake up. His legs and arms were awake, but his chest felt heavy and his face felt as if there were several layers of spider webs over it. The ocean was calm and made murmuring noises against the sides of the currach, but except for these and the groan of the oars on the thole pins, the whole world was silent.

He screwed up his face, coughed and spat into the sea; and reaching into the bottom of the currach, he picked up the bailer and poured a little sea water over the thole pins to make the oars move more readily. A touch of wind, soft as silk, brushed past his cheek and moved the stiff white hair on his head. He looked westward into the Atlantic. The dawn wind. It would blow the night away. The wind came from the west out of the dark Atlantic and blew away the darkness. There was something comforting in that thought, and the touch of wind swept the last vestiges of sleep away from him.

Cormac began to think of what he had to do that day. There was little to be done on the farm after the cows had been milked and turned out to pasture. The corn was long in and the hay also, and the turf had been stacked since July on the leeside of his house. The black cow, which was clumsier than the others and lived in a world of her own stupid fears, had knocked some (Continued on Page 19)

Illustrated by Eugene Kammerman

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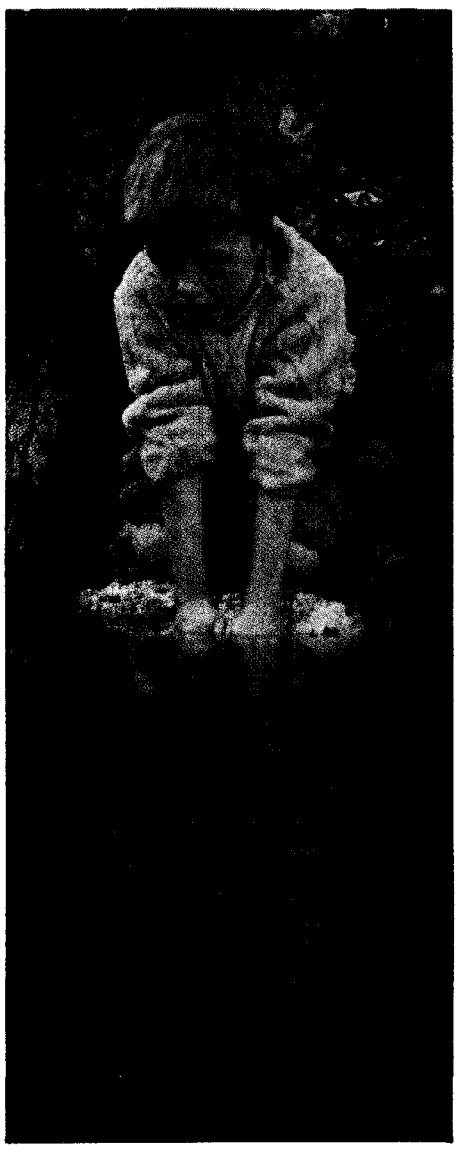
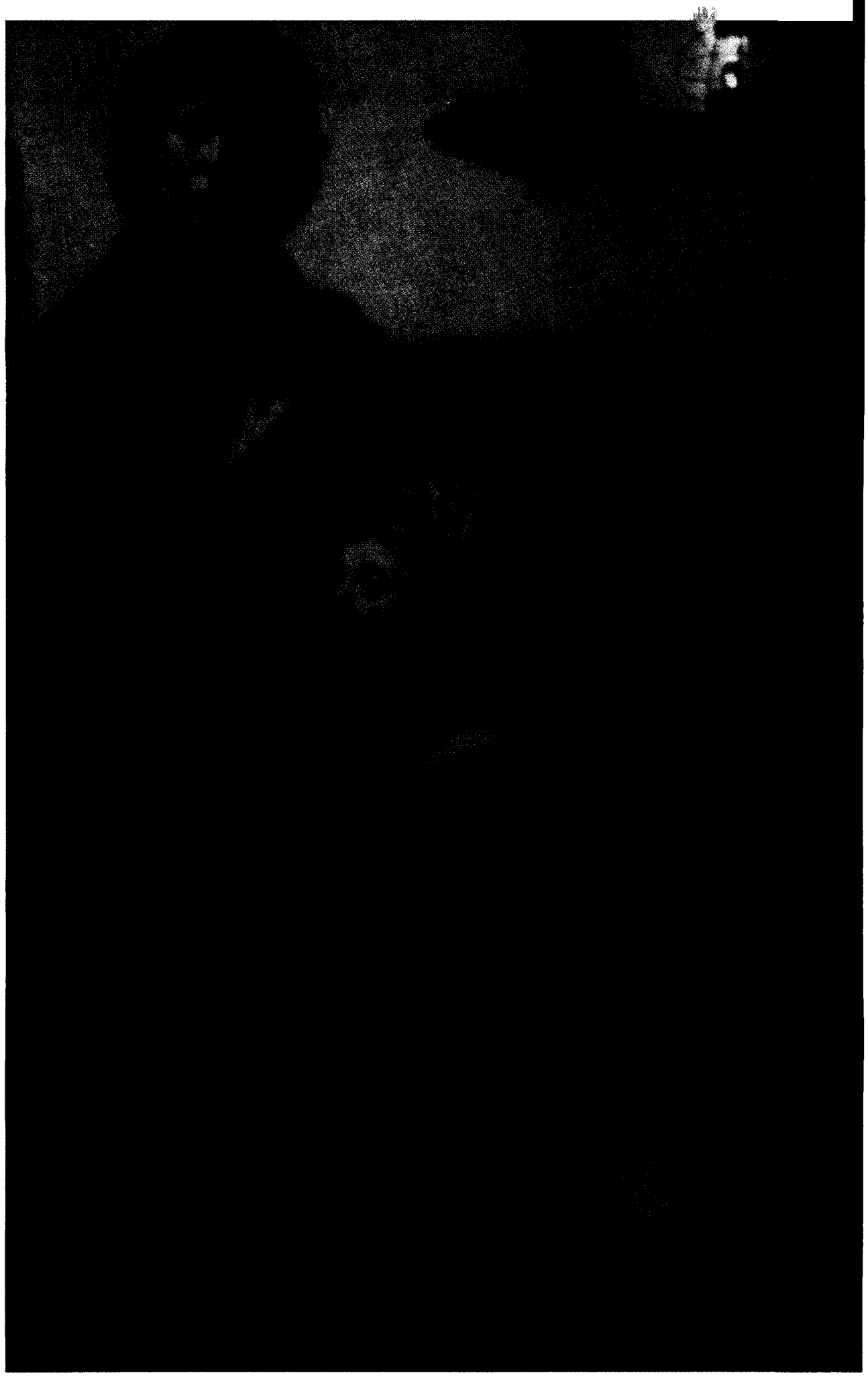
They prayed for protection against the sea, and they heard the gulls screeching, warning of the approaching gale. Jackie tried not to scream from terror.



Jackie had an agreement with Saint Brendan, who had blessed this well—and who had discovered America eight hundred years before Columbus.



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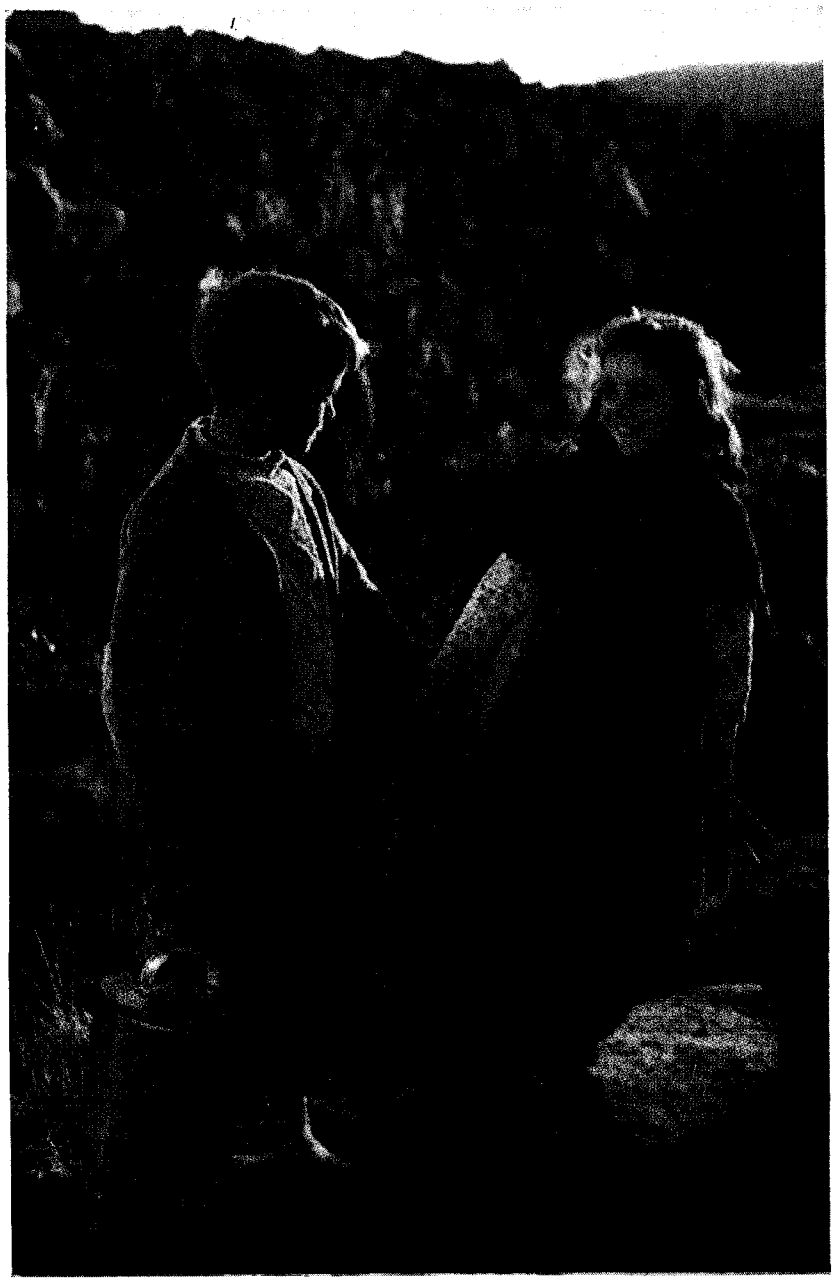

Eilis seemed to sense his agony and determined to tease him obliquely about it. She kept up a stream of chatter—largely about other boys.

(Continued from Page 17) of the stones from the wall in the field near the cliff—and he had better repair that. Then he would cut some bracken for winter bedding for the cattle, and there was a bit of stone work to do over the kitchen door. The door had not been properly constructed. He'd have to pull out the lintel beam and reset it and he ought to get that done before winter set in.

"Jackie," he said, "do you see the net?"

The boy, who was nine, had been huddled in the stern of the currach dozing a little. He was stringy and tall for his age and fair-haired. He was halfway between a child and a boy, playful at times, dreamy at times, and at other times capable of working well. But you could never rely on him. Jackie sat up and looked ahead of the currach and then over to the left.

"Over there," he said. "Do you think we'll have caught anything?"

Cormac didn't reply to this question. He never answered questions which would in time supply their own answers, so he just glanced over his shoulder, spotted against the darkness of the water a black mark which was the first buoy on the net and pulled over to it.

The currach glided up on the buoy and Cormac stood up in the currach, which was planked with wood and heavily tarred, though in his own boyhood all such boats had been of canvas. He reached for the headrope and then gathered the net slowly up from the bottom looking for fish.

Jackie leaned on the gunwale, watching. The size and roughness and strength of his father's hands always surprised him. They seemed impervious to heat, cold or hurt. They were big, flesh-padded, flexible tools of bone, the nails ridged and broken, the skin roughened and more like hide than skin.

When he looked at his father's hands and then at his own, which were brown and long and feminine, he always felt that he would never have hands like his father's—strong, tough, purposeful hands that didn't flinch from the shock of the ocean water or get weary with toil of oars or scythe or spade. This thought distressed the boy. He was afraid he would never make a man like his father, and sometimes at night he prayed to Saint Brendan to ask God to give him big hands and big shoulders so he could be a man.

If he were a man he would give all his strength to Eilis. He would make her a gift of it for all her life, so that if ever she wanted anything done that required strength, she could use his. In a moment he was dreaming about this while his father worked the boat along the headrope of the net, gathering it up slowly until the footrope was reached, looking for fish and then letting the rope back into the sea again.

There were several chunks of cold-water coral in the net—spiky, sharp and pink. These were carried along by the tide and caught in the net, and since they were sharp enough to cut it, had to be taken out. When a piece was too entangled to be extracted, Cormac put it on (Continued on Page 64)

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

The remarkable photographs on these pages are among the most authentic illustrations ever accompanying a work of fiction. They were taken on one of the storied, picturesque islands in the Aran group which is the scene of this novel. Most of the people pictured by photographer Kammerman might very well have been living models for Author Wibberley: The Cormac Joyce and Jackie of the photographs are in fact father and son, islanders and fisherfolk. The Eilis shown here is actually an island child bearing the family name of Conneely.

Some of Mr. Kammerman's surprising adventures while he was taking these pictures are described in KEEPING POSTED, page 88.

—THE EDITORS

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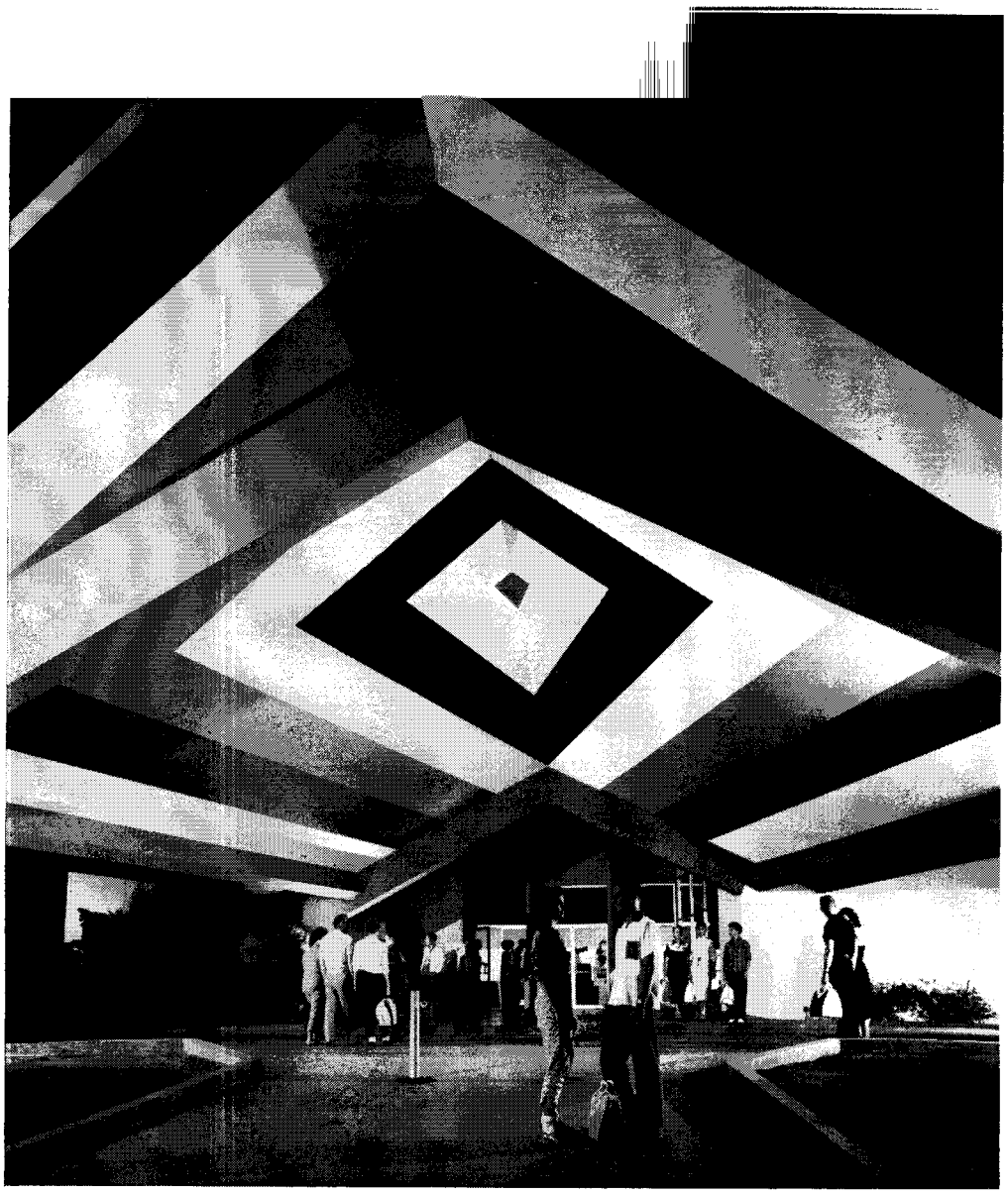


San Diego, Calif.: The ultramodern Mission Valley Bowlero, a 56-lane establishment, has a nursery, public meeting room, restaurant and assorted shops and serves as an informal community center.

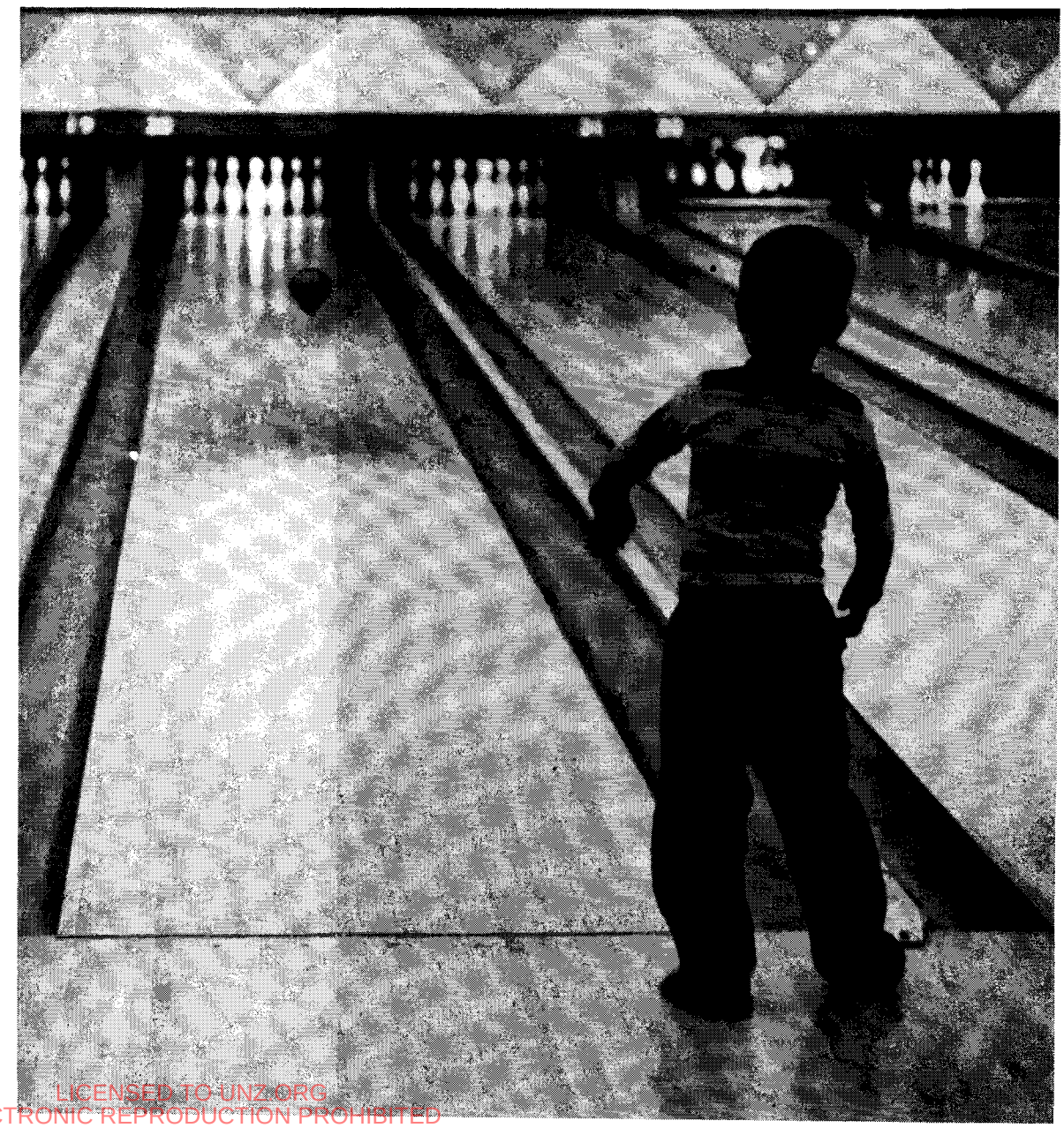
BOWLING IS BOOMING

Once it was a game played in saloon basements. Now bowling is a billion-dollar business and one of the nation's favorite participant sports.

By Arthur W. Baum

1 The young bowler (below) is six-year-old Danny Kelly of Skokie, Ill.

2 Once the ball is on its way, he uses lots of "body English" to head it toward the strike zone.



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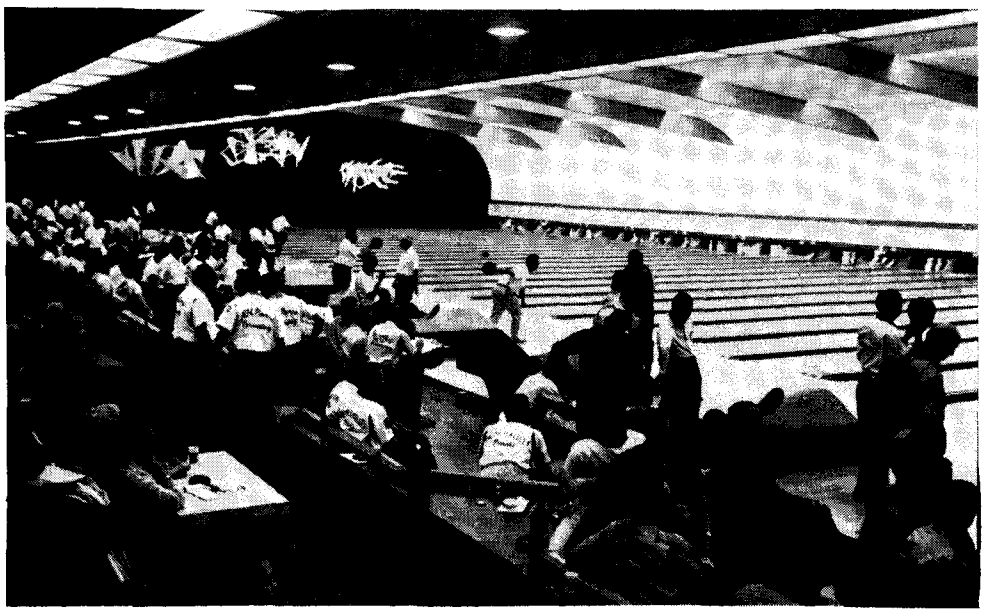
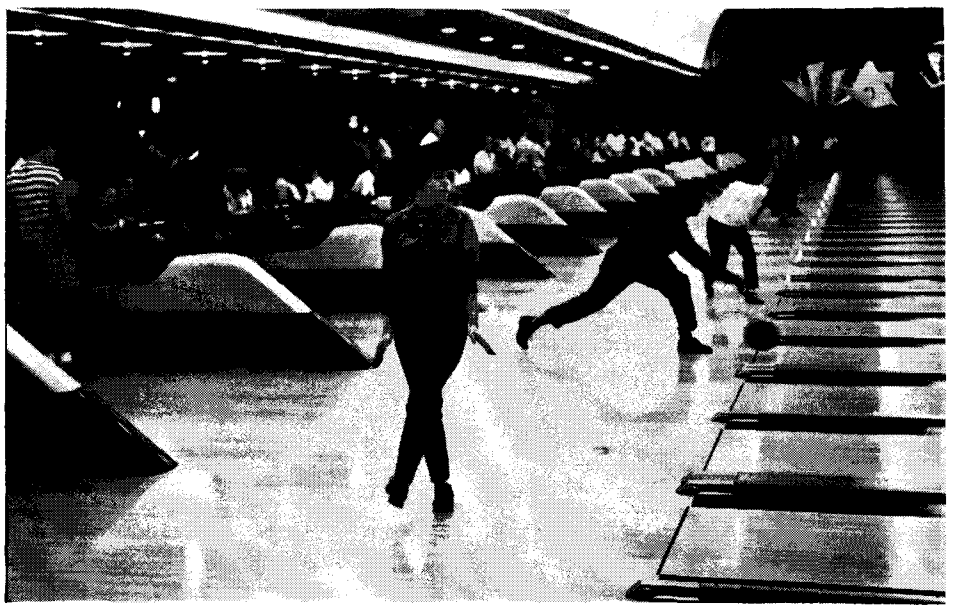


Skokie, Ill.: The All Star Lanes, a three-year-old, million-dollar alley. League bowlers (above), who sign up for a 35-week season, are its most profitable customers.



"Open play"—nonleague—bowling at All Star. The streamlined casings are the terminals of the ball returns, which run under the floor in most modern alleys.

The pig-tailed seven-year-old clutched the nine-pound bowling ball with both hands, hugging it to her as if it were a basket of laundry. Advancing to the foul line she stopped dead, leaned forward slightly and delivered her burden to the alley with evident relief. The ball headed for the left-hand gutter about six feet out, toppled sluggishly into the trough and rumbled on with all the snap of a sick tortoise.

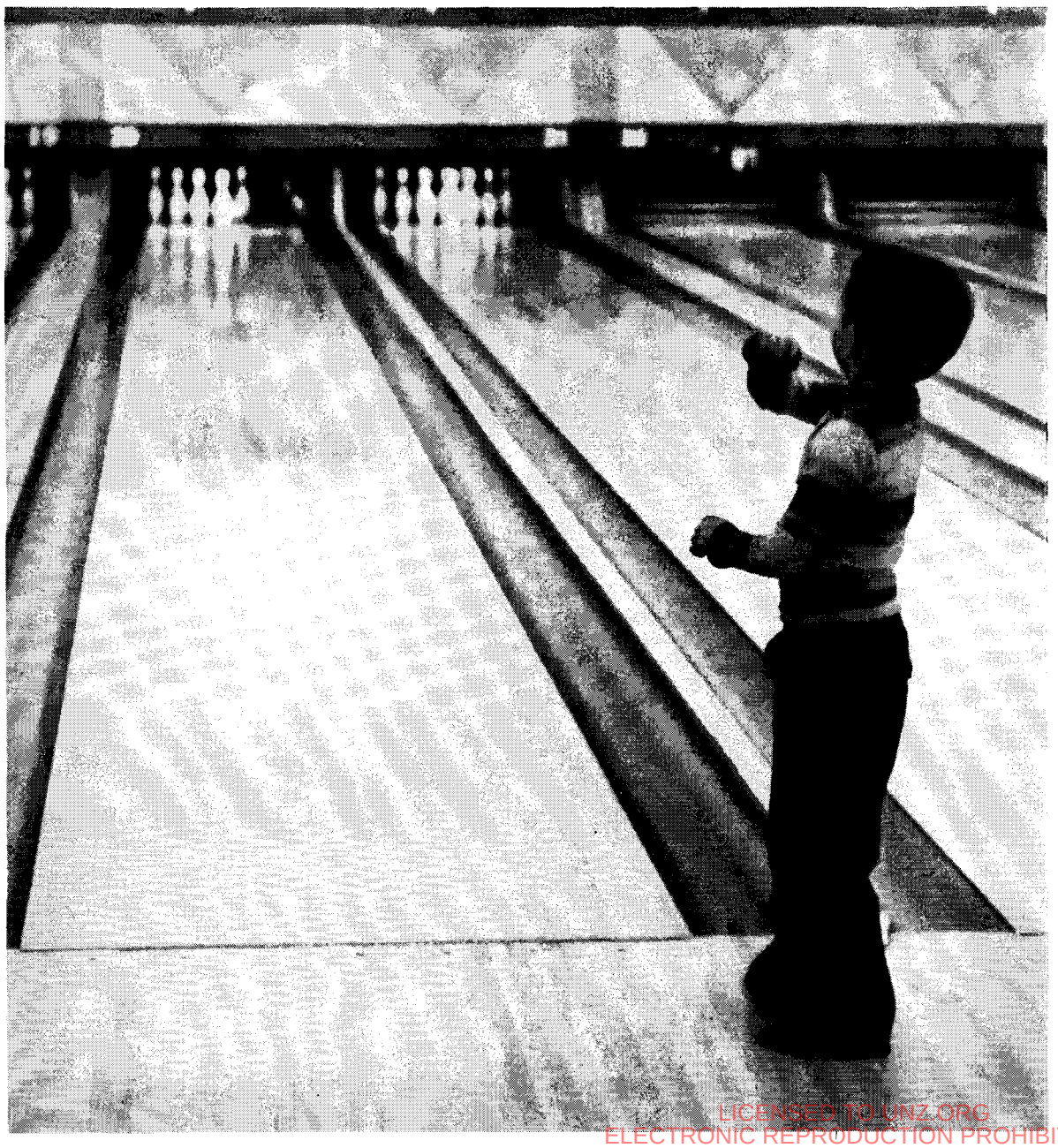
The small girl did not watch it. Happy in the achievement of getting rid of it, she turned back beaming toward the noisy teammates, competitors and parents clustered at the benches behind her. The tenpins standing a remote sixty feet away at the end of the lane were of no apparent concern to her, and she was no large threat to them. In ten frames with twenty balls she knocked down eight pins.

Despite her questionable talent, the pig-tailed beginner was a duly registered league bowler. Before the season is over next May she will have bowled thirty-five Saturday mornings in league competition, and she may win a trophy in her seven-to-nine age bracket. By that time perhaps another half million or so beginners of all ages will join her and the 23,000,000 who now bowl on this country's 96,000 lanes.

Bowling is growing that fast. The construction of new bowling lanes is growing even faster. It is expected that a year from now another 30,000 alley beds, to use the trade term, will be ready to accommodate additional bowlers. Approximately half of today's bowlers have come into the sport within the past ten years. This rush of newcomers has helped push the nation's bowling expenditures over $1,000,000,000 annually, and the industry now claims that bowling is the country's top participant sport. Hunters and fishermen may dispute this claim, but bowling undoubtedly holds a high rank and is still booming.

The art of rolling a ball at standing pins for the purpose of knocking them down is very old, long predating American colonization. It has left such marks here as the Bowling Green area of lower Manhattan and such names as Rip Van Winkle. It has had previous waves of (Continued on Page 74)

3 But for Danny, any ball that stays out of the gutter is a good ball. His average game is 35.



Floyd Swears (above) of the Veterans Hospital in Albany, N.Y., on his way to a 76 game. He is a member of the hospital's Amputee Bowling League, which visits the nearby Redwood Lanes once a week.

Photographs by Jim and John Burns

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The Face of AMERICA

Digging Out

Great fat flakes began to fall on a Friday early last winter, and six days later Oswego, New York, lay under an accumulated six and a half feet of snow. The roofs of some small buildings collapsed, and snowbound Oswego made headlines across the nation. The mere measurements of the record fall were so impressive that people thousands of miles away began to envision this Lake Ontario city (pop. 22,647) as a disaster area: Its western namesake, Oswego, Oregon, wired sympathy. To be sure, the blanketed city was in a state of emergency—the schools closed and traffic was tied up for quite a while—but upstate New York is used to white winters and Oswegians set to and dug out. The rumors of a suffocating city proved to be fanciful. Reporters rushing to the scene equipped with snowshoes found themselves inside the city limits without even having to put chains on their cars. The toughest chore of all was digging out private cars parked along streets where plows had piled up snow at curbside. The scene at right shows how they do it in Oswego after the storm.

●Photograph by Hanson Carroll

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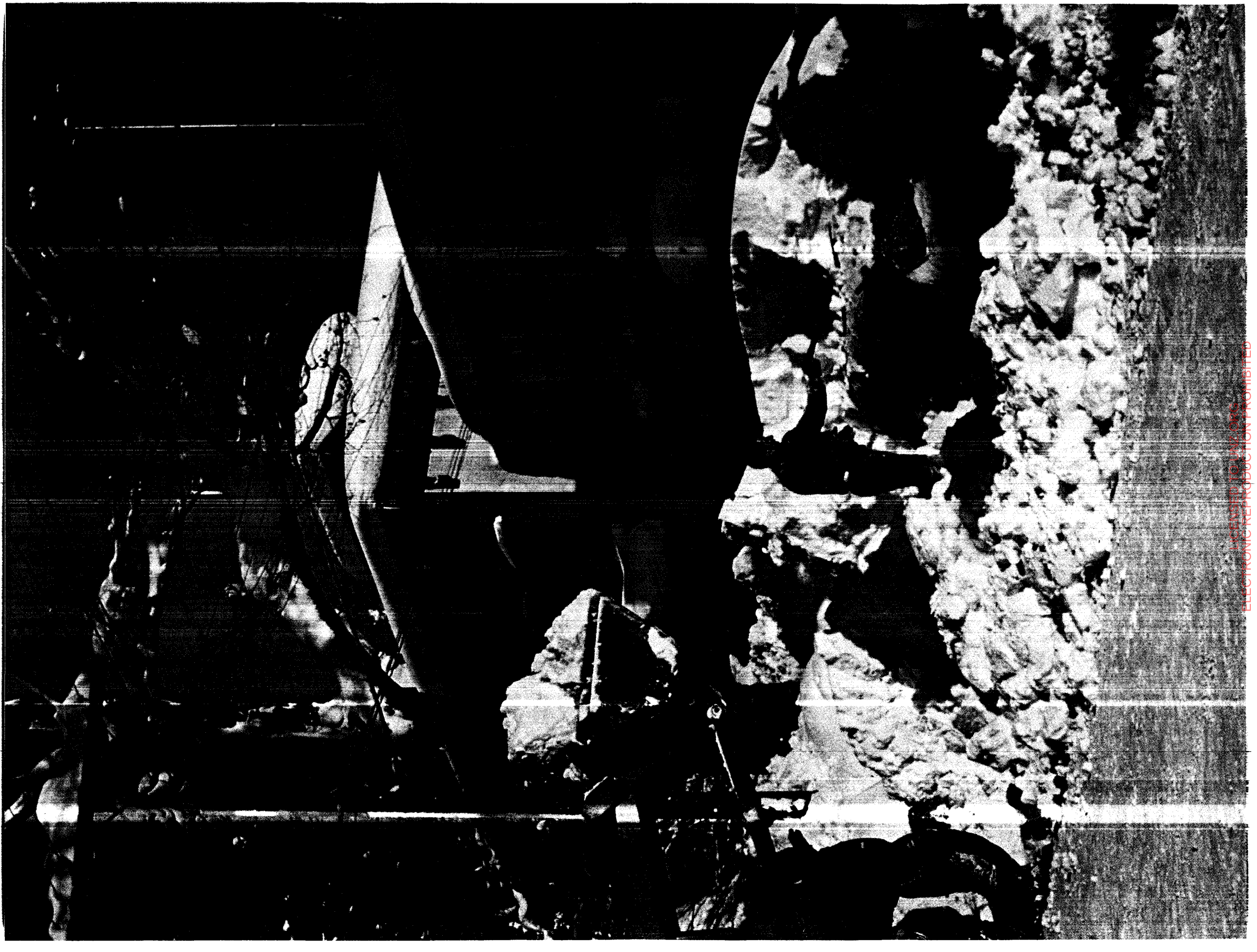

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RIGGED RACE

She loved him, but she'd do anything to keep him from winning. . . .

By CLIFF FARRELL

Young Philo Clay set the trap for Honest John Sweet, fully aware that for one of his inexperience to challenge the master was equivalent to defying the lightning. The odds were that he would be withered into abject humiliation.

The fact that he was taking the risk revealed the chance-taking depths of his nature, inherited, of course, from the maternal side of his family. The Tarbells had always been horse traders and given to wagering on fast animals.

The site of the trap was the old campground alongside the bridge that spanned Big Tawny River. The bait was unfair. It was none other than the aroma of pork chops and other edibles cooking over an open fire, and coffee coming to boil.

These heavenly fragrances drifted on the sundown air from the river bottom, across the rail fence into Honest John's property, across his cornfield and onward to his farmhouse on the knoll. They passed over a girl who lay in a hammock beneath the apple tree, reading a novel about unrequited love. She wrinkled her pretty nose, for she was healthy and hungry and should be helping the housekeeper speed their own supper. But the saga of romance prevailed and she read breathlessly on.

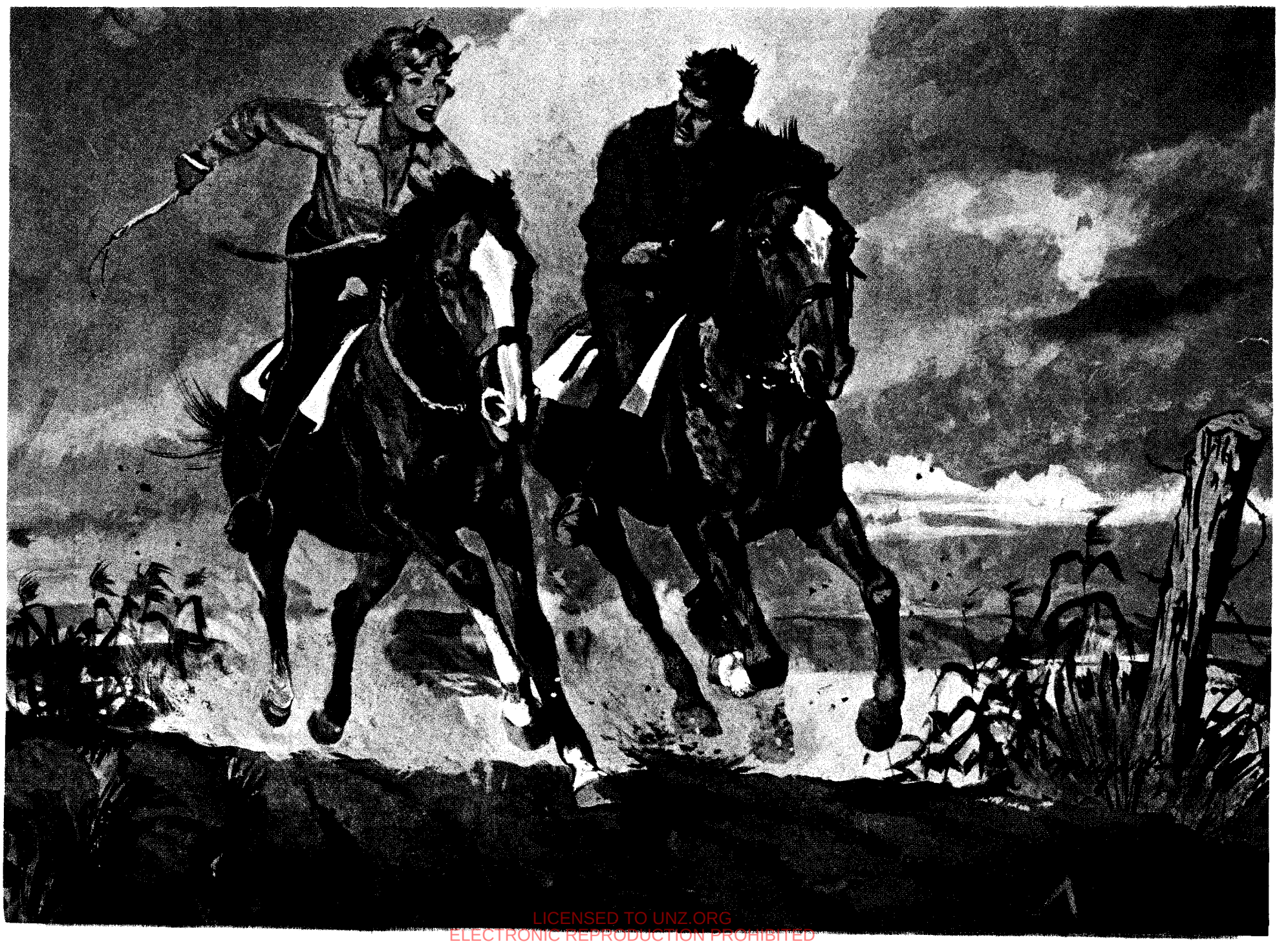
Not so, Honest John. He aroused from his nap on the porch, sniffing the breeze. He knew whence this bouquet came. Always at this time of mid-August the first of the gypsy horsemen showed up in the campground, traveling the circuit of fairs and rodeos throughout Nebraska and Iowa.

For generations they had camped there and sought to outwit each other in matters of horseflesh and other forms of chance. The impromptu race course that had come into existence in the river bottomland had resounded many times to the pound of hard-pushed hoofs, with stakes big and small.

In the beginning the itinerants had traveled saddleback or in wagons. Now they rode on rubber tires, their steeds in trailers. But the rules had never changed. Let the buyer beware. Honest John had camped there in his day. He was now like an old fire horse at the sound of the alarm bell.

The pork chops reached a stage of perfection. Philo Clay polished off three of them with side dishes, while his small, leathery companion, Squint (Continued on Page 43)

Philo drew up stirrup to stirrup with Mindy as they emerged into the clear.



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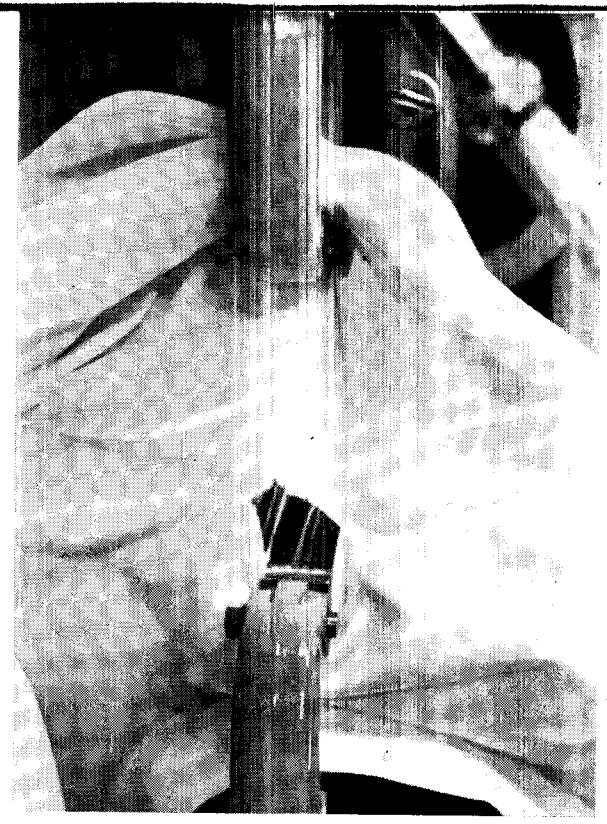
Bleach damage, shown in the shredded trousers above, is a common problem brought to the Joliet, Illinois, laboratories of the American Institute of Laundering.



Products are awarded the institute's "Certified Launderable" seal only after they are punished on machines such as this seam-and-fabric-strength tester.

Norman Duckworth, head of the institute's certifying laboratories, testing a waitress uniform to determine how well it will resist food and beverage stains.

Tales of the Laundry Sleuths

By MERRILL POLLACK

These experts track down the causes of the mysterious rips and stains that occasionally plague laundries and irritate customers. Some of their findings are surprising.

Women who wear bras with foam-rubber pads may not know it, but under certain conditions their intimate garments are fire hazards. This weird fact came to light a few years ago after a Midwestern laundry suffered a $20,000 loss in a fire of baffling origin. When a customer's load of wash, still warm from the dryers—or tumblers, as they're called in the trade—reached the wrapping table, one of the garments, a brassière, was curiously hot. The girl doing the wrapping paid no attention. The package was put on a shelf and forgotten. Soon it gave off curls of smoke and an acrid smell and then burst into fierce flames.

After the fire was put out there was an investigation, of course, and the wrapping girl mentioned that strangely hot bra. The owner of the laundry, who belonged to a seventy-six-year-old trade association called the American Institute of Laundering, played a long shot and sent the charred remains of that package to the A.I.L.'s headquarters in Joliet, Illinois, to see if the association's research laboratory could explain why a load of laundry would behave so perversely. (Continued on Page 59)

Lee Johnston, manager of the institute's research lab, with some of the tortured laundry items he has collected over the years.

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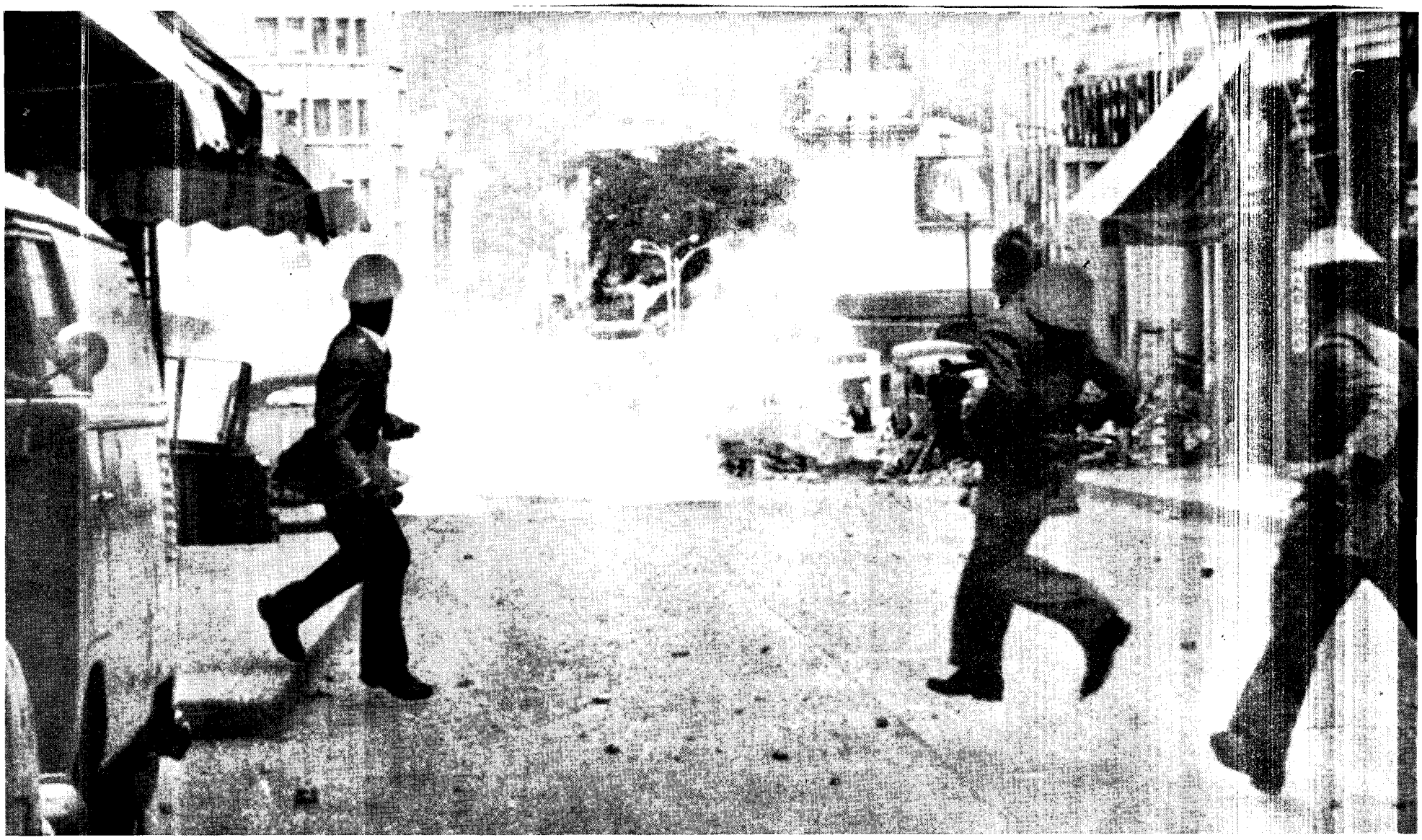
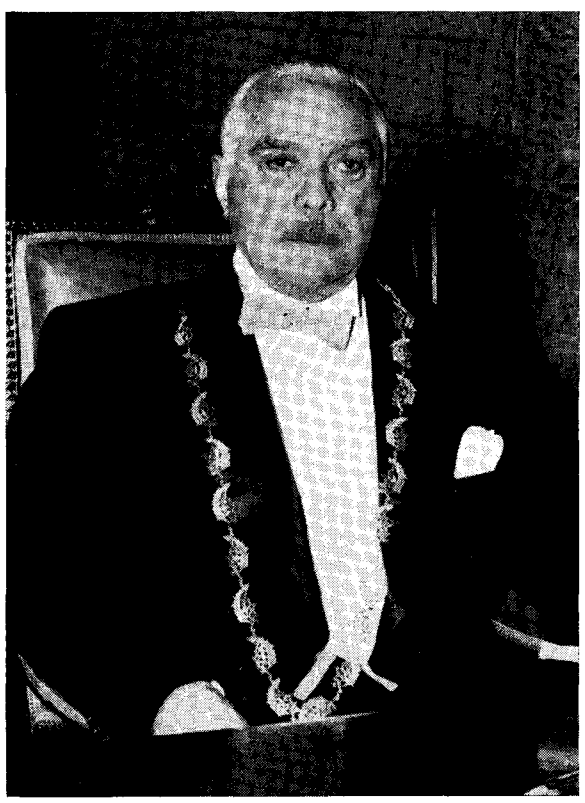


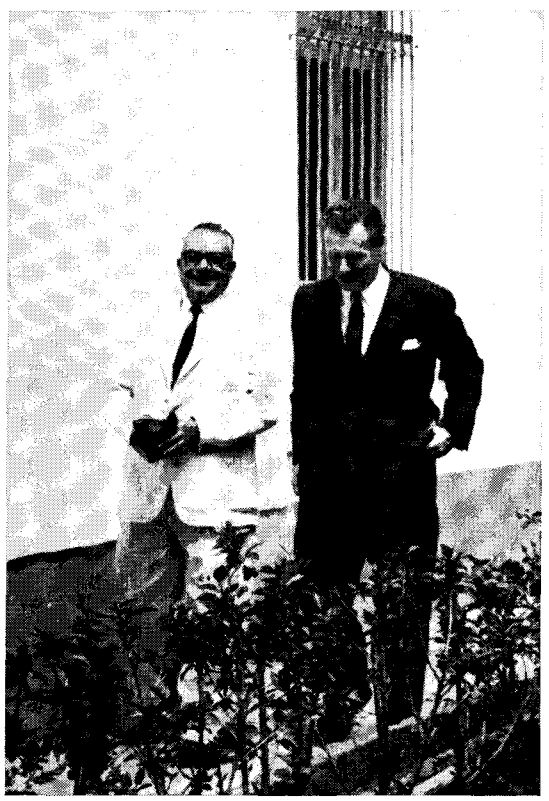
Caracas, Venezuela: Police and national guardsmen using tear gas during a riot of unemployed workers last August. The government is carrying out its economic program despite resistance from Venezuelan Reds.

Castro, Trujillo and Turmoil

By DANIEL JAMES



Generalissimo Rafael Trujillo, dictator of the Dominican Republic. He and Cuba's Premier Castro have sworn to destroy each other.



Under Rómulo Betancourt (left), shown here with New York's Gov. Nelson Rockefeller, Venezuela is moving toward a new kind of democracy.

April, 1959: Fidel Castro with Secretary of State Christian Herter during the Cuban premier's "good-will" tour of the U.S. Castro then claimed to be our friend; now he blames us for his own failures.

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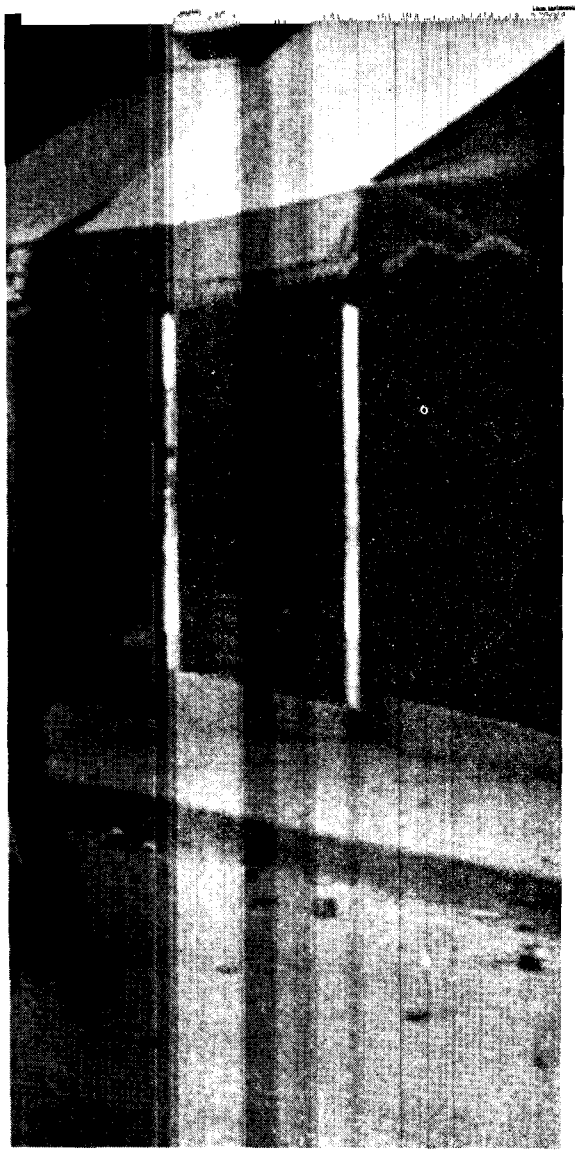
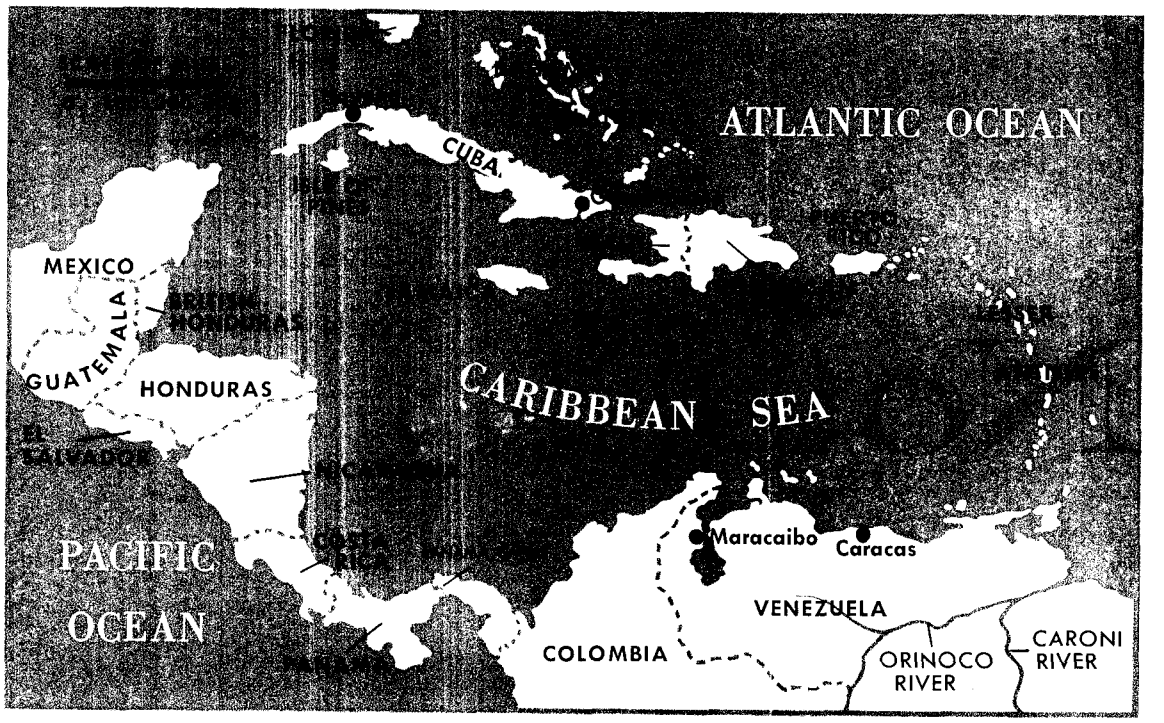




"Cuba," says the author, "has been converted into international Communism's chief Caribbean base." Early last summer Cubans supported an attack on Nicaragua and three invasions of the Dominican Republic.

A report from the uneasy, strategic Caribbean, where the Communists are exploiting political unrest in an effort to turn these Latin Americans against us.

Ever since the great American naval strategist Adm. Alfred Thayer Mahan felicitously called the Caribbean an "American Mediterranean" sixty-two years ago, our military defenders have heeded his teaching. Down the years, throughout the great arc of islands stretching from Florida to Venezuela, we have built up a long chain of naval, air and military bases—including missile-tracking stations—without which our shores would be vulnerable to attack.

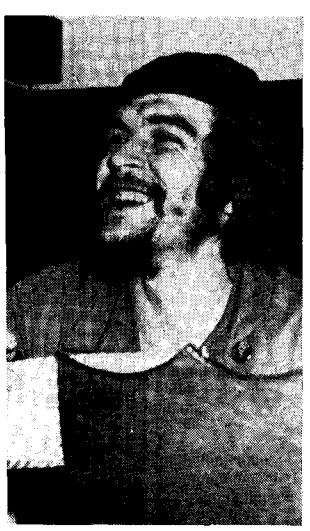
Up till now that long chain of defenses, stretching across the world's second largest sea to Central and South America, seemed more than adequate.

But no longer. From Cuba to Panama, the sun-drenched Caribbean Sea is being churned into an unprecedented frenzy of revolution and riot, rivalry and intrigue. True, revolutions and riots and intrigues are not altogether new to this area of the world. But the situation today is something new. The chain of our defenses never before has been cracked. But today such a crack has appeared.

The crack is in Cuba. The situation in Cuba today presents the gravest kind of threat to the United States because on that island we maintain our chief Caribbean naval base, at Guantanamo. For half a century Guantanamo has been the core of our Caribbean defense system. Its harbor can take our biggest warships and its airfield our biggest planes. From them we can patrol the great watery expanse where already Soviet submarines dare to prowl, as Adm. Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, has revealed.

A treaty we signed with Cuba in 1934 gives us the right to use Guantanamo indefinitely, but now Cuban Premier Fidel Castro threatens to abrogate it. In an unprecedented speech before 1,000,000 Cubans last October twenty-sixth, Castro charged that we had sent planes to bombard Cuba. Castro then proceeded to whip up sentiment (Continued on Page 62)

RIGHT: Raúl Castro, the premier's brother and second in command, is a dedicated arxist and welcomes overtures from Russia and Red China, the author asserts.



LEFT: Ernesto (Ché) Guevara, economic czar of Cuba. Violently anti-American, he is a leader in revolutionary activities outside Cuba.

RIGHT: Juan Garcia, a Castro emissary, exhorting demonstrators in Panama last November to protest American control of the Panama Canal.

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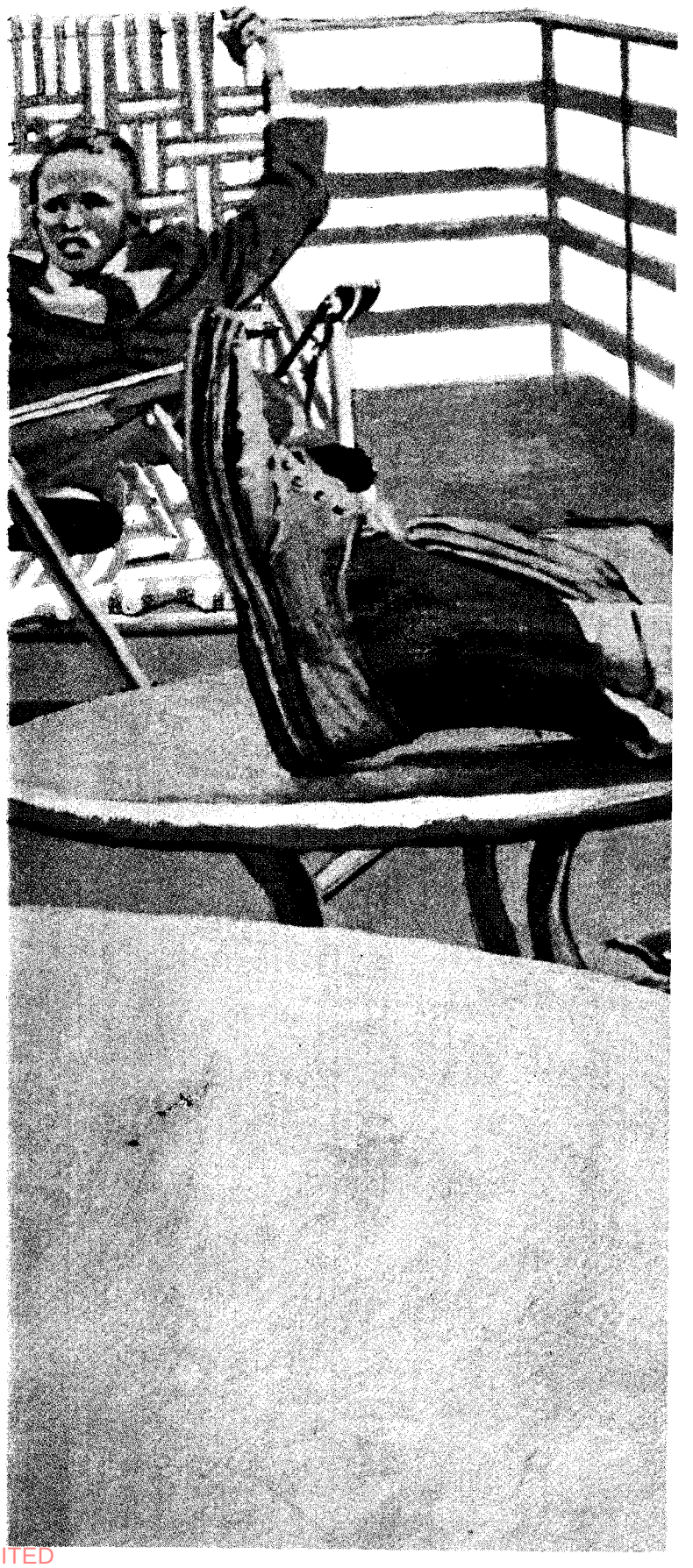
How can a father make his daughter see a boy for what he's really worth?

Not Her Kind

By SAMUEL GRAFTON



I get the same deal always when I drive into a motel with my daughter. I am forty-one, and she's nineteen; and we both look it. The sweet old ladies sitting in the lobby freeze when they see us. They're sure I'm robbing the cradle.

I say very loudly, "I want a room for my daughter and one for myself," and everybody melts. Now they think it's cute—father and daughter on a vacation together. When they hear I'm a widower, that really puts the icing on the cake.

It's three years since my wife died. Ina and I talk about her as if she were someone we love very much who just doesn't happen to be with us right now. Sometimes we see a white-walled farmhouse, with the light sifting through trees on it, that she would have liked; and Ina and I look at each other and we don't have to say it.

Ina had been very quiet in the car all that day as we worked down Route 301, heading for Florida. She seemed tired. This motel had a swimming pool, so I turned off the road early. She stood by listlessly while I scribbled on the registration card, "Joseph Hollis and daughter." A year ago I'd have felt her forehead when she looked like that, but now she doesn't consider this dignified.

Normally Ina runs around a new motel room like a puppy, rejoicing over free television or some big deal like that. That day she just settled back on her bed, all sixty-four and one half slender inches of her.

A cold wind blew down the back of my neck. From somewhere a thin, unpleasant voice whispered into my left ear that she was bored, traveling with me.

"The old restaurant explorer will now go into the lobby and ask around about eating houses," I said. It's a game we play every afternoon on the road. Ina gets a kick out of the way I always dig up good places to eat.

She gave me a sweet smile. She doesn't have any other kind. There was something dutiful in it. I knew it was true—she was bored. I had a strange, embarrassed feeling that I was taking up a young woman's time on this trip, instead of giving a little girl a treat.

Well, I said to myself, as I left the room, *I'm not in any trouble. My world has fallen apart, that's all. A mere nothing.* And I walked into a post in the lobby, sustaining a nasty bruise. I wanted to think, and the place had a bar, so I found myself walking into it.

It was a sunny room with windows opening on a kind of back yard. A white-haired old gent was mixing drinks. I (Continued on Page 40)

Illustrated by Austin Briggs

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"Dad," she said, "I want
you to meet Barry."

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OUR URBAN REVOLUTION CONCLUSION

Can We Halt the Chaos?

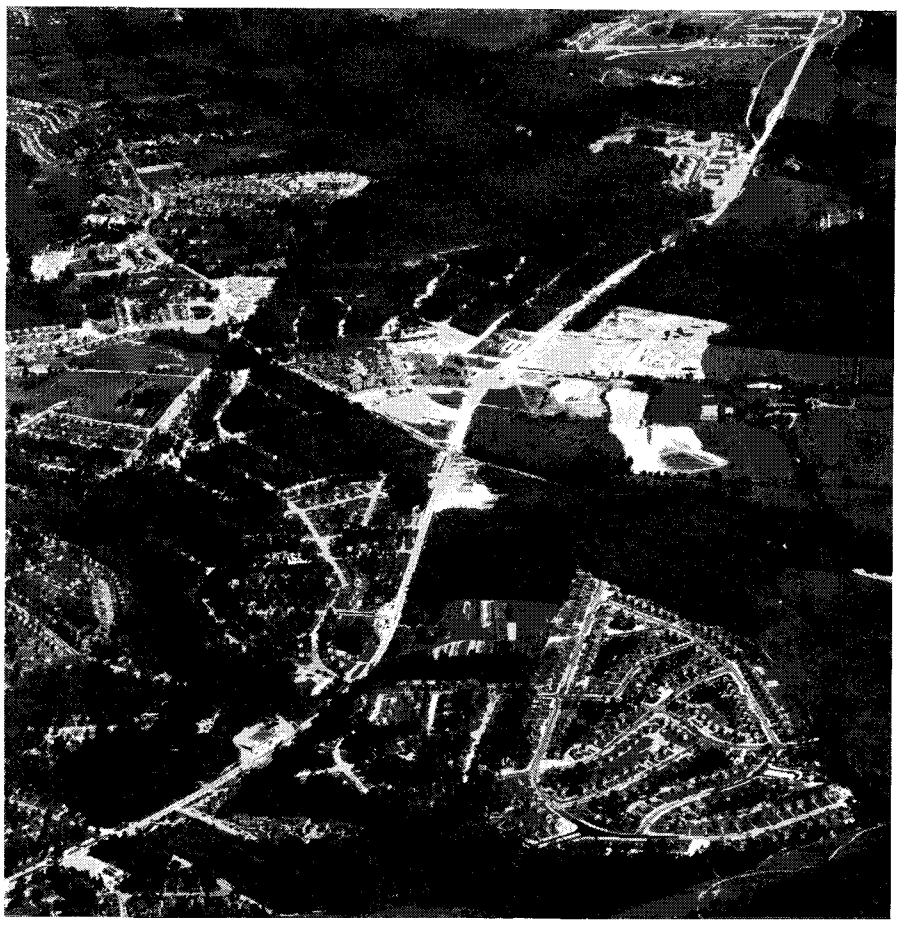
We need a new form of metropolitan government so that the decaying cities and the burgeoning suburbs can solve their problems together.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

Sociologists and political scientists are worry warts by trade. It is their nature to cry havoc, to foretell the coming of crises, to peer beneath a surface serenity to discover problems and seek solutions for them long before less thoughtful men become aware that any problems exist. They are, in a sense, like doctors, taking the nation's pulse, listening to its heartbeat and watching, sharp-eyed, for the telltale sign that something is organically amiss.

Right now they are in grave consultation over the problems of Megalopolis, that vast and seemingly vigorous growth of subdivisions, highways, factories and shopping centers that is filling up the open land along a 600-mile strip of coast from Massachusetts to Virginia. They are concerned about its shape and form and they are worried about its future.

The vital organs of this metropolitan monster are the central cities; and the central cities are sick, afflicted with all the diseases which come with old age and slow decay. Its body is the formless sprawl of Suburbia—and Suburbia itself is (Continued on Page 84)



1949: A decade ago Langley Park, Md., a suburb of Washington, had 615 houses, a population of 1900 and expanses of woods and open fields.

Today Langley Park is a community of 3700 dwellings and 12,000 inhabitants. The intersection of Route 650 (running to upper right) and Route 193 is now traveled by 40,000 cars daily.

These new houses in Burlington County, New Jersey, have almost obliterated local farms. This farmer may be doing his postharvest chores here for the last time.

A 5300-house planned suburb is being built by David Bogdanoff (below) in Yorktown, N.Y. He and the community have solved in advance problems which are plaguing other towns.

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"Can you alter some suits," she asked, "and swear never to say anything about it?"

THE TAILOR'S SECRET

No wife ever came up with a more ingenious form of shock treatment for an overweight husband.

By GERALD KERSH

Vara, the demon tailor of Columbus Avenue, looked very closely at my old sport jacket and said, "My friend, do not worry if, when you are wearing this garment, the Broadway rabble mistake you for Emmett Kelly and ask for your autograph. Ignore them—you and I, we know craftsmanship."

I said, "I'm not worrying, Mr. Vara. All I want you to do is put this button back where it belongs."

"This I understand. Go into the cubicle and take off your trousers—don't argue with me, or you will make me nervous. With nicely pressed pants, in a jacket like this you could be mistaken for an eccentric millionaire."

You waste breath if you argue with Vara. It is best to do as he says, when he feels disposed to talk. To keep you still he is not above snatching off your shoes or sabotaging a seam.

"No common workingman could afford to be seen in such a jacket," he said. "But you know and I know that such sewing is not put into goods sold off the peg. It is the feel of the garment on the body that makes the look of its wearer. Thus, well-bred but modest ladies wear next to the skin beautifully stitched things that they would die rather than reveal—you can tell by the expression on their faces. . . . Who made this coat?"

"Thackeray and Codd of Savile Row," I said, "in 1938."

Vara nodded with an air of patronage. "Good tailors, not bad. Ah, people like us would rather be knocked down by a craftsman than picked up by a cloak-and-suiter, eh? Now *I* completed my education under the great Schultz, also of Savile Row—and there was a man! He threw King Ferdinand of Bulgaria out of his

(Continued on Page 53)

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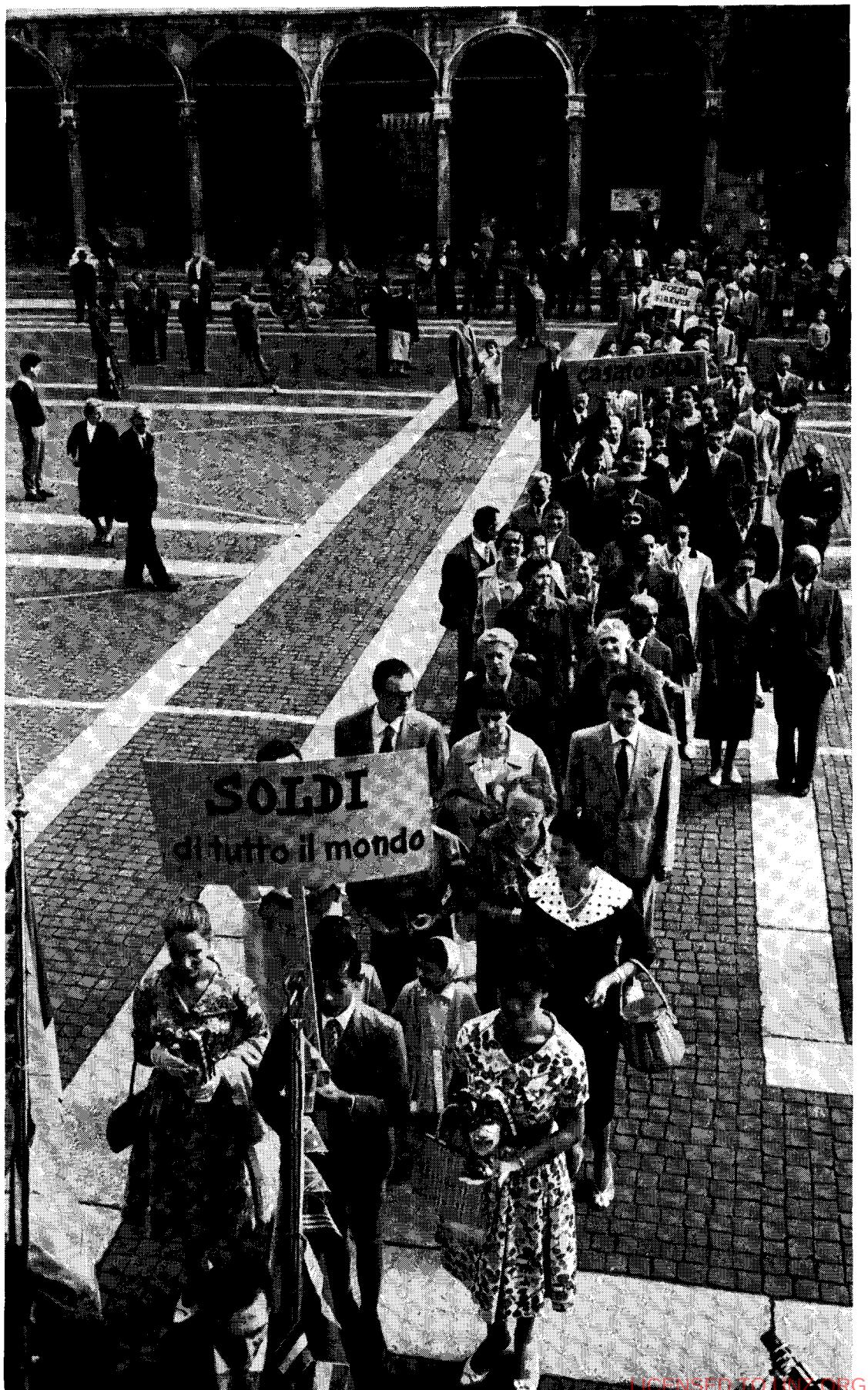
BIG, HAPPY FAMILY

Not many families can boast such strong ties as the Soldi clan of Italy, which has formed a unique organization with 31,000 members in twenty countries, including the U.S.

By Gordon Gaskill

Delegates to the tenth annual Soldi World Congress parading in Cremona, Italy, last September. The Soldis have their own marching song, which was written especially for their first assembly.



Only a few days before World War II ended in Europe, some German SS troops retreating, sullen and desperate, through the north Italian countryside captured a twenty-two-year-old Italian partisan fighter and were about to shoot him.

Grimly the SS lieutenant demanded, "Your name?"

"Soldi," said the pale young Italian. "Fiorino Soldi."

"Soldi!" exclaimed the German, startled. Then he said less grimly, "My mother was a Soldi too. From Italy." He postponed the execution and later let his prisoner escape—"because you are a Soldi."

Until that day Fiorino Soldi had never thought much about his family name, except for occasional jokes. (In Italian, *soldi* means "money.") But afterward he felt a warm affection, a growing curiosity about the magic five letters which had, quite literally, saved his life.

When peace came, Fiorino began searching libraries and found that all Soldis on earth apparently sprang from a single family in

Fiorino Soldi, founder and secretary-general of *Il Casato Soldi*—The House of Soldi. Behind him is the family's three-century-old coat of arms, signifying that the name means "money" in Italian.

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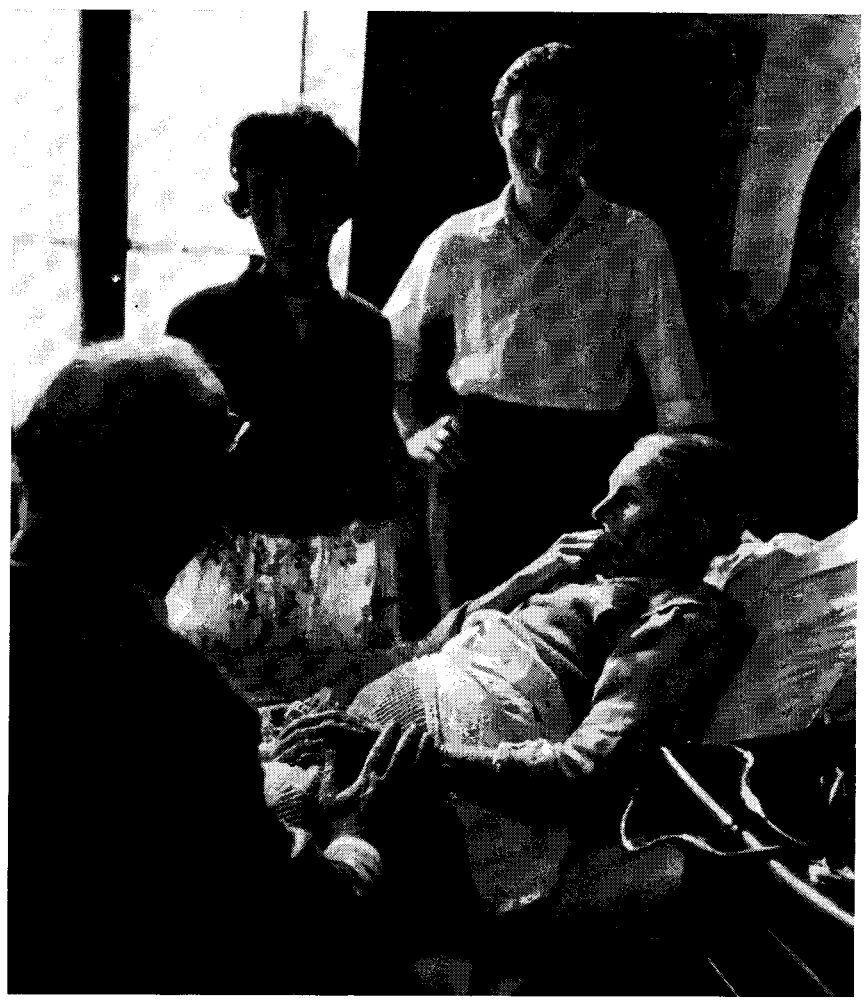
HOW A PROUD TRIBE TAKES CARE OF ITS OWN

Fiorino's wife, Margherita, taking up a collection at the congress' final luncheon, where the bulk of the clan's benevolent fund is raised each year.



The oldest living Soldi is 96-year-old Agide I. (Because so many Soldis have identical first names, each is given a numeral.) She receives free medical care from a Cremona doctor.

Florence, first noted in history almost exactly 800 years ago. He traced the branchings out from Florence, to all parts of Italy, over the Alps to many European countries—with an especial fondness for the German branch—finally across the seas to Africa, Asia and both Americas.

One day in 1949 he mused, "Why shouldn't we all keep together? Soldis of the world, unite!" From this quirk of fancy has sprung a strange and heartwarming organization, unique in the world: *Il Casato Soldi*—The House of Soldi. Today the still-growing House has united more than 31,000 Soldis in twenty countries on five continents into probably the earth's most striking example of "togetherness."

Bucking the hundred pressures that in these days seem to be (Continued on Page 78)

Anna III Soldi Vogler of Buffalo, New York, with the medal which the House awarded her for sending hundreds of pounds of clothing and toys to needy Italians.

The little girl above is trying on the Soldi Communion dress, which is available to any family that wants it. So far, some thirty Soldi children have made use of it.

The clan's charitable gifts range from schoolbooks to donkeys, such as the one *Il Casato Soldi* bought to make life easier for Martina III of Cremona.

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Post Scripts

The Way Some People's Minds Work!

"Describe what he looks like? I couldn't. He's completely and utterly indescribable! He's got deep-set eyes with craggy eyebrows and ——"

"I wouldn't repeat what she said to anybody, not even my closest friend. First of all she screamed, 'You filthy ——'"

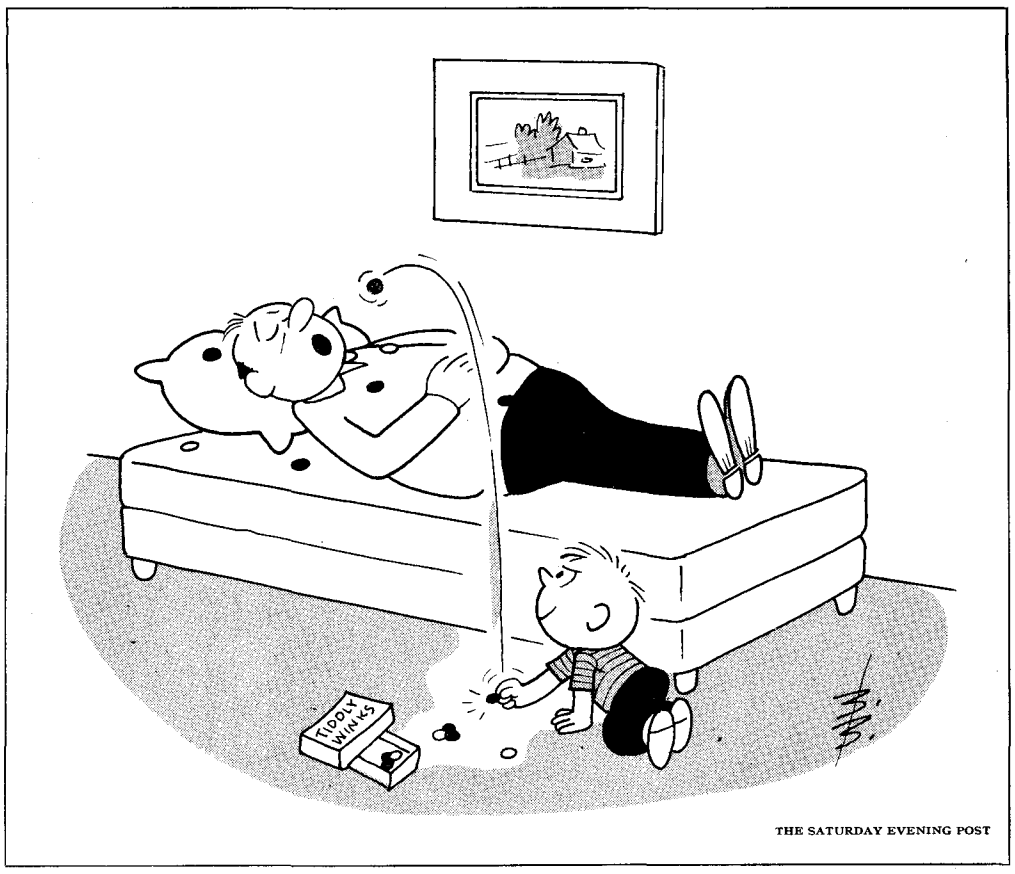
"Our next speaker is a man who needs no introduction—absolutely none of any kind. President of the Magruder Manufacturing Company, a leading member of the Chamber of Commerce ——"

"O.K., have it one hundred per cent your way. I haven't the slightest intention in the world of arguing with you. But I'd like to point out that those figures you gave for juvenile crime are completely cockeyed. In the first place ——"

"Relax! Don't give it a second thought. I'll handle this entire problem all by myself. Now, what do you think we ought to do about ——"

"Don't ask me to be a witness, buddy. I can't remember the least little detail of what happened. All I know is that it was a tan convertible, going about twenty-five, and ——"

PARKE CUMMINGS



Advice to Ski Romeos

Either don't come
(There's not much hope
Of wowing them from
The beginners' slope),

Or stick to the lodge,
Swathed in bandages.
Sure, it's a dodge,
But what advandages!

LAURENCE EISENLOHR

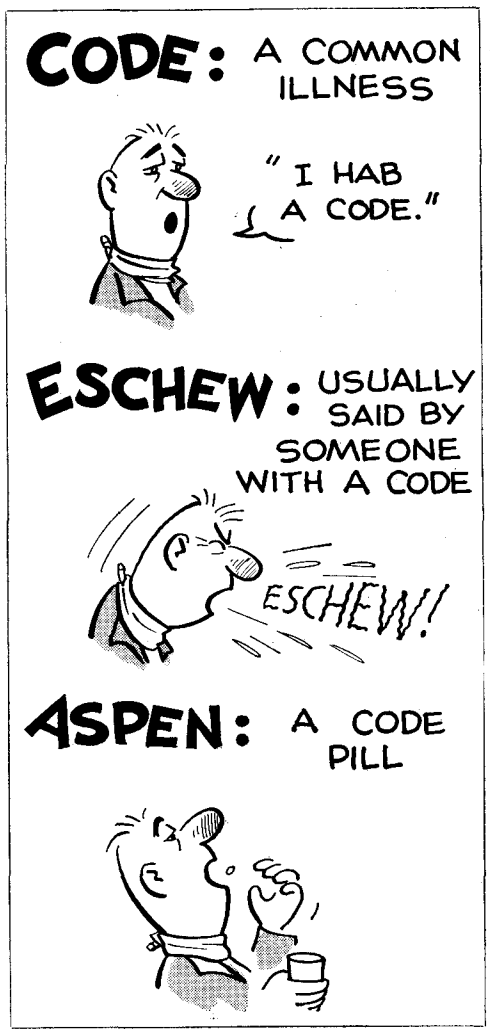
Admission of Gilt

I'll admit this simple truth:
Gray hair has charm, and spurious youth
Is not a thing worth sighing for,
Or crying for, or lying for.
But golly, it's worth trying for,
And just what I am dyeing for!

HELEN RITTELL

"Oh, come now, Edith—everybody has to be forty some day."

Pun-Abridged Dictionary



BIL KEANE

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Campbell proudly invites you to try

2 GREAT NEW SOUPS

1. A great old-time soup

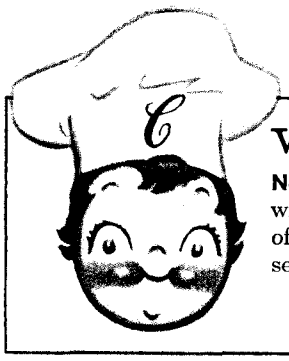
Old-fashioned TOMATO RICE

This soup's so bright and cheerful, it warms you just to see it! Old-fashioned Tomato Rice is a happy blend of the famous Campbell Tomato, long-grain rice, and other vegetables in a hearty broth. It's a great home-style soup for everybody!

2. A country-garden soup

CREAM OF VEGETABLE

Seven garden vegetables, picked at their sun-ripened best, are simmered till tender, then creamed with milk. A dash of seasoning perks up the fresh garden flavor. You'll serve this soup with pride — to friends, and *all* the family!



Wonderful for cooking, too!

New sauces! Heat Old-fashioned Tomato Rice with ⅓ to ½ cup water (use milk with Cream of Vegetable). Season as desired. Heat and serve over fish, eggs or meat.

New supper dishes! Heat leftover meat, fish, or poultry in either Old-fashioned Tomato Rice or Cream of Vegetable . . . thin with milk or water, and season as desired.

New soup mate! Make your own new soup from Campbell's 2 new soups. Combine Old-fashioned Tomato Rice and Cream of Vegetable with 2 soup cans water.

Good things begin to happen when you cook with *Campbell's* 2 new soups!

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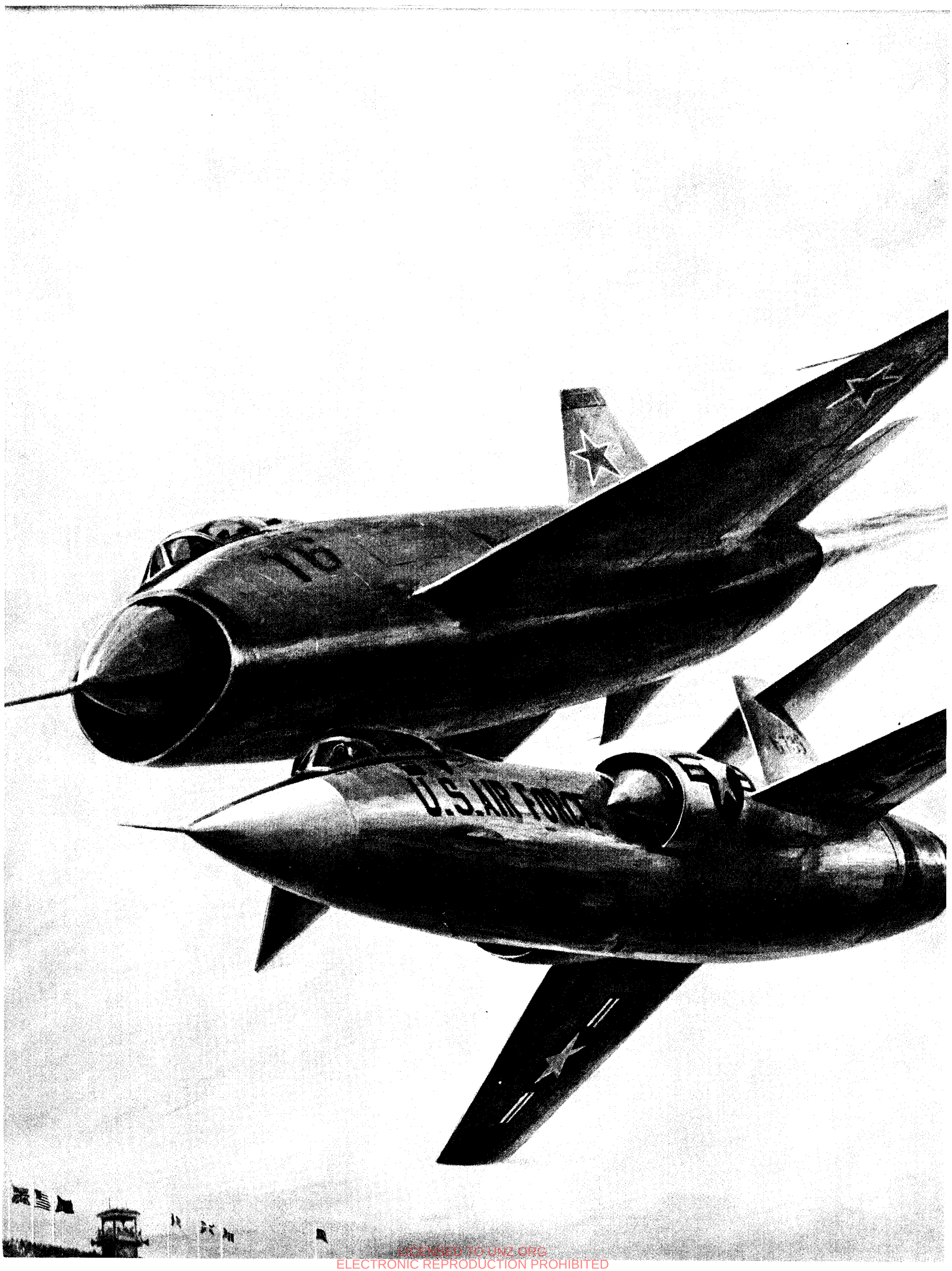

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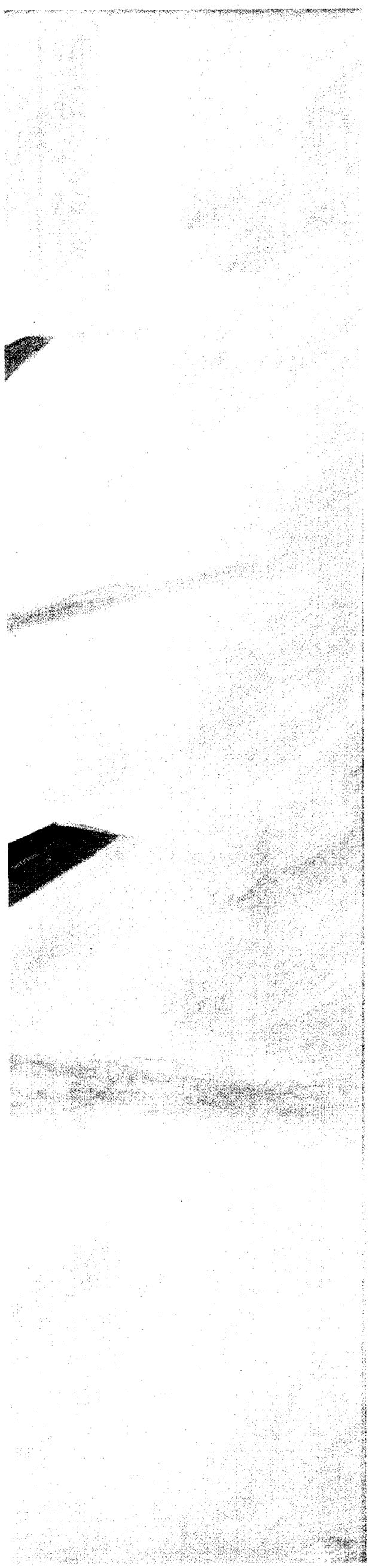

Illustrated by Robert Lavin

Challenge in the Sky

The story of a deadly duel between a Russian and an American.

By FRANK HARVEY

The six Russian jet fighters were holding a brutally tight circle in the sky over Tushino Air Field, near Moscow, the dynamite blast of their afterburners beating down on the monster crowd assembled to watch the first international air show ever held in the Soviet Union. Maj. Dick Harpster, leader of the American jet acrobatic team, the Crimson Sabres, watched the tightly circling Migs with exasperation.

"All right, comrades," he muttered sourly. "You've showed us how tough you are. You've proved you can pull G's. So break it up and land."

The sudden excited roar of the crowd made Harpster jerk his gaze from the circling planes. Four jets were coming in from the west, very tight and low, at terrific speed. They skimmed the grandstands, their red stars blazing in the sun, then suddenly pulled up toward the circling Migs. Harpster's stomach went tight. The four planes punched through the narrow circle like silver bullets through a bull's-eye, then instantly exploded in a bomb-burst breakup.

The stunt was low—suicidally low. The four planes peeled out away from one another on their backs in the four directions of the compass, pulled through into vertical dives and streaked down on the crowd at close to the speed of sound.

Major Harpster held his breath, then let it out. Those Russky madmen had it made. They rounded out of their dives, a scant hundred feet over the grandstand and slashed in toward one another. Then they rolled lazily, almost insolently, over on their backs and passed in a savage, explosive crisscross at mid-field. The roar of the crowd was so big it dwarfed the bellowing afterburners.

Crimson Sabres, go home, Major Harpster thought miserably. *You poor sad sacks have bought the farm and all the cattle!*

The Soviet acrobatic team vanished in the industrial haze over Moscow. The crowd's roar subsided, and a voice, speaking Russian, boomed out over the speakers. Harpster did not know a word of Russian. He was a wiry young man from Oil City, Pennsylvania, and he had been too busy flying jets for the past five years to read anything but technical bulletins and *Steve Canyon*. Before taking over the Crimson Sabres, he'd flown some of the hottest airplanes in the United States Air Force—through the roughest combat maneuvers the test experts at Eglin Air Proving Ground could devise. Leading the jet team after scorching across the palmetto scrub at Eglin on low-level bomb runs was a piece of cake.

The booming Russian voice ceased. Then, for some unknown reason, the crowd began to laugh. The laughter started in the grandstands and spread out across the highways and fields where thousands of people had gathered to watch the show. After several moments the laughter subsided, and the announcer switched to English. "We have just spoken of the American Super Sabres," his voice said heavily. "We have said how beautiful they are. Like tropical birds. Like pretty butterflies. We have explained to the audience why the Americans do not like to fly close together—or close to the ground, or very rapidly. They are proud of the pretty paint on their planes. They do not wish to scratch it."

Rub it in, you clown, Dick Harpster thought angrily. *Have a ball!*

The voice continued, "We also explain why Americans do not enter solo acrobatics tomorrow—safety.

(Continued on Page 48)

He slid under the belly of the Sukhoi and tried to ram it.

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About 10,000 years ago woolly mammoths roamed northern regions in countless numbers, until they were decimated, many without any visible sign of violence.

Riddle of the FROZEN GIANTS

What killed the prehistoric mammoths found preserved in the arctic? Here is a new explanation of the eerie catastrophe that may have claimed them.

By Ivan T. Sanderson

A cartoon appeared in this magazine some years ago showing two scientists staring at a small pile of dust in the middle of a laboratory bench. This was captioned, "Of course, nobody really wanted a dehydrated elephant, but it's nice to see what we can do."

Nobody, as far as I have been able to ascertain, wants to quick-freeze an elephant, but the idea has begun to interest some people in the frozen-foods industry since I started asking if they could tell me how to do such a thing. The reason for my question is simply that we already have lots of frozen elephants; the flesh of some of them has retained its full flavor, and I want to know how the job was done. There is one corpse in particular that is exceptionally irksome. This is the famous Beresovka mammoth that was thawed out of Northern Siberia just after the turn of this century.

Some years ago I wrote an article which was rather blithely titled THE RIDDLE OF THE MAMMOTHS (*The Saturday Evening Post*, December 7, 1946), just as if these poor creatures had, by becoming extinct, presented us with but a single puzzle. On rereading this, I am not a little disturbed, for just about everything said therein has, during the intervening years, been almost completely reversed. Far from being a mere riddle, mammoths have dumped a seemingly endless parade of conundrums in our scientific lap. Now I would like to make a fresh start.

About one seventh of the entire land surface of our earth, stretching in a great swath round the Arctic Ocean, is permanently frozen. The surface of some of this territory is bare rock, but the greater part of it is covered with a layer, varying in thickness from a few feet to more than 1000 feet, of stuff we call muck. This is composed of an assortment of different substances, all bound together with frozen water, which becomes and acts as a rock. While its actual composition varies considerably from place to place, it is usually for the most part composed of fine sand or coarse silt, but it also includes a high proportion of earth or loam, and often also masses of bones or even whole animals in various stages of preservation or decomposition. So much of the last is there on occasion that even strong men find it almost impossible to stand the stench when it is melting. This muck is spread all across northern Asia and is exceptionally widespread in Northern Siberia. It appears again in Alaska, and lies right across the top of Canada almost to Hudson Bay.

The list of animals that have been thawed out of this mess would cover several pages. It includes the famous woolly mammoths and woolly rhinoceroses, horses like those still existing wild in Asia, giant oxen and a kind of huge tiger. In Alaska it also includes giant bison, wolves and beavers, and an apparently quite ordinary lion as well as many other animals now extinct and some which are still in existence, like the

(Continued on Page 82)

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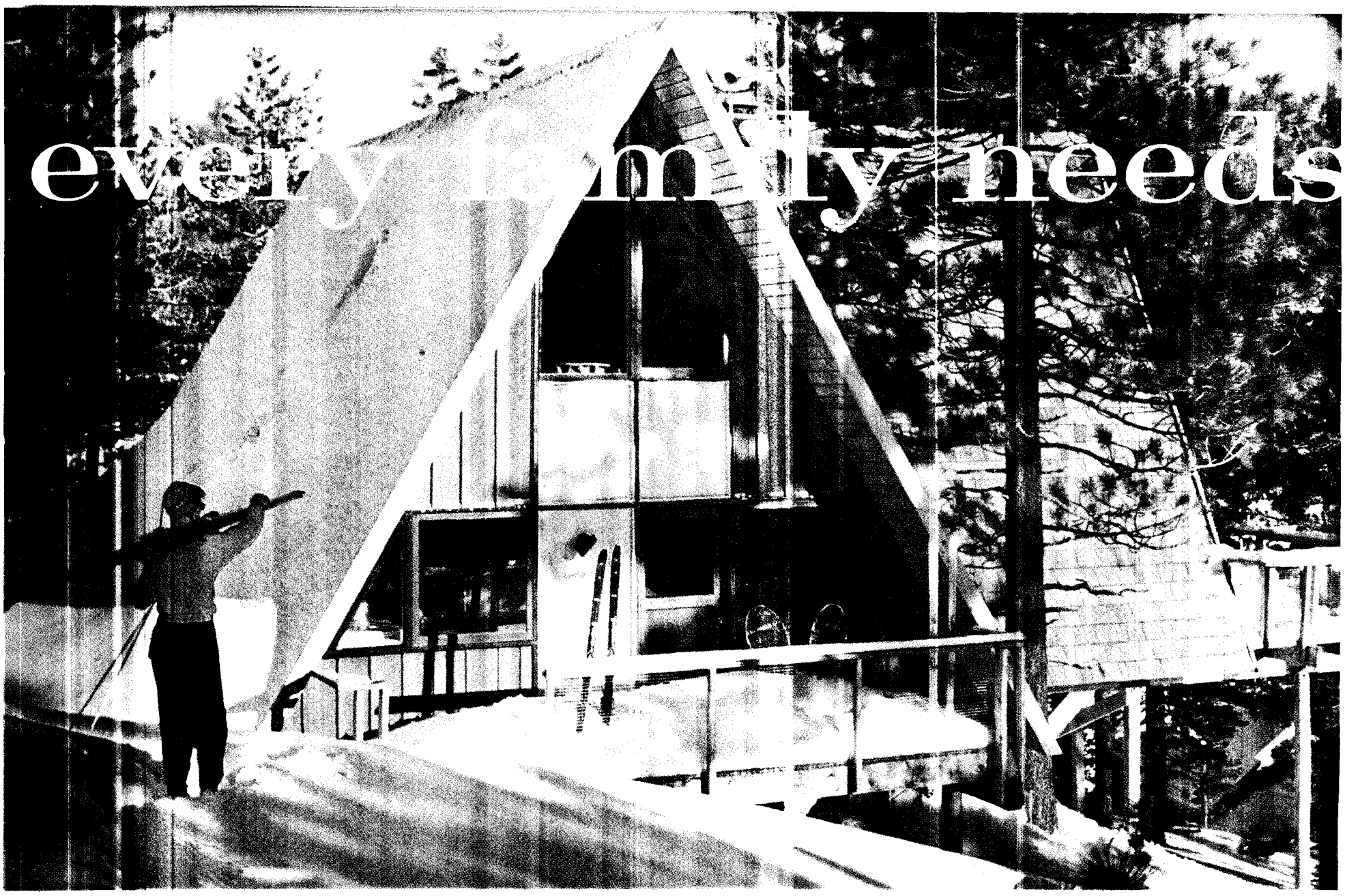
every family needs



Not Her Kind (Continued from Page 28)

could see by the way he was measuring that he didn't approve of liquor, so I ordered a beer.

A scuffle and a kind of angry noise came in from the yard. The waitress and the old gent ran to the window to look out. I went to the door to see.

Two young men were out there fighting. They were wearing chino pants, sneakers and torn undershirts.

They didn't flail. They went at it circling, waiting to end it with one punch. One of them landed; the other went down, and the first one walked away.

The one in the grass sat up. He wiped a fleck of blood off the left side of his mouth with the back of his hand, stood up clumsily and barged into the bar. He pushed the screen door against me, shoving me back, though he could see me through it.

The waitress wet a wad of paper napkins and handed it to him silently, as if she had done it before.

He took the napkins, let out a loud, yelping laugh, put his arm around the girl and kissed her with the good side of his mouth. She kind of endured it till he let go.

He laughed again and sat down at a table. He pushed the opposite chair out of his way with his foot in an unattractive manner and said, "Beer, pop."

"Don't call me pop," the white-haired man said. "I'm not your father."

The young fellow stared at him for a minute. Then he gave that laugh again and turned away. The old man pushed the tray with the beer bottle and glass to the waitress. She shook her head slightly, and he brought it out himself.

The young man watched the old one put the tray down. He followed the simple action with bitter eyes, as if he were waiting with malice for the old man to do it wrong.

I recognized the young fellow's type—the angry boys, lads who go through life wrapped in hostility, wearing it like a coat. Some of the younger movie actors seem to be like that. They're among the most popular, I've noticed.

I took out my cigarettes. I saw his eyes go to them. With a smoker, you can always tell—he was out of them.

"Cigarette?" I said.

The bartender snickered. "He's given 'em up," he said. "All he can afford is one beer a day and no cigarettes—or cigarettes and no beer."

The young fellow didn't think it was funny. "Keep your cigarettes, pop," he said.

"I'm not your father," I said. I could hear his laugh as I walked out of the bar.

I went back to our rooms to tell Ina about the incident. We always try to guess at the private lives of the people we meet when we travel. It's a custom we have.

Ina was not in her room. That was unusual because generally she waits until I come back from my first exploration of a new place and tell her what there is to see and so on. We have our own language—a "meechy" place is one where people are unfriendly, a "scroom room" is one with odd characters around, and like that. Ina typed up a dictionary of our talk when she was sixteen, the funniest thing you ever read.

I walked around to the pool. *It's natural for her to change—after her first year of college*, I said to myself. Something made me remember that she had been offered a summer job in New York and had turned it down. It came to me that she had turned it down to keep me company in Elmford, where we live. I had the embarrassed feeling again that I was taking up her time. *Bless her*, I said to myself.

There were two women sunning at the poolside—youngish schoolteachers they turned out to be. We talked awhile. They were nice. I haven't really looked at a woman since Anne, that's my wife, died. When I meet a woman I try to look at her through Ina's eyes and see if Ina would like her; and none of them has passed that test. Ina and I are pretty close—I don't know if I mentioned that.

One of the women had me help her put sun-tan lotion on the back of her shoulders where she couldn't quite reach. I said I had to see how my daughter was doing, and the sun-tan one said, "Oh," and they glanced at each other and slipped into the water. I walked back to the building.

Ina was sitting on the little porch with the rough young fellow I had met in the bar. They had pulled a couple of chairs together. He said something to her as I came up, and she laughed. He made another remark, and she laughed again. Then he just looked at her, and she laughed. He hadn't seemed that funny to me in the bar.

Ina called, "Dad, I want you to meet Barry." She looked at him, and he said, "Dillford." And she said, "Dillford," and they both laughed.

He said, "Hello, pop." We shook hands. There was still a fleck of dried blood on the left side of his mouth.

Ina shocked me. She was looking at this ape with eyes that were twice as big as the last time I had checked them. She looked much better than she had in the car that afternoon and she hadn't really had any rest.

I left them after a minute, went into my room and looked through our restaurant guide. I picked a well-known continental-type place for dinner, about twenty miles away. Seeing her with this boy made me want to have her dine with pleasant people. We would have, perhaps, sole *Mornay* and a *crème Chantilly*.

Ina came into my room. She whirled around in a dance step, making her skirt flip, and she said, "Dad, I know it's awful to do this to you, but would you mind if I had dinner with Barry? He wants us to eat at the diner down the road."

"Diner?" I said numbly.

"It's Dutch treat," she said. "He's broke. He says you don't taste the food much if you use enough catchup. Would you mind if I went with him just this once? I know how much dinners mean to you, and all that."

"You make me sound like a glutton," I said. "Dinners aren't all that important to me." Across a screen inside my head there ran a moving picture of a little girl waiting placidly, lovingly, while I selected restaurants from an endless series of guidebooks. A voice like a wounded bird's squawked inside me about how odd it was that two people could be together so long and then suddenly move in separate ways. "Of course, darling," I said.

"Am I dressed all right?" she asked.

"You mean you have to be dressed in some special way for him?" I said.

"Of course," she said. "Isn't he adorable?"

"I beg your pardon," I said with the courtesy I try to maintain under any circumstances, however alarming.

"He's sweet," she said. It was the first time we had ever reacted so differently to anything we had seen in all our travels. "Dad," she said, "I can hardly stand it. Look here." She put my hand over her

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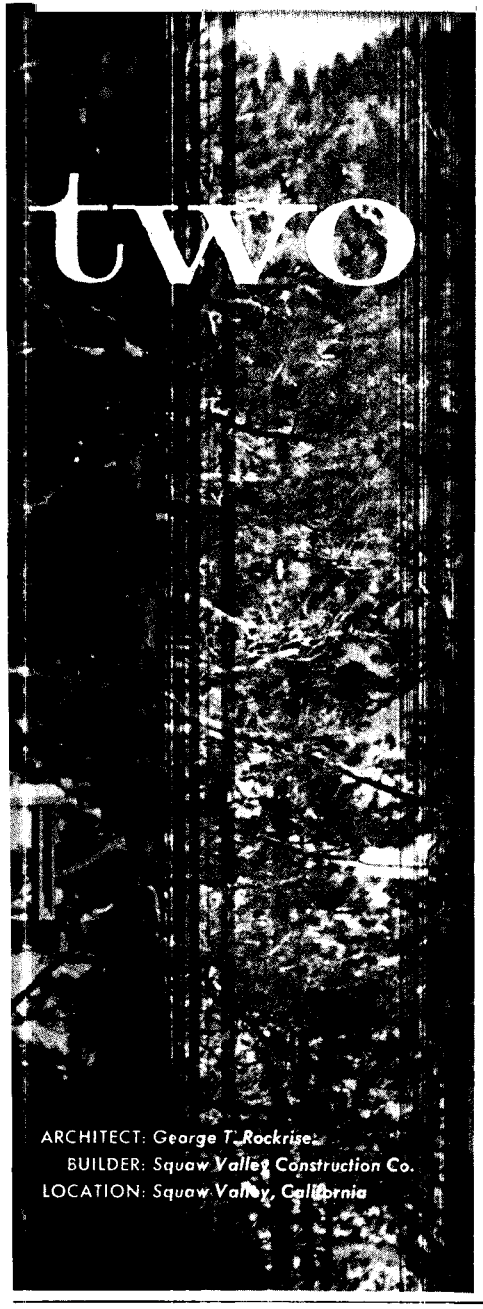

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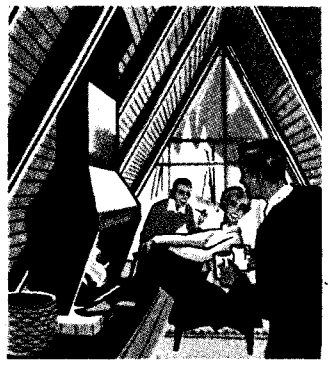

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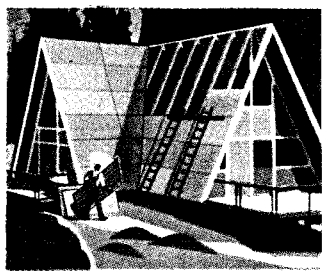

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heart. I could feel it booming under my fingers. She kissed me lightly on the forehead. "I'm glad we're staying here," she said and ran.

The old explorer found a sandwich machine beside the soft-drink dispenser in the lobby, and from it came my dinner.

I was about halfway through a dry cheese sandwich, eating it slowly to get the full horror of it, when the old bartender—who was doubling as room clerk—joined me. We watched through the windows as Ina and the boy walked down the drive.

"Your daughter?" asked the old man.

"Yes."

"H'm-m. That fellow works here off and on," he said.

"A drifter?" I said. "That what you mean?"

He shrugged. "His father's in jail," he said.

"His who is in what!" I shouted.

"His old man used to work here, but he took money that wasn't his—maybe five, six thousand dollars—to play on the horses. He's in the state pen now."

I took a good grip on myself. I am well known in my field—law—as a cool man in emergencies. I went back to my room thinking I had to remember I was mature. *No, I must not kick the wastebasket*, I said to myself. *No, I must not break the ash tray either. It does not belong to me.*

I was opening a book when I heard the first yell from the road. I jumped to the door and caught a glimpse of Ina picking up chunks of dirt beside the road and of Barry trying to stand in front of her to shield her. I ran out.

There seemed to be about six of them, young fellows of Barry's age, a couple in black leather jackets, flinging clods and, I guess, rocks. Barry's front was spattered, and there was blood on his forehead. He was giving sound, a bull-roaring battle laugh. He reached behind without looking, took fresh clods from Ina and threw. He got one of the attackers in the forehead, then a chunk of dirt hit him in the face, and he went down on his knees and roared and stood again and fired.

I ran, disregarding the advice of the finest medical talent of Elmford. I yelled, "Stop it! Stop!" which didn't improve my wind. Strangely it stopped. The attackers drew away, perhaps to consider the changed situation.

"Hello, pop," Barry said, spitting dirt. Ina was crying and laughing and trying to get her breath. There was dirt on her bright dress. Her hands were muddy ruins.

Barry picked up one of her hands. I thought he was going to kiss it, but he only peered at it. "You broke a fingernail," he said.

"Your face," she said.

"It's all right. I'd better go to dinner alone."

"They'll hurt you," she said. "Please. Please."

"It's my dinnertime," he said. He broke into a trot down the road. The attackers waited for him. He came abreast of the group and deliberately slowed to a walk. They let him go by. He turned and stared at them a moment. I heard his yelp of laughter, and he climbed the steps into the diner.

"Popular lad," I said.

"Let's not talk about it," said Ina.

"Why the war?"

"He's all alone in the whole town," she said softly. "He's all alone."

"I don't blame them for disliking him," I said.

She lifted her face in silent protest. The twilight paled her skin and made her blue eyes look black.

"Want any dinner?" I asked.

"No, thanks, dad."

Anyway, I thought, *we'll be staying here only one night.*

Ina came into my room in the morning while I was packing. She said, "Do we have to go?"

Something cold turned over in my middle, and I said, "Why this boy out of all the boys you've met?"

"He needs somebody." I could hardly hear the words.

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

The Scuffed Oxford Stomp

Downtrodden by your offspring?
If your reply is "nay,"
You've never had the aisle seat
At a children's matinee.

Suzanne Douglass

• • • • • • • • • • • • • • •

"Is it pity?" I asked.

She shook her head for "no," looking straight in front of her.

"Maybe a few days away from him—for a little perspective and all that jazz," I said.

She thought it over. "All right," she said. "I'll pack." She went back to her room. I felt a little sick about having used the lawyer's dodge of postponing what you can't solve, and I went out and tried to tramp the feeling away, walking over the grounds. I saw Barry putting in squares of new turf by the swimming pool.

"Hi, pop," he said. He was wearing the same torn undershirt. There was dried blood on his forehead. He seemed to have difficulty moving his lips, as if the southern portion of his face was sore—as well it might be from the direct hit I had seen scored on it. "Taking her away from me, pop?" he asked.

"We're continuing our trip," I said. He would have to get up earlier than that to win damaging admissions from me.

He grinned, went "Ouch!" and pushed his cheeks in hastily with both hands to adjust his wounded lips. "You're doing the right thing," he said. "Get her out of here." He put out his hand. There was something unexpectedly moving in the way he did it. It was as if he were turning Ina over to me to take care of.

"What goes on between you and the rest of the population here?" I burst out.

"Private matter, pop."

"I don't get it. It's like a medieval intrigue."

"That's a good word for it." He turned his back on me, picked up his implement and tamped down a square of sod.

I loaded the car while Ina walked across the lawns to say good-by to him. They talked for a minute.

"He thinks we ought to go," I said when she came back. "I'm sorry, but that's what he said."

"Don't you see that's a hurt boy's cry for help?" Ina asked.

"How do you figure that?"

"Didn't you look into his eyes?" she asked.

"Of course I didn't look into his eyes," I said with dignity. She slid into the seat beside me.

"He kisses waitresses!" I said forcefully when we were well out into the road.

"Certainly he does," she said composedly. "He needs somebody."

"How can you see these things in him!" I barked.

"All you have to do is look," she said. She said it in the calm way people have

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when they are telling the truth. I am an experienced cross-examiner; I know. I am only forty-one. I do not believe youth lives in a world from which I am cut off. What they can see I can see too. But as I looked into her eyes I felt apprehensive.

"You've met a new boy and you're excited about him," I said. "It's glands. You've had courses in that stuff."

"And I must be sure not to mate until I know we are truly compatible," she laughed. "Don't worry. We'll have our vacation, dad. Then I'm coming back to Barry."

"You are?"

"I have to."

I stopped the car—in front of a fruit stand, I remember. "We'll go back now," I said. "And stay until you see this lummox exactly as I see him—as everybody sees him!"

I turned the car around. The glow of happiness started at Ina's eyes and suffused her face.

The old bartender was on duty again at the desk. He gave us a fishy smile. "Leave something?" he asked.

"No." I reached for the registration card.

"Young lady forget to say good-by to somebody?"

I realized now that he owned the place; it hadn't occurred to me before. I did not like his manner, with Ina standing there innocent and clear-eyed. I am not especially brave, but I do not plan ever to give up Ina's good opinion of me. So I looked the old man in the eye.

I said, "Yes. We forgot to say good-by to someone." He looked away.

We drove around to our old rooms. Ina said, "You were wonderful."

"I will never be ashamed of anything you may want to do," I said.

She said softly, "That's my father." My eyes stung and blurred. I bent over the luggage so she wouldn't see. I did not want her to think I was on her side. A few days with this boy, and his deep-down unattractiveness had to be revealed to her. I did not feel I was being soft or a pushover. I was really being tough, I mean if you look at it the right way.

I heard a step outside and opened my door. Barry was standing on the porch, looking at her. Ina had put on a white swimsuit, and he was looking at all of her, her long legs, her high chest. He made a sound. It could have been a snarl, which would have harmonized nicely with the menacing way he stood over her. Or it could have been a kind of groan.

"Sugar candy," he said. I knew it had been a groan.

"Hello," Ina said.

"Why did you come back?"

"You wanted me to."

"I never said it."

"You never said it," said Ina.

I closed the door, heard a scuffle and opened it again.

He had pulled her to him and was kissing her. She stood rigid, unyielding. He let her go.

"Why'd you come back if you're going to be like that?" he asked.

"I'm not a prize you won in a raffle," she said. "Tell me you need me, and I won't be like that."

His bruised face had the old hostile look again. "I don't need anybody," he said. He made a gesture, which included his torn undershirt and chino pants. "I can't take on any colonies," he said surprisingly. He turned away from her. "Hi, pop," he said tightly as he went by me.

"I'm not your father," I said mechanically.

Ina went into her room. I watched her go, knowing she was now alone in the world, though I stood outside her window.

So I went to the pool by myself. The two schoolteachers were sunning. I sat down on a mat. One of them called across the pool, "Doesn't your wife ever go swimming?"

"I don't have a wife," I said.

The two women swam to my side. They stretched out on mats near me. The one whose back I had put lotion on—Maribel she said her name was—couldn't reach the spot any better this time, so I lotioned her. She did my back.

Off to the side I saw Barry tamping down sod, with Ina sitting on the grass at a little distance, watching him.

I began—I don't know why—to tell Maribel about the situation. I told her I thought perhaps she could give me some advice because, being a teacher, she must have a kind of motherly feeling about young people.

"Motherly!" she said. "Ouch!" She looked at me oddly and said, "You're a nice man," and took my head in her hands and kissed my forehead. It was not a sexy thing, I want to make that clear. She was laughing at the time.

I looked up; Ina had seen. She clapped her hands silently, applauding. I could have hit her with the diving board.

And a shrill voice went through me screeching, *Is this how we fly apart, Ina going her way, I mine?* The voice screeched at me in particular, because though I knew I would not follow up this thing with Maribel, I felt confusedly grateful to her for having reminded me there was such a thing as the sweetness of women in this world. And feeling this gratitude in myself I leaned back and looked away from her.

On the road I saw two spots moving slowly. I excused myself. I walked across the lawns diagonally, as if I were ambling, then cut to the road, heading off two young men.

I remembered one of them, a red-haired boy who had thrown the clod that had got Barry in the face.

"Is the war over?" I asked.

They laughed and walked around me. The red-haired one changed his mind and stopped. "Tell that crumb we'll get him tonight," he said.

"Why?" I asked. "Why the hostilities?"

"He works for twenty dollars a week," said the young man. "He comes here every summer and takes a job one of us could get maybe fifty, sixty for."

"Twenty dollars a week?" I repeated stupidly.

"The girl who makes out the checks told us," he said. "Twenty little clams."

The two went on down the road. They turned and looked at me and laughed.

Back on the grounds I could see Barry placing a sod, the sun strong on his back, and Ina sitting off, watching him.

I spent most of the day at the pool. Maribel was as friendly as ever, but quiet. She would look at me thoughtfully once in a while, as if trying to understand something. During the afternoon I saw Ina and Barry sitting on a grass bank and eating out of a box. I did not mention dinner to Ina, wanting to let her come to me with her own plans.

I was changing for dinner, having highly resolved that, regardless of domestic problems, I would not dine on a sandwich, when I heard Ina's voice outside my room. "We can go somewhere else," she said. There was panic in the way she spoke the commonplace words.

I stepped outside. Ina was holding one of Barry's big paws in her two hands.

"Honey, I eat at that diner every night," Barry said.

Far off down the road I could see two black coats and a cluster of striped shirts—a group, waiting.

The old bartender ran around the side of the building, toward us. "I want no windows broken," he said. "Go on, get. Get away from here if you're going to fight."

"I'm going, pop," Barry said. His big, bruised face cracked in a smile. He seemed almost happy. He shook his hand free of Ina and started over the grass toward the distant waiting group. He walked smooth and easy, not hurrying, not loitering.

Ina made a move. I slipped my arm around her waist. "Why does he work for you for twenty dollars a week?" I heard myself barking at the old man. I felt Ina quiver.

"Fifty. I'm takin' thirty for what his dad stole," he said.

"Are you letting that boy try to pay off six thousand dollars?" I could feel my voice rising.

"His dad took the money, didn't he?" he said. "He only works here summers. Winters he's at college somewhere."

"With nothing saved over the summers?" I said.

"It's his life, and he's livin' it," said the old man.

I did not make any conscious decision. I took off over the grass to catch up. Barry looked back and smiled, but did not slow down.

"There's no legal claim against you for that money," I panted when I reached him. "I'm a lawyer. I know."

"I know too," he said. "I'm a law student. That's funny, isn't it?"

I could see the group clearly now. Some of them were stooped over, digging. They were making small piles of rocks.

Ina was on Barry's other side now, her arm around him.

"I have to pay it," Barry said. "I'd like my dad to come back here someday. He loves this town."

Something flipped through the leaves ahead of us and fell short.

"You better go back now," Barry said. Ina shook her head. We walked on. A stone arched cleanly into the grass in front of us.

"My dad's a nice man," Barry said. "He did wrong, but he didn't mean any harm. He figured he'd make enough on the horses so I wouldn't have to work my way through college."

We kept walking. Something whistled over our shoulders. "It's a funny thing," Barry said. "I used to think working my way through college would be awfully hard. Having to get up six thousand more makes just working at college seem easy. So maybe my old dad was right after all." He laughed.

"I could use a driver," I said. "A chauffeur. Work for me for the summer."

"You don't understand," he said. "My old man knows every fishing hole around here. He wouldn't be happy anywhere else. He's out next year and he's getting his old job back. I'm holding it for him. That's part of my deal."

We were still walking.

"I've paid off almost nine hundred," Barry said. "When my old man's working, he'll be paying back too. I have a pretty good law job promised, so we'll be carrying it together, all around the year. It'll go fast then."

A clod caught him in the mouth. He wiped it away with the back of his hand without breaking stride.

Anger took me. I reached down, picked up something, anything, and ran forward. I pulled my arm back to throw at the grinning faces. A stone hit me on the forehead. I fell forward, a very odd feeling. I heard Barry roar. I saw him run into the group, grab two heads and knock them together. Somewhere I thought I heard a siren before I passed out.

I don't remember much about the night. Sometimes I'm not even sure Maribel was there, sitting beside my bed like a nurse. Then I know she was because I remember that at dawn she touched the bandage on my head and gave me a funny little smile, relaxed and regretful. "You'll be all right," I remember her saying. "I'm going now. We're starting off early." And then I clearly remember her standing at the door, turning for a last look at me. It was as if we both knew now there would be nothing ever between us; and yet there was something sweet about it, and intimate. It was one of those chemical things that happen between a man and a woman that I had forgotten about. "I wish I'd met you a couple of years from now," she said and went out. I remember lying there, feeling that strange, grateful feeling about her, that she had reminded me of something I needed to remember.

Ina came in later and sat down in the chair that Maribel had used.

"Barry mussed a couple of them up rather well," she said. "The police put them in a cell for the night to give them a scare. It's going to be all right now."

Barry opened the door. He had put on a white shirt. He stood in the doorway, looking a little embarrassed. Ina glanced at me, her blue eyes wide, as if she saw something coming, expected something. I knew what it was.

"Hi, pop," said Barry.

"Hi, son," I said. THE END

"I must be late. Everybody's coming back."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Rigged Race (Continued from Page 24)

Jones, ate sparingly. Squint was a jockey, who must think of his weight, while Philo was a rugged six-footer.

"What I don't see," Squint was saying, "is what we're doin' here in the tall corn when we've got a horse with so much swift that we could knock over real money on the big wheels."

He quit talking as Honest John rode into view, mounted on a flashy calico horse. Honest John was garbed like a field hand. He was short and rotund. He overflowed the saddle. His eyes, deceptively mild blue, gazed out from a bird's nest of white beard. He was seventy-five years old and had the hidden energy of two men. He rather resembled a poverty-stricken Santa Claus. The fact was that his farm was opulently productive, and his hobby was breeding prize horses.

"Evening friends," he said. "I'm John Sweet. Own the place on the knob."

"Evening, sir," Philo responded. "Philo Clay. This is Squint Jones. Light down. How about some grub?"

"Don't mind if I do," Honest John said, never one to turn down a free meal. Dismounting, he accepted the filled plate.

He inspected the horse trailer and Philo's dusty station wagon, which bore Wyoming licenses. Philo wore the garb of a working ranch hand.

Philo's two horses munched from nose bags. One was a big black which looked dependable, but slow. The other, a blue roan with three white feet, wore a light blanket. It had the smart features and bunchy, powerful coupling of the quarter horse.

"A sprinter," Honest John said. "A real racer. You boys must be headin' for the fair at Dolliver City."

Philo allowed that this was so.

Honest John inspected the blanketed horse. His manner was a trifle disparaging. "Looks like he'd have made a good saddle animal if he'd growed half a hand higher an' longer in the barrel. I don't hold much with animals with white stockin's. Sign of weakness. Quitters, generally. How fast is he?"

"Ben Blue's pretty fast," Philo said.

"Now, I've got the gosh-dangedest little mare in the barn," Honest John boasted. "Quarter-horse blood in her too. You ought to see *her* go. I've often thought of takin' her to the fair to run in a real race. I bet she'd win. But I never got around to it."

"You ought to find out what she can do," Philo said.

"I've got no need for race animals. I have to have saddle mounts to get around the place at my age. The mare's too light for me, like your roan. That big black there is more to my fancy. This calico is a good horse, but too small too, an' too dang much spirit. I've been lookin' around to make a deal with him, but I wouldn't want my granddaughter to know. She's rode him."

The thought seemed to grow on him. He examined the black closely. "A young fellow in your business might prefer that calico. He's got flash. He'd make a pretty lead pony."

"The black's in top shape," Philo shrugged.

"Ride the calico," Honest John urged. "Try him out, boy. See for yourself."

Philo rode the calico. It seemed sound and handled well enough, but deep in its eyes was a glassy look.

"I might deal if the difference is right," he said, returning.

Honest John looked shocked. "Difference? Why, friend, it's me that'll have to get something to boot. I'd say my calico is worth your horse and at least forty dollars."

A girl's voice spoke entreatingly. "Grandpa! You're not selling Gumdrop? Not *him?* How could you do that?"

Honest John's granddaughter had arrived. She was a sun-tanned honey blonde who wore a cool, summery dress. She had hazel eyes that were large and clear and pretty, with other features in keeping. She had curves. She was gazing at Honest John as though he had struck her with a blacksnake whip.

Honest John had a hangdog look. "I just can't afford to keep the calico any longer, honey child," he gulped. "You know how things are with us this year."

The girl seemed about to burst into tears. "I know."

Honest John turned to Philo. "This is Minerva, my granddaughter. Next to me, Gumdrop's about all she's had to cling to, now that her ma an' pa are gone. I know what it's like to be an orphan."

"I'll make the difference twenty bucks," Philo said, gazing at Mindy Sweet.

The dicker continued in the classic pattern of horse trading. After a reasonable time, Philo gave in. He forked over thirty dollars. Honest John removed his saddle from the calico and snapped his hackamore strap on the black's headstall.

He eyed Philo's quarter horse and laid the groundwork for further action. "I reckon my mare, Molly Z, would beat the pants off that animal of yours."

"It could be arranged," Philo said.

"I'll fetch the mare over tomorrow," Honest John said.

He led the black away, but his granddaughter remained there, eying Philo. There was pity as well as considerable criticism in her gaze. "Where are you from?" she inquired.

"Fremont County, Wyoming," Philo said. "Born there."

"About yesterday, I take it."

"I'm twenty-six," Philo said.

"And you just got skinned in a horse trade."

"Do you mean there's something wrong with the calico?" Philo exclaimed.

"Don't try to saddle him unless there's a doctor handy," Mindy Sweet said.

"But he was just under saddle. I rode him."

"It took grandpa and two grooms and two men from the threshing crew to get it on him," Mindy stated. "Along with a squeezer chute, a blindfold and plenty of sweat and cussing. It always does. Gumdrop's not so bad after he's saddled, though he has his moments, even then. He just hates to go through the operation. He's a jibber. And how!"

"But your grandpa said ——"

"I rode Gumdrop once," Mindy admitted. "I wouldn't go near him again without police protection."

She walked away. Philo watched her mount the stile over the rail fence and ascend the footpath through the corn toward the house. It was a delightful sight.

A spry little man bounced from concealment in the willows. He had a white goatee and wore cow boots, a checked shirt, saddle jeans and a ten-gallon hat.

He whacked Philo on the back. "It cost us thirty dollars an' a horse, but it's bread cast on the waters, nephew," he chortled. "He thinks you're an easy mark."

"You better stay out of sight, Uncle Toby," Philo said absently.

Tobias Tarbell flitted around the campfire, placing more pork chops to broil. "He even et my supper," he snarled. "He ain't changed a bit in thirty years."

Uncle Toby was Philo's grand-uncle, and an example of the forebears to whom horse dealing was not a profession but an art. The only (*Continued on Page 47*)

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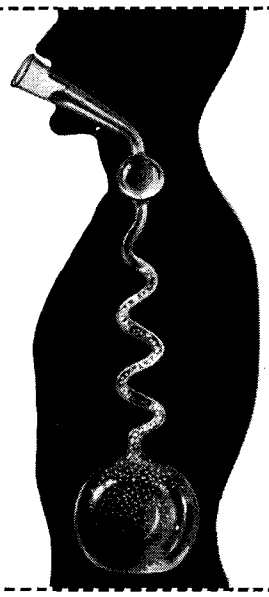

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This is the rear view of a human beaver . . . resting. He'll be back on the job soon but already he has done a good deal.

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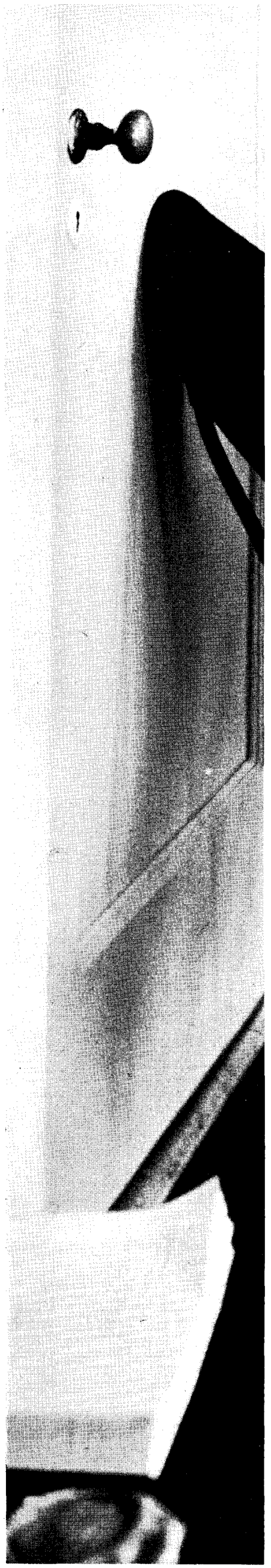

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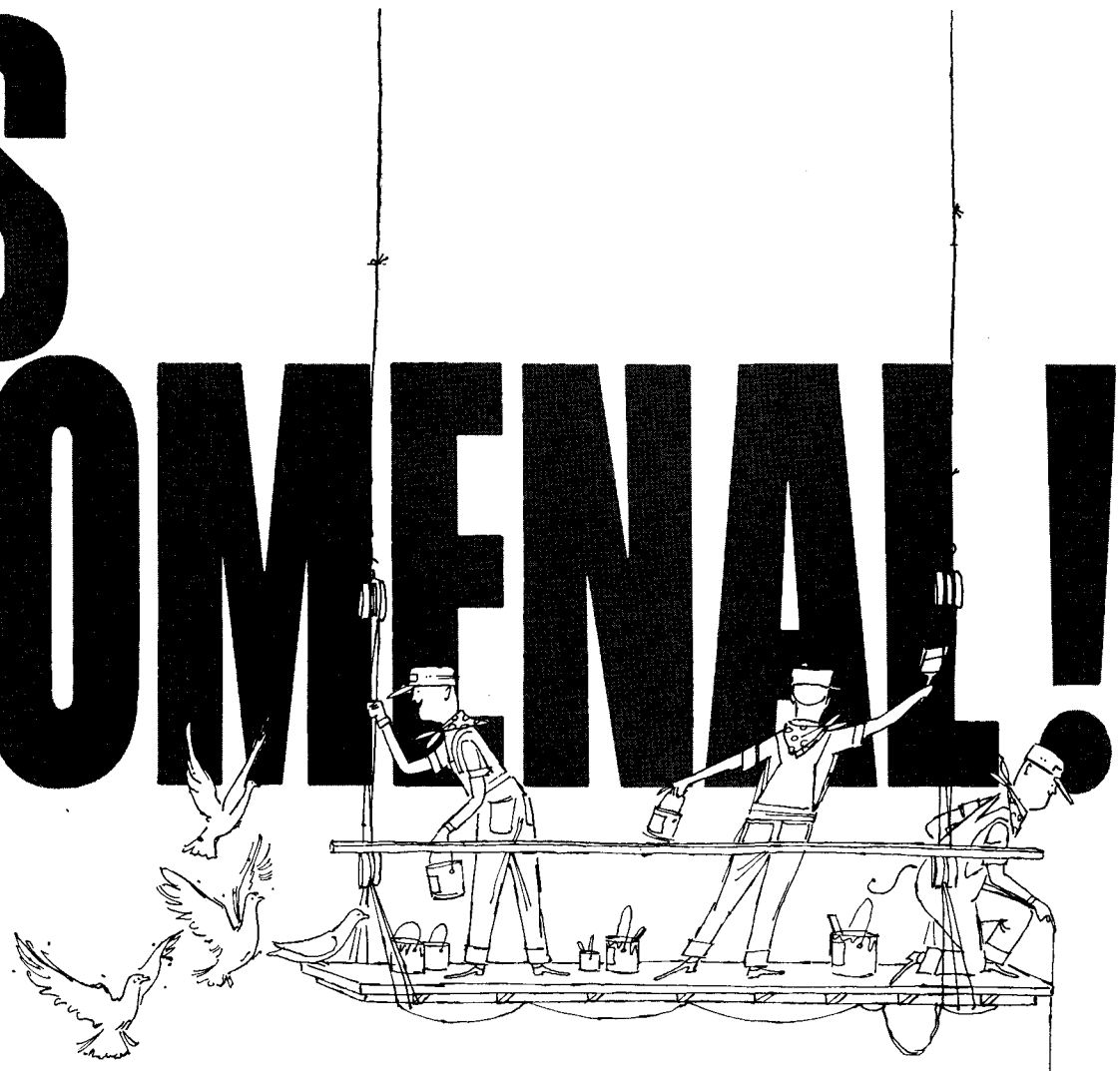

One at a time, once a week, men and women will have *paid for* and read better than *three hundred million* copies of The Saturday Evening Post this year.

This represents many things: quite a lot of paper, for instance. A lot of ink. And money.

But the real phenomenon here is the grand total of reading activity involved.

It scarcely invites comparison, so we'll settle for a simple statement of fact:

POST readers really *read.*

And then some.

They respond to the POST . . . to the POST'S deft editorial touch. Each week's engaging mix of fact, fiction, and humor stirs their mobility of mind and interest anew.

It's hard to beat POST readers for *physical mobility*, too. Exercising their far-ranging interests and curiosity comes naturally to a group of readers with the highest median income—the youngest median age—of any in the general weekly field.

First to buy and try the new . . . first to talk about and recommend the things they've read in or bought through the POST. It's no wonder our readers are called POST INFLUENTIALS.

The POST'S pages fairly crackle with reader activity. POST INFLUENTIALS turn—and return—to their copies with such frequency that they come face to face with your advertisement more than 29 million times each issue. This Hi-Frequency Ad Page Exposure means action . . . fast . . . for advertisers.

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A CURTIS MAGAZINE

The Saturday Evening POST

the HI-FREQUENCY medium

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(*Continued from Page 43*) person who had ever got the best of him was Honest John Sweet, and that feat had been accomplished by a piece of chicanery in a match race between quarter horses.

It had cost Uncle Toby five thousand dollars. It had happened thirty years in the past, but to Uncle Toby it was as yesterday. The humiliation had never faded. It was not the money, though Uncle Toby had made much of that as an excuse. He had fared well during the years and now owned a prosperous cattle ranch in Wyoming. Nor was it the fact that he had been lulled into incaution through the connivance of a pretty widow that mattered, for the fickle widow had married neither him nor Honest John. It was the disgrace of being outwitted at his own game that had rankled. When Philo had proposed a possible way of squaring the account, he had leaped at the chance.

Uncle Toby finished his meal and poured a fragrant mug of coffee. "What'n tophet's wrong with you, nephew?" he demanded.

Philo was gazing moodily at the window lights of the farmhouse, twinkling through the dusk in the distance. "She'll probably hate me for this," he said.

"That fluffy-haired gal?" Uncle Toby roared. "Why, she's as bad as her grandpa! She helped him bamboozle you in that horse trade, didn't she?"

"Naturally she'd help her own kin," Philo said, "like I'm doing. But I'd rather be on her side."

As darkness arrived, he shaved and bathed and changed to his best garb. He mounted the path to the house.

Mindy had finished assisting the housekeeper with the chores and was sitting in the porch swing, reading the novel.

She laid the book aside and made room for him in the swing. "My name is Philo Clay," he said. "I'm afraid I did rather get the worst of that horse deal."

"Philo," she said, "the first thing you've got to learn about horse trading is never to believe what anyone says—man or woman."

"You don't think very highly of me, do you?"

"I was disappointed," she admitted. "I really expected more of you."

"Are you an orphan like your grandpa said?"

"He didn't exactly say that," she pointed out. "He said my parents are gone. They're away, visiting my married brother in Illinois. He said he knows what it is to be an orphan. That's true. He was one, but it was more than sixty years ago. You're too gullible, Philo."

She turned on the radio and got soft music. They talked of matters other than horse trading. He held her hand. When he arose to go, she let him kiss her on the cheek. "But only because it's moonlight," she said.

Philo walked happily down the path. At the stile he found Honest John awaiting him. "Sonny," Honest John said, "my granddaughter ain't meant for the passin' fancy of a gyp horseman."

"I'll mention to her your objections," Philo said.

"Good gravy, don't do that! She'd scalp me if she knew I was interferin'."

"Then we understand each other?" Philo queried.

"You got tradin' blood in you at that," Honest John moaned.

"I'm not exactly improvident," Philo said. "I own a few head of cattle in Wyoming. My horse wins prize money each year, and I pick up a little more at the rodeos. I can lay my hands on seven, eight thousand dollars' cash if need be."

"Seven, eight thousand!" Honest John marveled. "Now that's a real nice nest egg. You inherited it, I take it?"

"I've got it," Philo said firmly.

"I'll fetch my fast mare down tomorrow, if you're still of a mind to run your horse," Honest John said. "Just for the heck of it, I've got the thirty dollars you paid in the horse trade that says my Molly Z beats your animal."

"Thirty it is," Philo nodded.

When he returned to camp, Uncle Toby emerged from hiding and listened to his account of that part of his talk with Honest John that had to do with horses. "Thirty dollars!" Uncle Toby scoffed. "Pigeon fodder. We'll win tomorrow. He'll act like he's so mad he's lost all judgment an' is ripe for bein' taken. He'll badger you into puttin' up real money for a rematch."

Honest John came into camp the next morning, leading his saddled mare and accompanied by a hard-bitten jockey, introduced only as "Nebraska," who had the earmarks of a professional.

They arrived in time for the breakfast Philo was cooking. Honest John ate ten skillet-size flapjacks, plus bacon and eggs. This added new injury to the score held against him by Uncle Toby, who was again forced to stay in hiding while the edibles vanished into Honest John.

"Now, then," Honest John said. "We're ready if you are, sonny." He pointed. "That leanin' sycamore you see beyond that blackberry thicket is a quarter of a mile from this box elder right here beside us, give or take a few yards. Horses have been trained an' worked here for years."

Farm hands and stablemen appeared. Mindy arrived wearing a big sun hat, pedal pushers, sandals and a blouse.

"Wish me luck," Philo said to her.

"I'm afraid you'll need more than that," she stated. She again had that pitying look in her eyes.

Honest John singled out one of his stable hands. "Jim, you go down to the sycamore an' start 'em," he ordered.

From the base of the box elder he drew a line in the earth with the toe of his heavy brogan. "This'll be the finish line," he stated. . . . "Jim, you give 'em a fair start now."

Philo saw the pity grow in Mindy at the way he let Honest John arrange things his own way.

However, the start seemed fair enough. Honest John's mare broke fast and had a neck on Ben Blue for a hundred yards.

Honest John pounded his legs with his hat. "Come on, Molly Z!" he bellowed. "Come on, gal! You're showin' 'em how to run. You're showin' . . ."

His voice faded. Squint Jones had turned Ben Blue loose in the final hundred yards. Molly Z's lead vanished. When they flashed past the box elder, Ben Blue had a half-length victory.

Honest John played the part of a hard loser. He stamped around, fuming. He ignored the hand Philo offered.

He examined Molly Z's hoofs. He uttered an exultant shout. "I knowed it! I knowed it! Chestnut bur wedged in the frog. No wonder she couldn't run."

Philo was certain the bur had been in Honest John's sleeve all the time, rather than in the mare's foot.

Honest John became offensive in manner. He said, "Well, you won thirty dollars, sonny. You were lucky. That white-legged hack of yours couldn't beat this mare the best day it ever run, everythin' bein' even."

Philo displayed just the right amount of umbrage. "We could race them again, Mr. Sweet, if you're not satisfied."

"That's a deal," Honest John snapped.

"For a consideration," Philo said.

"How about a thousand dollars?" Honest John blustered. "I don't reckon you'd risk losin' money like that, though."

Philo bristled. "Two thousand!"

"I don't hear any rustle of real money," Honest John sniffed.

Philo unbuckled a money belt from inside his shirt and produced bills of large denominations. "You hear it now. How about making it three thousand?"

"Four!" Honest John said eagerly.

"Five," Philo shot back.

Mindy spoke. "Stop this. That's too much."

"We don't need advice from a female," her grandfather thundered. "Sonny, you've got a bet."

"My five thousand is cash, not talk," Philo said.

"I'll cover it as soon as we can get to town an' to the bank, sonny," Honest John said. "The banker can hold stakes."

"When do we race?" Philo asked. "This afternoon?"

"Better make it tomorrow," Honest John demurred. "My mare's a little ouchy from that bur, but she'll likely be all right in the morning. At high noon. Winner take all. No alibi, no crawfishin'. Race or forfeit."

They shook on it. "Sonny," Honest John added, "I've taken a likin' to you. After we get the money officially put up, I want you to have supper with me tonight." He lowered an eyelid. "I got a little hard cider, better'n champagne, in the springhouse."

"I'd be delighted," Philo said.

Mindy gazed sadly at Philo. "Five thousand dollars!" she moaned. "You—you babe in the woods."

The hard cider that Honest John drew from a barrel in the springhouse that evening was delectable. Also authoritative. When supper was served, Philo gazed through a golden glow at Mindy.

She treated him with extreme civility—the sort that has a razor edge. She often addressed him as "Mr. Mud" and kept excusing herself. "Clay is so much like mud, I get them mixed up," she explained.

Afterward, sitting in the porch swing, with the moon overhead, he tried to hold her hand. She bounced to her feet and into a wicker chair as far away from him as possible.

"Something tells me you're disappointed in me again," he said. "I've been thinking that with what I win tomorrow I can quit being a gyp horseman and settle down. Have you ever been in Fremont County, Wyoming? It's real pretty country."

She glared at him. "Oh! With what you win? Ha! Don't you know that right at this minute ——" She thought better of whatever she was going to say. "Good night. And—and good-by!"

She ran into the house. The screen door slammed.

Philo returned to his camp. Squint Jones lay snoring on his blankets. Nearby reposed an empty stone jug. It had recently contained hard cider. Honest John's hospitality had extended even to Philo's jockey. Temptation had been placed before Squint, who was never one to refrain from gazing upon the wine when it was red.

The two horses stood in the shadows. The calico jibber was drowsy and hipshot. The white-stockinged quarter horse was more than drowsy. It was drooping, its head down, and still breathing a little fast. It looked as though it had recently been hard-ridden over hill and dale by one of Honest John's grooms while Squint slept and while Philo was courting Mindy. Which was exactly what had happened. Philo knew this was what Mindy had been on the point of divulging to him until loyalty to family tradition had intervened.

You be the Judge

By JAMES A. EICHNER

Henry, involved in a brawl, whipped out a straight razor. He was arrested and charged with carrying a concealed deadly weapon.

"I just use that razor for shaving, judge," Henry countered. "It is an everyday instrument, not a deadly weapon like a gun or a dirk."

"To shave with it, he didn't need to carry it around in his pocket," the prosecutor replied. "By concealing it, it became as deadly a weapon as a dagger."

If you were the judge, would you accept Henry's close-shave theory?

• •

Henry was convicted. "When a razor is used as an article of toilet," the court said, "it is not, nor need be, concealed. But the man who carries it on his person hidden from the public view arms himself with a weapon deadly in its nature and merciless in its power to do harm."

Based upon a 1947 Kentucky decision.

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Uncle Toby emerged from his hiding place. He and Philo gazed at the jaded horse. There was almost awe in their faces.

News of the match race had traveled. Neighbors and townspeople began arriving two hours before noon. Philo waited until the assembly reached goodly proportions, and walked up to the house.

Honest John had abandoned his role as a needy farmer. Wearing a silk shirt, seersucker trousers and red suspenders, he was the life of the party.

He waited, surrounded by onlookers, as Philo approached. Philo's expression was doleful, his voice meek. "Mr. Sweet, I've got to ask a favor," he said. "Something's gone wrong with my horse. He must have got loose from the picket line last night and did some running. Seems tuckered out. I'd like to put the race off another day or two."

Honest John snapped his galluses. "I don't know what sort of a scheme you got up your sleeve, sonny," he said, smiling knowingly. "But it won't work. The terms was that we race at high noon today, or forfeit the bet."

Everybody laughed at Philo, amused at the thought of anyone's attempting to outwit Honest John Sweet.

"I guess I'm stuck," Philo sighed.

Mindy intercepted him as he walked away. "No matter what happens, I want to talk to you tonight," she stated. "I will explain things."

Philo brightened. "The facts of life?"

"Concerning the facts of being a mark for men like my grandfather, at least," she said.

"It's a date," Philo declared.

When high noon approached, Honest John led the stream of visitors down the path to the campground. Mindy followed timidly, as though fearing what she was about to witness, but unable to resist the gory sight.

Honest John and the others poured over the stile, while a groom escorted the racing mare by the longer route to the stock gate a hundred yards or so farther along the fence.

Honest John came lumbering into the campground. He halted in his tracks, glaring. Uncle Toby Tarbell stood, a foot on a camp box, picking his teeth nonchalantly.

Honest John's eyes popped. His voice cracked and thinned to tin-whistle squeak. "Golly damnation!"

His gaze shifted to Philo, who was without expression, then to Philo's horses. There were three animals in camp, instead of two. The calico jibber was on picket. The two others were tethered to trees. Both were blue roans, and both quarter horses of about the same size and conformation, for they were full brothers.

Both had three white feet. However, in the case of one animal, it was evident in the broad glare of noon that this effect was not the work of nature. Whitewash had been used.

This horse still drooped and was plainly not in shape to do much running. The other, which bore a racing saddle and headstall, stood alert, head up, clear-eyed, impatient. It was obviously rested and in the pink of condition. This blue roan was the real Ben Blue.

Honest John knew then that he had been caught in a trap of his own making.

The surest way to teach small children to count is to distribute their gifts unevenly.

FRANK G. MCINNIS

The horse with the pseudo-white legs had been substituted for the real Ben Blue the previous evening. The wrong horse had been ridden over the hills—an error easy to make in the darkness, in view of their similarity and the whitewashed feet.

Honest John gazed dolefully. Uncle Toby burst into wild and triumphant laughter. "That's the same piece of skulduggery you run on me thirty years ago, you old varmint," Uncle Toby guffawed. "You got that redheaded widow to make eyes at me. She hornswoggled me into courtin' her the night before my horse was to race that sprint gelding you owned in them days. You got my hostler drunk, rode my horse a couple of miles to wear him out an' beat the socks off me the next day. You went south with my five thousand dollars. My nephew here got the idea that you'd figure that stunt was worth repeating if the chance was offered. We put the chance in front of you, an' you fell for it. Hard."

Philo looked at Mindy and saw a rising and warming glow in her eyes—acknowledgment that she had misjudged him.

But Honest John was not one to be beaten without a struggle. He reeled, staggered and sat down. He panted like a wind-broken horse and pawed the air.

He clawed at his pockets and made a helpless gesture. "Forgot my pills," he croaked. "They're at the house. Only thing that's kept me alive."

He singled out Mindy. "Maybe you can get there an' back in time, honey! Doubt it. Ride! Horseback! You might make it!"

Honest John was pointing to Ben Blue, which was the only means of fast transportation within quick reach at the moment.

Before slower masculine minds could react, Mindy raced to Ben Blue, freed the tether and leaped into the saddle.

She gave Philo a look as she wheeled the horse and hurled it into full stride. In that glance were many emotions. Among them was a challenge, as well as pride in her grandsire's reputation as a difficult man to outwit.

Philo caught on. But before he could make a move to halt his commandeered horse, it and Mindy had flashed past.

He whirled on Uncle John. "You old fraud!" he raged.

Honest John's mare was now entering the campground, led by the groom and moving at the shambling gait of a walking horse. Mindy and Ben Blue roared past these arrivals, heading for the stock gate.

Philo ran in great, ground-covering strides. He reached Molly Z's side in split seconds. He snatched the reins from the startled groom and vaulted into the saddle.

Honest John recovered with amazing alacrity. He came to his feet, brandishing a fist, screeching, "Don't you—don't you ——"

But Philo was on his way in angry pursuit of Mindy. She looked back and began working on Ben Blue.

Molly Z's groom had dutifully closed the swing gate after him and had also dropped the wooden bar back in place. Reopening the barrier delayed Mindy and Ben Blue enough to cost them the biggest part of the advantage they had gained initially.

It was even too late for Mindy to attempt to close the gate in the path of Philo's oncoming steed. All she could do was to put Ben Blue in motion again and incite it to greater speed by use of voice, heel and hand.

Ben Blue still had a three-length lead as they headed for the path through the cornfield. But the mare, ears back and running on fright, what with the bellowing of Honest John and the whooping of the onlookers, gained with each stride in spite of the handicap of Philo's greater poundage.

They hurtled through the corn with the stalks crashing around them and residue from the tassels blinding them.

Philo drew up stirrup to stirrup with Mindy as they emerged into the clear. They had forgotten everything now, except that this was a horse race. He was determined to beat her.

But it was not to be. Molly Z pushed her nose in front for a stride or two. Then Ben Blue left her. Philo's weight and the uphill pull was too much.

Philo pulled the mare to a stop to spare her. He dismounted and led her the last few rods to the house, where Mindy had alighted from Ben Blue and was waiting.

She said with meekness, "I'm sorry I underestimated you, Philo. That was real bright of you, riding the mare up here to tire her out also. Grandpa never had heart trouble in his life."

Philo kissed her. And again. She did not resist. She no longer pitied him.

The contingent from the campground came panting up the knoll. Uncle Toby was in the lead, followed by Honest John, who unabashedly had abandoned his role as a pitifully ailing old man.

Philo spoke. "We're ready to race, Mr. Sweet. It's just about high noon."

Honest John gazed at his jaded mare, and at Ben Blue, which was lathered, but in obviously better shape. He knew when he was beaten. He and Uncle Toby looked at each other. Their eyes began to twinkle. In the next instant they were roaring with laughter and slapping each other on the back.

"You old skunk!" Honest John howled. "I always figured you'd try to sandbag me, but, after thirty years I decided I was safe an' was beginnin' to look on that five thousand dollars as really mine. You fooled me by usin' that nephew of yours, with his honest face. I tabbed him as a mark."

"That widow that helped you hornswoggle me," Uncle Toby chortled, "eloped with a conductor on the Burlington railroad. She always admired brass buttons."

They moved away, arm in arm. "I know where there's a jug of . . ." Honest John was saying as their voices faded.

Mindy looked at Philo. "I would like to learn more about living conditions in Fremont County, Wyoming, Philo dear," she said.

"I will explain them to you," Philo stated. "In detail. Beginning this evening."

Challenge in the Sky (Continued from Page 37)

All Americans very interested in safety. Particularly the beautiful Crimson Sabres of the United States Air Force. They have just demonstrated this most effectively."

The voice hesitated, became solicitous, "But we do not wish to alarm our safety-minded American friends. So we must warn you of our Colonel Gurevitch. Tomorrow he will be flying the Sukhoi delta. Perhaps he reaches fifteen hundred miles an hour. Perhaps he comes close to the ground. If any Americans are nervous, we suggest you stay in your hotels."

The voice went back to Russian. But Dick Harpster did not wait for the mass laughter. He ducked under the wing of his red Sabre and started for the locker room—then stopped. Ahead of him, parked in the sun, was a static display—the Lockheed F-104 Starfighter. It was a sleek shell with razor stubs for wings. It would beat Mach two—twice the speed of sound—going straight up. Dick had good reason to know. He'd been a project pilot on the F-104 at Eglin Proving Ground for eighteen months. He looked steadily at the little fighter, and his eyes were bright. *Colonel Gismovitch*, he thought grimly, *maybe you just bought yourself a deal.*

Col. John Beck, commanding officer of the U.S.A.F. group at Tushino, was sitting in his temporary field office when Major Harpster entered in flight gear. Colonel Beck was not a pleasant man. He was an efficient, dedicated man and he possessed many traits considered desirable in a career Air Force officer—but not even his few close friends described him as pleasant. He had a cold stare, a slit of a mouth and he did not believe in wasting words. Now he returned Harpster's salute and said curtly, "O.K.—what's on your mind, major?"

"They're out there laughing at us, sir. Two hundred thousand of them."

"I've got a speaker on the wall. I'm aware of it."

"We—we aren't going to sit and take it, are we, sir?"

"What else?"

"Well, colonel, I've got about four hundred hours in the F-104. I've never seen what the Sukhoi delta can do, but I'll back our little hot rod against anything these jokers can put in the air. I want to volunteer to take on this Russian colonel tomorrow, sir!"

"You do, eh? Why?"

"Why?" Major Harpster said. "Why, because I think everybody who owns a radio in the whole world will be laughing at us by evening, sir. That's why."

Colonel Beck's voice rapped suddenly, like a fist on a desk. "That's enough, Harpster. You're behaving like a teen-age kid. This stuff the Russians have been blatting over the loud-speakers is just an attempt to make us squirm. They may think flight safety is funny. Personally I think it's very important. I wonder how funny it will be tomorrow if this colonel of theirs gets into trouble and crashes into the crowd. He could kill a thousand people." Beck stared coldly at his junior officer. "We're not running a suicide act, Harpster. And I don't intend to let the Communists needle me into one. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Very well. That's all."

Except that it wasn't all. Six hours later, broadcasts by the Soviet radio had indeed spread the happenings that afternoon at Tushino over most of the listening world, and Maj. Dick Harpster had been right. People were laughing. Perhaps they should have taken a more mature view of the incident—but somehow they hadn't. They were laughing. One New York tabloid ran a waggish headline, ALL (*Continued on Page 50*)

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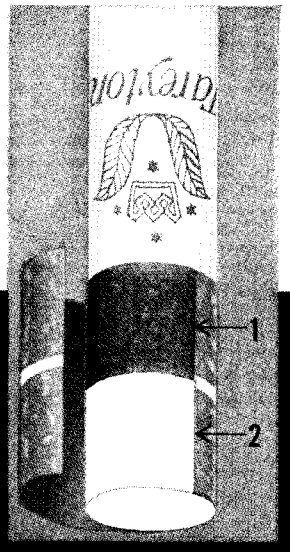

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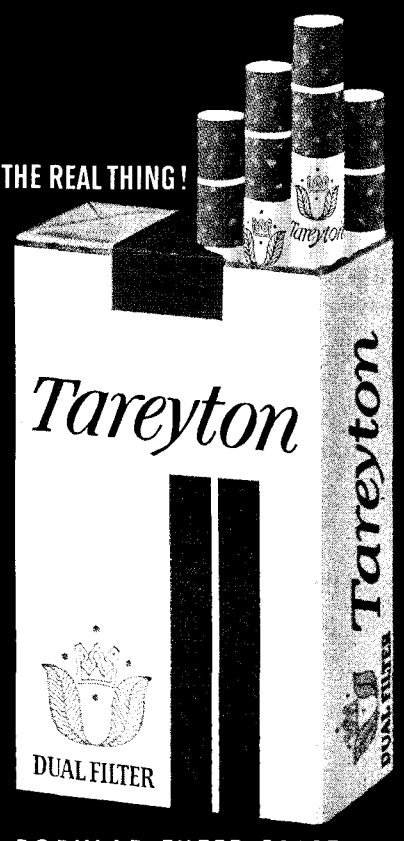

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(*Continued from Page 48*) PAINT—NO PEP, RUSSIANS LABEL AMERICAN JET FLIERS!

There was one man in America who was definitely not laughing—Gen. Hugh Kurtz of the U.S.A.F.'s Tactical Air Command, at Langley Air Force Base, Virginia. The Crimson Sabres came under T.A.C. They were General Kurtz' boys. And for the past several hours his phone had been ringing more or less continuously. The calls varied from coy requests for a gallon of lovely pink paint to blunt, angry demands to know if the Air Force had turned into a safety society for gutless wonders. There were also several calls from civilian acrobatic pilots, offering to fly against the Russians if the Air Force was afraid to tackle the job.

General Kurtz had flown fighters in World War II. He had five Nazis to his credit. He had never agreed fully with the Pentagon party line which called for safety at any cost. In the past six months he had been embarrassed not a few times. The Crimson Sabres had aborted their exhibition at the Paris show because there was some local smog. But the other nations had gone right ahead. The R.A.F. put on a sizzler of an act with nine jets. The French were even more daring. And then a Swede in a Draken jet pulled stunts that made all of them seem like student pilots on their first solo.

Now, at Langley, General Kurtz' blood pressure rose steadily with each phone call until finally he'd had enough. He made a phone call of his own—to the Chief of Staff of the United States Air Force, in Washington—and laid the matter respectfully, but very succinctly, on the line.

"In my opinion, sir," General Kurtz finished, "we should either meet this Russian challenge or we should yank the Crimson Sabres home and disband them. I hate to give the Communists a nickel, but they're right on this one. People don't go to air shows to see demonstrations of flight safety, sir!"

The Chief of Staff did not reply for several seconds. But when he did, the tough fighter-pilot lips of Gen. Hugh Kurtz began to smile. "Hugh," the big boss said, "if you've got a good boy over there now—somebody who can fly the living hell out of a jet—turn him loose! And if anybody gives you any static about flight safety, refer him to me!"

The announcement, in the morning, that the Americans had entered a solo pilot in the afternoon acrobatics was greeted with considerable excitement at Tushino. When Major Harpster took off to test-hop the F-104, the huge crowd which had already assembled gave him a big hand. They were in a holiday mood, and the vodka was flowing freely, and many of them apparently thought the exhibition was to start immediately. They booed lustily when Harpster landed—without even a fly-by—having completed his practice at high altitude out of sight of the field.

And then, about eleven o'clock, the Russians struck their body blow. Colonel Gurevitch himself came on the public-address system and challenged—in halting, broken English—the American jet pilot to a duel in the sky.

"We take turns," the Russian pilot's voice blared out. "First you do trick—I follow. Then I do trick—you follow. Hokay?"

"You're hooked, Dick," Capt. Al Vossburg, slot man on the Crimson Sabres said beside him. "You've got to fish, boy, or they'll cut you up for bait!"

It was then—with the suddenness of a bullet hole—that the fear came. This thing this afternoon—this competition with Col. Tolya Gurevitch—would not be the safe-and-sane coasting around in big circles he'd been used to with the Sabre act. It would be mortal combat—no quarter asked or given. After the radio and newspaper excitement, it would be Russia against the United States—with the whole world watching.

Now suddenly Dick Harpster realized that the whole thing had been a well-baited trap. The Russians had picked one of their finest jet pilots, trained him for months in the Sukhoi delta, helped him plan and practice what must be savagely dangerous maneuvers, then taunted the Americans into tossing an untrained service pilot into the air against him. To beat Gurevitch this afternoon—even to make a decent showing—Dick Harpster knew he'd have to put his life on the line from the instant his wheels left the runway.

"Hey, Voss," he said to Al Vossburg beside him. "Whistle me up a jeep, will you? I've got to get over there and say a few words on the P.A. mike."

Major Harpster got his first close look at Col. Tolya Gurevitch when they met with the ground-control officials before take-off, and he was not reassured by what he saw. Gurevitch was built like a bear—a tough young athlete in the prime of condition. He had pink cheeks, strong white teeth and a grip like a padded vise. They tossed a coin to see who would lead off, and Gurevitch won. He kept smiling as if this were a funny little game they were playing. "I wait," he said. "You go first. Good luck. Hokay?"

"Good luck," Dick Harpster said.

Now the American major waited for the take-off signal, sitting in the Lockheed F-104 at the end of the Tushino runway. He had a definite advantage. His little jet had been modified for prolonged inverted flight—and he intended to make the most of it. He'd practiced his first maneuver this morning with 30,000 feet of soft clear air between him and the earth. Up there it had been hard on his eyeballs; but otherwise no sweat. Now, even in the fighter's air-conditioned cockpit, he was sweating heavily. He felt it under his arms and around his eyes.

"Ground control to Major Harpster," a voice said crisply on the radio. "Are you ready for take-off?"

He made a slow sweep check of the cockpit. He was playing it cool—as cool as he could. He said, "Major Harpster here. Ready for take-off."

Immediately, in front of the Tushino field house, there was a boil of smoke, and a red starting rocket streaked up into the blue sky. Dick Harpster took a deep breath. He looked at a puff of cloud that hung low on the horizon directly ahead. It would be his roll point. Then he released his brakes, pushed the throttle full forward to break the fighter loose and shoved it into the afterburner detent.

The blast of fire from his tail pipe booted the jet like a giant kick in the pants. He surged forward. When he felt his wheels leave the runway he flicked them up, gaze fixed on the cloud, and rolled the F-104 upside down. On his back, fifteen feet above a screeching fiery death, he stopped the roll. He let the speed build to four hundred miles an hour. Then, just as the field boundary streaked at him, he pushed the stick forward and began to climb out on his back.

Blood bulged his eyes and gorged his brain as negative gravity drained his body. He steepened the inverted climb. And then, when the blue sky turned a solid bloody red and he felt his senses slip, he rolled the fighter right side up, choking and gasping in agony.

"Harpster, you all right?" ground control asked quickly.

He tried to shake the red mists from his brain. He looked at his altimeter. It stood at twelve thousand feet. "Harpster—all right," he said into his mike. "Tell . . . tell the colonel . . . to try that one . . . on his little Sukhoi."

He turned into the circular stand-by pattern and looked down. The Sukhoi fighter was in position at the end of the runway. It looked from his cockpit like a tiny silver arrowhead. There was a short snatch of Russian on the radio. He saw the bright wedge of Gurevitch's plane crawl briefly forward, then leap ahead in afterburner and become airborne. Instantly it rolled upside down. He watched it climb out inverted and bore upward. It came past his position at a man-killing angle much steeper than his own had been, and he realized the Russian was trying the impossible—an outside loop from take-off. It was not Gurevitch who failed. It was the Sukhoi. At fifteen thousand feet, when it was almost vertical and struggling to claw over the top of the outside loop, the delta-winged fighter stalled and spun.

Dick Harpster watched it turn over in a sickeningly long spin cycle—a bright metal leaf falling, twisting, growing small, seeming about to crash into the massed thousands on the roads and bluffs. *Come on, dad*, he thought. *Get with it.*

With casual, effortless skill Gurevitch pulled out of the spin at the last moment and streaked low over the crowd; and Dick Harpster realized the man had purposely delayed his recovery. This Russian colonel was a master of his plane and of himself. Harpster felt an icy pang. He'd caught a tiger. In twenty minutes it was possible that one or the other of them would be dead.

The Sukhoi built up speed in a low rifle-bullet pass toward Moscow and then pulled straight up, in afterburner. It drilled a vertical hole in the blue sky. It dwindled to a speck and vanished. Several seconds passed before Harpster heard Gurevitch on the radio, speaking brisk Russian. Ground control relayed it to him in English, "The colonel is at forty-five thousand feet. He is about to make a maximum-speed dive on the field. Hold clear, please!"

"This is Harpster," he said. "Holding clear of the field!" He did not see the Sukhoi until it slashed a vertical stripe of vapor through the con level on its way down. Then, at twenty thousand feet, he saw it—a vicious blazing speck trailing brown smoke. Gurevitch was still in afterburner. He must be trying to kill himself.

"Pull out," Harpster whispered. "Pull out of it, bud."

And then, instead of pulling out, the fighter terrifyingly began to roll.

No, his mind screamed. *No, no!*

The Sukhoi rotated very quickly in the sun, and then Gurevitch was finally pulling out, and now there was no room for style and casual skill. The jet was moving at better than a thousand miles an hour. It made a burning streak as the Russian tried to hurry his recovery. Harpster saw a telltale slug of black smoke as the plane came out of afterburner. He saw a glint in its belly as the now-desperate pilot popped his speed brakes. The Sukhoi's nose rose with terrible deliberateness. It was coming out of the dive, and was rounding into level flight very low and at terrific speed.

Harpster did not see the jolt as the plane hit the rising column of hot air above the runway. He did hear Gurevitch's cry; and then he saw the Sukhoi wandering off toward the right in a mindless, aimless spiral—out of control.

Harpster shoved the F-104 instantly into afterburner and dived hard toward the Russian fighter. It was climbing slightly, having been deflected upward by the thermal. It was going sloppily over on its back, still at high speed. "Gurevitch!" he yelled, using the open emergency channel. "Gurevitch! Do you read!"

His headset was full of urgent Russian—but it came from the ground. He was closing in, and even in the savage pressure of the emergency he felt a thrill of pride at the reaction of the American fighter. You needed stuff; you pushed the handle—and the little honey gave you stuff right now! He was closing fast. Below, the earth was slowly wheeling upward into the sky as he rolled the F-104—matching his position with the Sukhoi—and peered through the canopy. They were upside down. Gurevitch was hanging in his straps, and his face was a dripping mask of blood.

"Colonel!" Harpster yelled desperately. "Come out of it, man! Come on!"

He saw one limp hand flex—saw an arm move. Then he looked through his windscreen and saw the hillsides and bluffs, black with people, tens of thousands of people with no place to run.

He reacted then like any good fighter jockey at the end of his rope. They were going for broke, so they might as well go first-class. As the planes completed the roll and came right side up, he slid under the belly of the Sukhoi, eased back on his stick and tried to shove it. Supersonic air prevented metal-to-metal contact. Instead, the Sukhoi's nose rose grudgingly, a degree or so. The crowd flashed past, so close that he tensed for the hideous blast of flesh and metal against the earth—still under the Russian plane's belly, still trying to shove it upward.

"Oh, dear, here comes the abominable snowman."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Then the crowd was falling away. The planes were climbing. They were leaving those thousands of popeyed people and they were climbing. The loony gods with tufted ears who looked after maniacs, little children and fighter pilots had turned a thumbs up—for the moment, at least.

"Break!" a voice tore in his ears. "Break, Harpster!" He snatched the stick hard right and missed the banking Sukhoi by a scant thirty feet, so close he could see Gurevitch sitting erect and shaking his bloody face. He broke clear, then turned and looked back. The Sukhoi was flying right side up, but that was all. It was headed out over the steppes, and the radio was yelling its head off in Russian. The delta held its course for several seconds. Then it began to make a wide, awkward bank toward Tushino; and the radio said, "Hello, Major Harpster, you all right?"

He felt very woozy. He said, "Uh—yeah."

"Fuel?"

He looked down at the panel. It was hard to find the gauge, hard to read it. He said, "Looks like—like fifteen minutes."

"Hold tight, major! Gurevitch is trying to land. Stand by to follow him in."

He did not reply. Through a bright mist he watched the Russian fighter slue around and try to line up with the runway. He saw it wander off course on final approach, bank steeply to correct and hit very hard. It bounced and hit again and went off the runway, making a long sliding pinwheel on the grass; and then tiredly it flipped over on its back and stopped. Fire trucks converged like frantic red beetles. Harpster stared. There was no smoke. The fire trucks had the crash ringed in. Whatever else had happened to Colonel Gurevitch, he wasn't going to burn.

They held him off until the fire trucks had doused the crash with foams. When he finally was cleared to land he was so woozy he took no chances with stalling on final. He racked it in hot and let it roll. There was plenty of runway. He used most of it; and when he turned off on a taxi strip and started for the American area, he knew he hadn't got down any too soon. The instrument panel was coming in and out of focus as he winked his eyes, and there was a feeling like a naked blowtorch flame at the base of his neck. Al Vossburg called him on the radio as he approached the parking apron. Al's voice was excited and happy. "Hello, Major Harpster. This is Voss. How are you doing, tiger?"

Tiger, he thought dully. *Oh, brother!* "Hey, Voss."

"Yeah, Dick?"

"I think I'm going to—get me a ——" He clenched his teeth and shut his eyes, fighting off the nausea, then clawed his mask loose—and coffee and doughnuts splashed all over his chest and knees.

That was the end of the duel at Tushino. It had been the most terrible forty minutes Dick Harpster had ever spent in a jet. When he got the F-104 stopped on the hardstand and unlocked his canopy, a ladder banged instantly against the fighter's flank; and his crew chief was lifting the lid before he could even unhook his safety belt. The kid's eyes were big and shining, and he opened his mouth to say something, but nothing came out. Then he reached in and almost fell in Dick Harpster's lap, trying to help him with the straps. "Major, sir," the kid said. "Gee, major, sir—my golly." And then, after two attempts to stand up on his wobbly legs, Harpster got out onto the ladder and looked down. The hardstand was absolutely solid with Air Force people. They were yelling and waving up at him. He saw them blurrily, as if they were under water—yet blazing bright. In the background there was the moaning of a siren. Over the heads of his teammates he saw an official car of some kind—it bore a red star, so it must be Russian—squeal around a row of parked planes, brake hard and stop at the edge of the milling circle. His teeth clenched. *These jerks*, he thought, his head pounding, *if they start any police-state roughstuff now* ——

He faced the ladder and dropped down it quickly and turned with rage boiling in his head just as a big Russian pushed through the ring of Americans. He was a bear of a man in a sweat-soaked flight suit, his face and hands smeared with fresh blood, grinning like a kid with his strong white teeth. For an instant they stood stock-still, facing each other. Then Col. Tolya Gurevitch stepped forward and grabbed his opposite number from America in a happy crushing bear hug.

And then, as if by some signal, the sound began. It started in the grandstands near at hand and rolled around the field in a giant wave and poured outward into the roads and over the bluffs, a sustained cataract of sound, wild and deep—the cheering roar of the Russian people.

Colonel Gurevitch let go and leaned away, grinning. "Major Harpster! How you are? Hokay? Hokay?"

"I'm fine," he said. "I'm real fine, colonel!"

Wars, he thought suddenly, savagely *Who needs them? Who starts them? Why? Why do we do it?*

The sound of the cheering went on and on. He could see individual faces in the crowd. People were smiling at him. They were waving their hands. THE END

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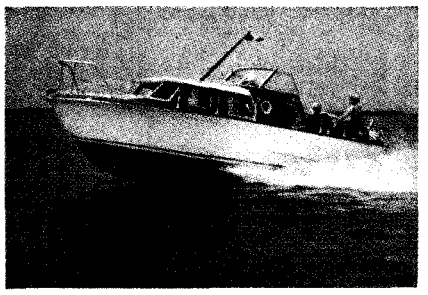

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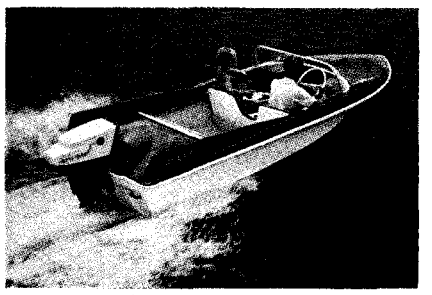

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Gillette Announces

A Remarkable New Razor Blade

GILLETTE announces the new *Super* Blue Blade that we believe to be the *most important advance in shaving comfort within the past 20 years!*

This new *Super* Blue Blade aroused so much enthusiasm in our tests that we sincerely expect it to be one of the most talked about improvements in shaving history.

When you try this new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade, you will discover shaving is so much faster and requires so little effort you might actually wonder if there is a blade in your razor.

No matter how tough your beard or how tender your skin this new *Super* Blue Blade is unconditionally guaranteed to deliver the cleanest and most comfortable shaves you ever experienced—*regardless of what shaving method you have used in the past.*

For the millions of shavers who find the long-famous Gillette Blue Blade to be completely adequate for their shaving needs, we urge their continued use of it.

The Gillette *Super* Blue Blade has a radically new kind of shaving edge that requires extra processing. *Because production is slower, the distribution of the new Super Blue Blade will be somewhat limited in the immediate future.*

The new *Super* Blue Blade is priced at 69¢ for a dispenser of 10. It is also available with the new Gillette Adjustable Razor at $1.95.

No words can tell you how fine this new Gillette *Super* Blue Blade is. You'll have to use it to believe it. So if your retailer is out of stock, write Gillette, Boston, Massachusetts, and we will send you two trial blades without charge.

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The Tailor's Secret (Continued from Page 31)

shop for criticizing the set of a collar. He chucked the Emir of Afghanistan into the street for arguing about the hang of a coat. There was an artist, a master. I, too, might have been a Schultz—I have the temperament—only my wife wanted to go to America.

"She had seen William Hart in some picture palace, and when a Yankee cousin told her that a smart tailor could make a quick buck in the Bronx, she saw me on a pony, shooting Indians—she was thinking of bucking broncos. So here I am in my old age, buried alive in a sweatbox on Columbus Avenue in the middle of Manhattan, sewing on buttons, when I might be insulting the crowned heads of Europe. . . . What is this red stain on the lapel?"

I told him, "Sauce from chicken cacciatore. Don't waste your time on it—it won't come out."

Vara said with a sigh, "I know. Cacciatore sauce, properly made, is a fast dye, and such is the nature of this delicious dish that it carries you away—you cannot enjoy it without, to a certain extent, sploshing it about. A bib should be worn with chicken cacciatore, as with steamed clams. Chicken cacciatore is one of the hundreds of things that have—alas!—almost, but not quite, broken up my home.

"One of my grateful customers, named Pepper, who lives round the corner near Central Park West, brought me some of his wife's cooking just to taste. I mentioned it at home one night, when there was meat loaf for supper, and for three years I did not hear the end of it. At last, taking pencil and paper—my wife being unable to interrupt, on account of a poultice on the gum—I said, 'As I calculate, in three years of fifty-two weeks, you have given me one thousand five hundred sixty half-hours of Mrs. Pepper's cacciatore. This makes thirty-two twenty-four-hour days, or about ninety-six eight-hour days. That is nineteen working weeks. Woman, do you realize that you have nagged yourself out of a color television set?'

"The fact of the matter is that I, Vara, saved the Peppers' marriage and brought peace into the lives of two very nice people."

Then he went on:

In the late summer of the year 1940 there came into this humble shop a very neat little lady, measuring about thirty-five-twenty-three-thirty-six, tastefully dressed in a little black tailor-made suit, and carrying two large suitcases. She was remarkably pretty; I cannot describe in what way—this I leave to you writers, you experts, who have to describe something by saying that it looks like something different.

Well, she stood there and said, in a pleasant little accent, "Do you do alterations to gentlemen's suits? *Confidentially?*"

I said, "It says so on the sign, madam. I make no secret of it."

"Yes, but can you alter some suits and swear never to say anything about it?"

"Did you steal the suits?"

"Oh, no! They are my husband's."

"Well, do you expect me to put in the papers an ad saying, 'Special announcement! Vara of Columbus Avenue has just patched Mr. Shapiro's pants'?"

"My husband's name is not Shapiro—it is Robert Pepper. It may seem strange, but I want you to alter my husband's woolen suits and his winter overcoat, but I don't want him to know they have ever been touched."

"Better sit down and have a cup of tea while I look at the goods," I tell her. So she sits in the cubicle and has hot tea while I open the cases and see what is inside. I shake out a jacket and say, "He is quite a big fellow, your husband, eh? Chest forty-five, waist forty-seven, hips forty-nine, no?"

"And he is only thirty-three years old," she says. "Five years ago he looked something like Gary Cooper, only more refined. Now his friends call him the Avocado Pear; and it's mostly my fault."

"How so, dear lady?" I ask. "Perhaps you have made him too happy?"

"Yes and no. My grandfather was a Greek," she goes on breathlessly, "and he was one of the chefs in the kitchens of the Sultan of Turkey, Abdul the Damned. My mother was an Italian, and she learned under Tolentino of the Hotel Quirinale in Rome. They both taught me to cook. I am a very good cook, therefore, and I love cooking. I love to see people enjoying the food I prepare, and I love eating. But I love Bob much more. I would rather eat a nutburger with Bob than a *Pollo alla Romana Tolentino* with anyone else in the world."

"Here is love indeed," I say.

"Yes. When we were first married he had a good, healthy appetite, but little by little he took to eating the way some men take to drinking, and he keeps getting fatter and fatter. I am a person with a high metabolism rate—I read about it in a magazine—I burn up my food and do not put on weight however much I eat. But Bob seems to swell under my very eyes. Do not imagine that I love him any the less, but his personality is changing. It is because he is so sensitive. He used to be simple, open and frank. Now he is ashamed of his fatness. It is making him furtive, which is contrary to his nature."

I say, "This is bad."

"Yes. He is afraid of my giving him what he calls 'looks.' So he eats in secret. He comes home smelling of liverwurst, which he tries to disguise with peppermint chewing gum. This morning I found twelve candy-bar wrappers and an empty olive jar in his sock drawer. Last week I had to deliver a message to him at his workshop—he is an electronics engineer with his own business—and had to pretend not to see him hurriedly stuffing a pig's foot into his hip pocket."

"Try stopping cooking such delicious meals for a while," I suggested.

"I have tried, but the damage is done. Much as I enjoy, and need, rich food such as I have always been accustomed to, I serve only the most primitive fat-free meals now. For his sake I go hungry too! And I think it affects my temper."

"Oh, dear lady, believe me—better happiness with three chins than a clean-cut jawline and a sour puss! I know, I know!" Of course, she pays no attention to my wise words, but goes right on.

"So, he is unhappy and I am unhappy. It makes him so wretched to be fat—he feels that nobody can love a fat man. When he was in high school, he and his friends used to pinch fat boys and pour ink over them. He never used to think a comedian was funny unless he was fat. So I want you, if you please, to make all his winter clothes much smaller. They are a close fit as it is."

"This, madam, I do not understand. Your husband is getting bigger, so you want his clothes smaller. Mrs. Vara is good at feminine logic, but even she could not equal this."

"I know. You see, now, when the weather is warm, Bob wears seersucker—he is away on a business trip for a while. But soon he will put on his regular suits; he will find them miles too tight for him. Well, this might have a little, harmless shock effect on him—I read about it in a magazine—and he will think he has got ever so much bigger than he really has. He will take it to heart and reform. Things will be again as they used to be with us, beautiful, happy evening meals by candlelight, and there will be harmony in the house again. Because, to tell you the truth, I have fallen into bad ways too.

"When Bob is at business, I sometimes go to my sister's house and cook a fricandeau or a little roast of lamb with a piquant sauce, or something. That way I can look virtuous over the lean beef and undressed salad I serve at night, saying, like a hypocrite, that such a dinner is enough for anybody. 'Think of starving Europe,' I say. And I daren't kiss him because I smell of the food he so dearly loves. Please do as I ask."

"Beautiful lady," I say, "it seems to me your plan has more holes in it than Swiss cheese. Incidentally, to make such wholesale alterations to four suits and an overcoat will cost about sixty dollars."

"Oh, that doesn't matter."

"In the second place, your husband will simply want his clothes let out again. You will be back where you started, and he will be doubly unhappy. First learn to throw a boomerang, then play with psychology."

She makes an impatient noise. "Leave all that to me. Give me your word."

"All right," I tell her, "but on your head be it."

"Thank you. I will make you a Galantine Thermopylae for a cold luncheon."

So I went to work, and in a few days I had considerably reduced the measurements of Mr. Pepper's clothes at all strategic points, without altering their basic shape. The pretty lady paid me and took the goods away.

Her galantine, I may say, was out of this world—I ate so heartily of it that I could not eat my dinner that night and had to tell my wife that I was worried about business, with sixty secret dollars in my pocket. But my heart really misgave me, like the fellow says. The heart has its reasons of which the head knows nothing, as the saying goes. Still, what business was it of mine, this tummy of Mr. Pepper's?

Well, some weeks later, when the weather turned to autumn, one lunch hour a large man came into my shop in a lopsided, hangdog kind of manner, the way some men creep into saloons—forty-five—forty-seven—forty-nine—I'd have known him at once, even if I had not recognized the suitcases he was carrying. He was, indeed, overweight.

It was not exactly that he was fat, but rather as if some half-skilled plasterer had tried to double the size of a normally proportioned body with wax, and left it in a warm place. His head seemed to have run into his neck, and his chest into his stomach, and so on. His face was not at all plump, but it looked untidy and uncomfortable—it appeared, let us say, as if he had slept in it; and his look was that of a man who is roughly shaken out of a peaceful dream by a process server.

He put the cases on the counter and said in a bass whisper, "Can you do me a rush job and keep your mouth shut about it? I want you to let out an overcoat and four suits in strict confidence."

Mrs. Pepper had sworn me to secrecy, you remember. So, smelling complications, I was rough with him.

I said, "Am I a gangster's plastic surgeon, or what? What do you mean, 'mouth shut, strict confidence'? State your business openly or leave my establishment!"

"I'm sorry," he said, offering me a cigar, "only it's like this. . . ."

And out comes a digest of *his* history. His name—as if I didn't know—is Robert Pepper (the very way he says it, all *b*'s and *p*'s, makes you feel fat around the mouth), and he is in the electronics business. He is married to, and in love with, one Helena Beatrice, the most beautiful woman and the most wonderful cook in the world.

In his youth, out in Idaho, he was content with meat and potatoes, but his wife dug down to a layer of unsuspected taste buds in his palate, he developed an ogreish appetite and got fat. His wife, he tells me, does not like fat men. He himself abhors them. He promised Helena Beatrice that he would eat only at home, but at regular intervals he is simply overwhelmed by something like a heroin addict's craving for extracurricular food and

". . . and what's more, I've also fired the man in personnel who hired you."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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has to rush, shaking, into the nearest diner or drugstore.

He knows he is doing wrong, but can't help it, and draws a pitiful picture of himself crying into a giant sandwich and afterward sneaking to a prescription counter and asking the clerk in a shamed whisper if he has anything to take away the smell of bologna.

"So you're fat," I said. "What do you want me to do about it? Give you a Turkish bath?"

"Well, no—it's like this: I put on one of my woolen suits this morning, and it's miles too small for me! It fitted just right in spring. I'm ashamed to tell my wife; she won't give me hell, but she'll just shrug her shoulders and give me a look. I'd rather have a skillet over the head than one of Bea's looks. It'd serve me right. Act like a pig, you look like a pig.

"Now, as it happens, my wife is away for a few days visiting her sister at Cape May. You let these clothes out as much as you possibly can, and she won't notice that I've got all this much heavier. Call it a sneaky rat's trick, if you like, but all's fair in love. It's only to spare her feelings, actually; and I'm scared stiff she'll stop loving me—look!"

He put on a jacket, and he really did look so absurd that all he needed was a little hat to go on TV. I was sorry for the man; he was such a decent kind of fellow. "You speak of weight. How much weight have you put on?"

"I don't know," he said, blushing. "I'm afraid to weigh myself."

I wondered then, would it be strictly ethical to accept him as a customer? But I thought of my own long-suffering wife, saved from melancholia only by a biweekly attack of hysterics, and of my youngest son so blessed with divine curiosity that he had only that morning taken the refrigerator to pieces to see where the cold came from.

What the devil! I thought. *Are you here to mend marriages or patch pants?*

"All right," I said, "but it will cost you sixty dollars."

"Fine! I have your solemn word? Scout's honor?"

"*My* honor, sir!"

So I unpicked my own stitches and let those garments out to their utmost limits. Luckily there was enough reverse cloth at the seams. And now when Pepper came again three days later, his clothes were noticeably too large for him.

"Bea will be delighted," he said. "She'll think I starved myself as a pleasant surprise for her, and she'll make chicken cacciatore the way her mother taught her. It's a dream—I'll bring you some in a bowl."

And that is that, I said to myself when he was gone, *or is it?*

It was not.

Only a week later, while I was composing in my mind a letter to melt the heart of the income-tax collector, the door opened, and in came Mr. and Mrs. Pepper together, and he was carrying the suitcases again. When in doubt, say as little as possible—I simply said, "H'm?"

She was in front of him—there is no room for two people to stand side by side in this shop—and she caught my eye, while her lips framed an inaudible *Shush!* And he, behind her, had a finger to his lips and was winking and shaking his head like a Chinese idol. I kept still.

Mrs. Pepper said, "I believe you do alterations?"

"Ma'am, you have read my sign correctly."

"My husband has been on a diet, and it seems that we must have his clothes taken in," she said.

He said nervously, "I can handle this, darling. Honey, why don't you get on with your shopping, and I'll meet you ——"

"It won't take a minute, honeyball," said this unscrupulous little charmer.

Pretending to examine the overcoat and the three suits—he was wearing one of them now—I looked again at Pepper. His wife was gazing at him with such adoration that you expected her at any moment to throw herself flat on her face and put his foot on her head. I took my tape and ran it over him: He was still forty-five—forty-seven—forty-nine, but he *looked* different.

This difference, of course, was in his expression, and in the way he was holding himself. You have seen an insignificant and insecure man before and after getting a kind word from his boss? His weights and measurements are the same, but he looks bigger and better—he has sucked a kind of moral nourishment out of the atmosphere. So it was with Pepper.

When his wife made little ptch-ptch kissing noises at him, I wriggled with embarrassment. Perhaps envy? The only such noises my wife ever directed at me were, let us say, kisses in reverse. I said, "I can take these garments in. It will cost you sixty dollars."

She nodded. If joy can make even a homely woman beautiful, you can imagine what it did to her! Oh, well, they left, each with a secret look toward me; and I put the garments back exactly as they had been when they first came to me—forty-five—forty-seven—forty-nine.

Pepper came to collect them. "No more of this monkey business," I told him. "The seams will not stand any more tampering with."

"Everything is fine now," he said, and offered me ten dollars extra.

I refused it. "Send me your cleaning," I said, "and remember me when you need new suits. I will make them with three inches of spare seam. And, when you think of it, bring me further samples of your wife's cooking." So I became their valet, as you might say. I cleaned and pressed his suits—which I was sick of the sight of—and her suits, also, to which I devoted special care and attention. She used a disturbing brand of perfume.

With every order came a piece of pie, a little chicken in aspic or other delicacy, so that I began to feel almost like one of the family. And thus a year passed.

Then came Pearl Harbor—and a certain rainy afternoon when Mrs. Pepper came into the shop, white with shock but shining with pride.

"Mr. Vara!" she cried. "Bob has gone!"

"Gone where?"

She told me that the Army wanted technicians of Bob Pepper's kind, and that, not wishing to worry her unnecessarily, he had volunteered "without a word to me even! And he was so excited," she said, "he hardly kissed me good-by!"

"War is more exciting than love," I said. "At first."

"I dread the long evenings, the empty table, the empty rooms, the loneliness. There is nothing for me to do at Bob's shop; it's all technical. And we were so bound up in each other we didn't make many friends. I haven't very much to say, really, without Bob."

"Well, well, when you are lonely, come and talk to me."

"Perhaps you will come and have dinner with me sometime?" she suggested.

By way of a joke I said, "I would not like to compromise you in the eyes of the neighbors, dear lady."

She cried out, "Oh, surely, Mr. Vara, you don't imagine that I'd invite to my house anybody who might for one moment compromise me even in the eyes of the greatest mischief-maker in the world? I mean, I sometimes invite the janitor in for a glass of milk and a sandwich, and he is sixty-nine and has asthma and a goiter. Don't worry about appearances, Mr. Vara. Bob and I regard you as a kind of character—like Hugh Herbert, only not crazy, but eccentric. It's just that I don't like cooking for women, and you are the most harmless man I can think of."

I have been described as a leprechaun, a gnome, a little monster and—by my wife—as an Egyptian mummy; but never as a *harmless* man. My feelings were a little hurt.

I did not accept Mrs. Pepper's invitation to dinner, and began, in fact, to look at her with a slightly more critical eye. It seemed to me that her contours were not quite so clean-cut as I had first thought; I detected a certain blurring of her delightful profile and—was it illusion?—a certain tendency to softness under the chin.

But it was not illusion. Her husband had been gone nearly a year when she came here with a suitcase and said, with tears in her beautiful eyes, "Mr. Vara, you must alter some of *my* suits! I am putting on weight."

And so she was. She explained that she could not cook for herself alone and sit down at a table laid for one; so she cooked for an imaginary couple and ate Bob Pepper's dinner too. Loneliness, she said, seemed to have sharpened her appetite. She messed about with rich sauces like an alchemist—she wanted her Bob to have something extra-special to come home to. There is always an excuse.

I said, "Cook half portions and take more exercise."

"No, I don't like to go out, in case there's a message; and I'm not much of a reader—cooking occupies my mind."

I measured her: Now she was thirty-six—twenty-eight—thirty-eight.

"Let it stop here," I said sternly. "There is a limit to the overlap of a seam."

But I knew that when your Mediterranean-type woman starts to get fat, nothing but a famine will stop her.

"Your stuff will be done in a fortnight," I said. "I am packed with orders, top priority." I was delaying delivery because this lady had succeeded in irritating me; I would give her a taste of her own 'shock treatment.' A harmless man, was I? Ha!

And I, Vara, had thought this woman beautiful. My friend, there is no such thing as 'beautiful, but dumb.' Human flesh without the animation of intelligence is like a stove without fire. Harmless, eh? Instead of letting her suits out at the seams, I took them in just a little.

Naturally, she put on a couple of pounds in two weeks, so when she tried a jacket which I had made smaller, she felt like one of those rubber ducks that children swim on.

"I will not touch these goods again," I said.

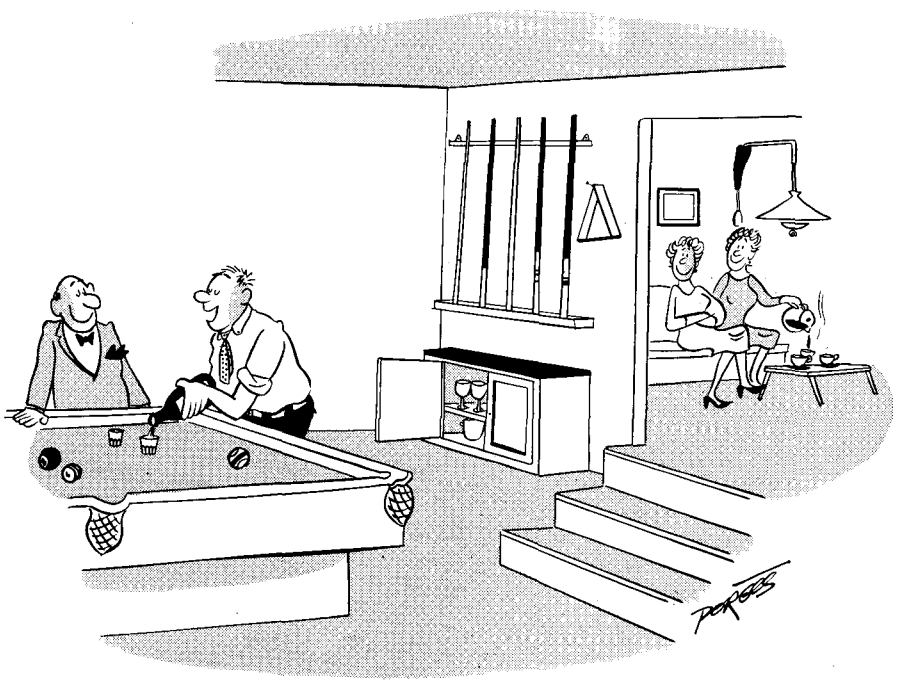
The grief in her eyes almost melted my heart, but then she sighed and said, "Oh, well, I'll make up all my suits into a Bundle for Britain and wear print dresses—that way I help the war effort, and really, with my husband abroad, this is no time to go about in one-hundred-fifty-dollar suits from Blackadder's, you know. And anyway, I think I'll look better in prints now." There was no argument. She did as she said.

And more time passed. Then the War Department released the story of the Omala Atoll in the South Pacific, and the whole world rang with the tale of top sergeant Bob Pepper; and rightly so, because my good friend was a hero! Everybody knows that story—except the young in whose vocabulary now Bob Pepper would be only a square daddio.

Pepper, with four other men, were put on Omala to set up and operate a little observation post and radio station, which they established in a hidden cave where there was a spring of drinkable water. The atoll was otherwise uninhabited. One day a Japanese fighter-bomber, crippled in battle and blown off its course, tried to crash-land on Omala. It overshot its mark and crashed in the lagoon. But first the pilot jettisoned his bombs. As luck would have it, one of them exploded at the mouth of the cave, killing four of our men, wounding Pepper and smashing the little radio station.

Pepper bandaged himself as best he could, buried his friends and tried to repair the delicate machinery. But certain vital parts were missing—I am ignorant of the technicalities—and Pepper remembered that aircraft also carry radio equipment. But the Japanese plane was in fifteen feet of water, and this water was alive with sharks.

He had been a great swimmer in his youth, on the banks of the Snake River in Idaho; so he said some prayers and took a combat knife and some tools, and plunged in. After weeks of work and more than four hundred desperate dives, he got from the sunken plane most of what he needed. Then he settled down with frenzied (*Continued on Page 56*)



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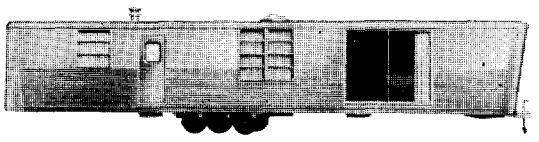

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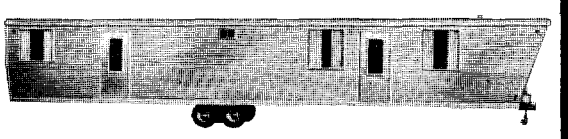

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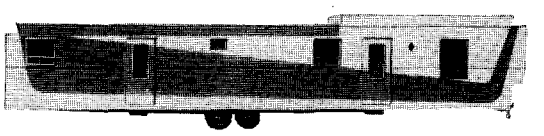

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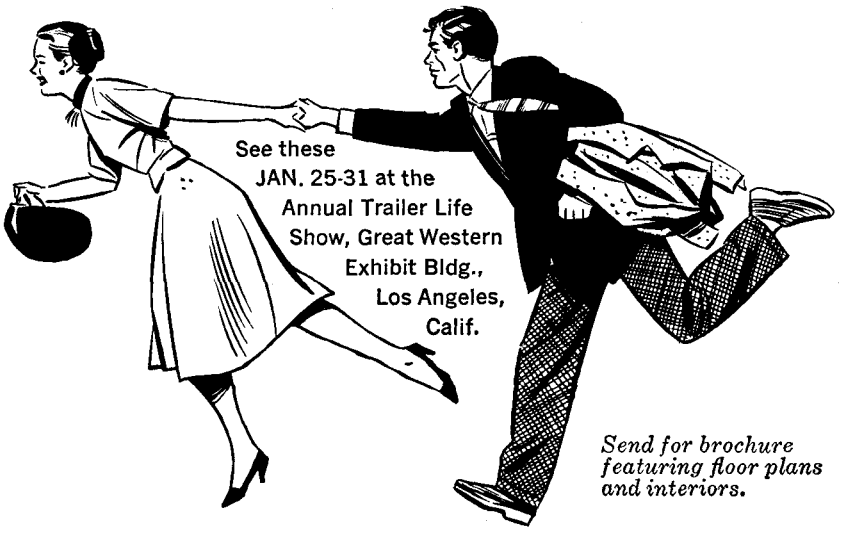

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(*Continued from Page 54*) patience to mend his ruined apparatus. This took many more weeks, and his food supplies were running low—in the hurly-burly of the war in the Pacific it seemed that the Omala Atoll was forgotten.

One night a Japanese submarine came into the lagoon, damaged by depth charges and putting in for emergency repairs. Within a stone's throw of the enemy Pepper began, unsuspected at first, to send messages in code.

Then he was discovered, but he got away. Pepper knew the atoll, and the enemy did not. At last they starved him out of hiding; but just then our planes arrived—one of his messages had got through—and the submarine was captured.

So Bob Pepper came home, shot to rags like a battle banner, and covered with medals and glory—and interestingly lean.

The magazines bid high for *The Sergeant Pepper Story*, and a Hollywood company paid one hundred twenty thousand dollars for the motion-picture rights, even before he arrived. His wife came to see me, twisting her handkerchief with nerves.

"All the girls will be after him now," she said, "and I'm fat. Oh, Mr. Vara, will he still love me?"

I said, "I am only a *harmless* tailor—what do I know? You can't measure love with a tape. Stories are only words, movies are only shadows; girls become women, and heroes are forgotten, or else we should all be remembered one way or another. Love wears best. Be calm. Fame and money never spoiled a proper man—which Bob must be if he can fight alone."

Soon Bob Pepper came to me with the same old suits and asked me to take them in. Now, having recovered, he measured forty—thirty-eight—thirty-nine; a good, solid figure of a man.

"Better let me make you new suits," I said. "I am tired of handling this stuff."

"Oh, there's plenty of wear in them yet," he said.

He did not need to add that, with the income from his business and other enterprises, his earnings for that first postwar year would be assessed at about one hundred sixty thousand dollars, and that by the time the tax collectors were through with him, he would remember Omala with something like fond regret. I knew why riches, even more than danger, had turned Bob Pepper into a careful fellow.

"H'm!" I said. "And how is Mrs. Pepper?"

"Fine! You know, women are funny. Years ago she was afraid to let me out of her sight in case I'd eat too much. Now she's scared to turn her back in case I don't eat enough!"

"Does she cook as well as ever?"

"If possible, better," Pepper said.

I said, "Ha! Very well. I will take these suits in for you now. Next year I will make you new suits."

"Yes, maybe."

"There will be no maybe," I told him. "Is your appetite O.K.?"

"Terrific!"

"Good. In a little while I will send you samples of cloth," I said.

Mr. Vara handed me my trousers and jacket.

"Well?" I asked.

"Well, what? Oh, yes. The following January I sent Pepper some samples, and he ordered six suits. He was back to forty-five—forty-seven—forty-nine, with a promise of expansion. I made these suits with a three-inch overlay at every seam. It was inevitable.

"She was vain; when she was slim, she wanted her husband to be the same, so that other women might envy her. And she was jealous; she had not bargained for a hero as a husband—a woman never sees a hero as a fat man—so she, having got plump, had to fatten him again in order to feel secure. I let out their seams, little by little, at the rate of about an inch a year.

"I saw them last Sunday in the park. She is still remarkably pretty, and he is massive and contented. Next year I shall make him some more suits. They are the most comfortable-looking couple in town, and I see no reason why they should not live happily ever after.

"But I am not quite sure whether the love of such a dangerous woman is a blessing or a curse," said Mr. Vara.

The Difference Between Black and White (Continued from Page 14)

Southerners who think as she does right in assuming that intellectually he cannot?

Morehouse students are "screened," of course—as most college students are—but a comparison of Negro and white college freshmen must reveal a difference in their preparation and ability to absorb knowledge.

When my first tests were turned in I was disappointed. Most of my students had not even the most rudimentary knowledge of geography or history or literature. Nor had they the language to express their ideas, if they had ideas. I let my husband read a few of their papers.

"Do you remember," he said, "that student of mine who wrote on a quiz that Henry the Eighth married a girl from Oregon? Give them time. They'll improve." My husband, who is a professor of history at Emory University, was, of course, an old "pro" and knew college freshmen. Nevertheless I was shaken.

The students seemed interested. They wanted to give reports, offered observations in class and sought conferences about their work.

In these conferences I learned something of their high-school training. Most of it was poor. The students had been allowed to slide through with good grades and little work. Their teachers were of the type so often lamented by scholars—they were burdened with "education" but with little knowledge of their subjects. The students realized only too well the gap between high school and college.

By mid-year the poorest students had dropped out—they always do, anywhere. The remainder were working fairly well, and the few bright ones, who may initially have had the poorer preparation, were striding ahead. It was the old academic pattern. Many of the freshmen would never be graduated, I knew. Out of a class of 225 freshmen, only 100 would get degrees. This large attrition would be due to what my neighbor would call "background."

Morehouse is a private college, and one would expect the students there to be of the "privileged" class of Negroes. In part this is true. A number come from professional families, and a few have had the experience of attending good Eastern preparatory schools. But many are on scholarships and come from small towns and country areas where the Negro has always been "kept in his place."

The feeling engendered by this kind of background is one that teachers at Morehouse seek to combat. Some of them have experienced the same kind of discipline themselves, so they know what it means. It is what makes integration so important to them. They believe the Negro youth can feel complete self-respect only when he is given a chance to compete equally with his white peers. It is the same belief that W. E. DuBois, the famous Negro educator and writer, had in 1897 when he wrote, "That sky was bluest when I could beat my mates at examination time or beat them at a foot race."

They realize that the temptation to surrender the struggle for recognition, to fall into the easy groove of conformity, is ever present. This is recognized by the students themselves. An article in the school paper last year decried the fact that college graduates would take menial jobs.

The Southern Negro student's background is underprivileged in other ways than psychologically, though it is hard to know how much his economic and social ills stem from the psychological factor.

In the college there are a number of illegitimate boys. I do not know which ones they are, as this knowledge came from a faculty report. There are more, I am sure, than one finds in a comparable white college. There are also more students from broken homes. The pattern of marital instability, inherited from slavery conditions, still prevails in the South. Negro leaders know this and believe it is as much, or more, a matter of economics as of social tradition. I have students who have supported themselves almost since they can remember. I have others who have been passed from one relative to another for support. Many of these boys live under slum conditions in crowded houses or rooms. This is something you would not find in a comparable white college either. The surprising thing is that they want an education at all and, in some cases, are willing to deprive themselves of necessities to get it.

"What do your students major in?" people have asked me. Where, in other words, do they believe their futures lie?

One day when I was talking to a boy who had spent the previous year in France I asked him what his major was. He had an unusually fine French accent and could speak French fluently, so I expected his answer to be "French."

"Psychology," he said.

I then discovered that, aside from the sciences, psychology and sociology were the favored fields at Morehouse. I asked an English professor about this.

"It's quite understandable," he commented. "These boys are looking for answers, and those are the fields where they expect to find them. It's really too bad. I have one student now who could do brilliantly in English, but what is his major? Sociology."

Negro students are no longer inhibited—as were their grandparents—about discussing the Negro problem. They have seen laws passed in their favor, and their future looks hopeful. I asked a student one day how he would feel about having white boys at Morehouse. He shrugged his shoulders.

"A boy's a boy."

This is the crux of their thinking. "A man's a man for a' that." They do not mind looking "different." They do mind *being* different. I listened with considerable interest to a Morehouse student talk in chapel one day. Mr. Charles Merrill, son of Charles E. Merrill of the well-known investment brokerage Merrill Lynch, is the chairman of the board of trustees of Morehouse College, and head of the Commonwealth School, a coed preparatory school in Boston. He sends several outstanding students to Europe every year for study and travel. This student was recounting some of his experiences. He told about an incident that took place high up in the Swiss Alps. A small child who had never seen a Negro before began to scream at the top of his lungs at the sight of him. Even the parents' explanation that "the young man has just had too much sun," did not pacify him. The Negro youth thought the situation highly amusing, as did the students listening to him. They could understand the child's reaction. There is a difference between being "different" in outward appearance and being inferior because your skin happens to be a different color.

This same young man told of another experience. In Ireland, he said, the natives expressed great sympathy for the Negroes in the South because they were treated as the English had treated them, the Irish.

"They called it sympathy," the Negro said a little resentfully, "but it was pity. I don't want pity."

Yet few of the students at Morehouse whom I have talked to wish to leave the South. At first this struck me as odd. But they believe—and possibly they are right—that their greatest hope lies in the South. I know of one youth who was given a good scholarship to attend a college in Ohio, but he was reluctant to take it. "Why should I go up North when so much is happening in the South?" he said. The pattern in New York, Chicago and other cities with large Negro populations is fixed. But if the South can be won—and they believe it can—their national role will be a better one.

Frontier Town

By Curtis Heath

A blizzard struck our town and blew
Our clockwork schedules all askew,
Left thigh-deep drifts that stalled our trains
And narrowed streets to rutted lanes
Where autos bump along, as slow
As carts a century ago.

Now folks with ruddy cheeks and ears,
Trudging like booted pioneers
Along a path that was a walk,
Have the time to stop and talk
Of how the weather's changed our pace
And shown the clock its proper place.

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Though he may wish to stay in the South, the young Negro wants to avoid the small town. One of my students said to me one day, "I'll never live in a town of less than fifty thousand."

"Why?" I asked.

"In the town I come from," he said, "there are two kinds of people who get respect. The minister and the teacher. I'm not going to be either. I want to take a business job. In Atlanta and larger cities a Negro can do that and still be somebody."

The inconsistency of segregation strikes the Negro student as absurd. When the ruling on the desegregation of buses in Atlanta was made, the editor and another staff member of the Morehouse school paper decided they would travel around the city by bus and see how it was working. All went well until at one stop the bus driver refused to let the boys out the front door. When they refused to go to the rear, he sat tight with the door closed, though an impatient crowd of white people were waiting to get on. When the people began to pound on the door angrily—it was about five o'clock and they were eager to get home—he threw up his hands and let the boys out, saying sulkily to the passengers, "I was just trying to keep those niggers from going out the front." Nobody was interested. Segregation that interfered with their comfort was not worth observing.

Another more obvious inconsistency was brought home to Morehouse students recently. A professor on the Morehouse faculty, a member of one of the country's large scientific foundations, was a personal guest of President Eisenhower at the State dinner he gave for Mr. Khrushchev. Yet this same individual may not—by law—use the same washroom as the lowest white man in the city of Atlanta.

Negro students are aware also that the South, in part, has already been won. Some of them participate regularly in interracial and international meetings where color is no barrier to equality. These are sponsored by religious and civic groups. In these meetings white and Negro students discuss problems that confront them as world citizens. Most of their meetings have to be held at one of the Negro colleges, of course, for no white dining room will serve a Negro student.

Other meetings take place in private homes. The informal, friendly atmosphere of a living room is even more conducive to mutual understanding. In this atmosphere I have seen a young Negro and a white boy, both from the same Georgia coastal town, meet a member of the other race for the first time as an equal. Before the evening was over these two young people were viewing each other with mutual respect and liking, forgetful of any color barrier that may have previously existed.

Once I was present when a white Southern youth sat listening to a Negro professor discuss modern poetry. I do not suppose it had ever occurred to this boy that a Negro could be as urbane, perceptive or intelligent as this Negro Harvard graduate. After an evening like that it is difficult to see how segregation could ever have quite the same meaning.

What about my own position in a city that still observes segregation? Am I shunned by my friends, excoriated as a traitor to the Southern "cause"? While a number of people I know do not heartily approve of my teaching in a Negro college, I have never had an unpleasant word spoken to me about it. Nor have I reason to think that I am a social outcast. Perhaps the winds of freedom blow stronger in our country than Little Rock and Clinton, Tennessee, would lead us to believe. Many Deep Southerners merely look thoughtful when I talk to them about my work. But I do not talk about it unless I am asked. I could wish that many of my Southern friends might know my colleagues, for like the boy from the coastal town they would see integration in a new light. But I can understand why they feel as they do, having been brought up under the aegis of segregation. The idea that was fixed in their childhood has never been dislodged.

Sometimes I am "explained" by my friends. A man told me last year at a dinner party that he could understand how I felt because I was from New Orleans. "It's the French influence," he said, eying me quite seriously. I am not French, of course, nor am I even of Creole descent. What is more, I do not think that New Orleans Creoles are by nature any more liberal than other Southerners.

Sometimes people "explain" themselves to me. "I am a Southerner, of course." They say this with pride, as though they and I were from different lands. And I understand. They do not hold with slavery, they want the Negro to have a chance, *but*—again the fixed idea.

What about my relations to my Negro colleagues? Am I accepted by them? The question is not easily answered. On the campus I think I am. I am not the only white person on the faculty. This year in a faculty of forty-three there are three other full-time white women, as well as four white men. One of the women is an Austrian, another a Hungarian, the third is from California. None of the three was born in the South and hence accustomed from birth to the peculiar cast of thought that is called "Southern."

As for being accepted socially, I am not sure. We and the Negroes both recognize, though it is unsaid, that our worlds are still segregated, that our meetings are necessarily restricted by laws that make it impossible to do many things together.

It would be absurd, of course, to expect to be "taken in" by everyone. Things just do not operate that way, even in a white community. You select your friends and they select you on the basis of compatibility. I have been invited to the homes of a few of my colleagues and I have entertained some of them. There is not, however, the easy camaraderie that one could wish for. Invariably the conversation veers round to segregation. It is the specter at our feast.

It is rather difficult to retain a completely happy outlook when you associate, as I do, with people who are discriminated against by your fellow men. You tend to feel discriminated against yourself, because you identify somehow with them. I have tried to avoid this feeling.

I often think of that student in my first class, the one with lowered brow. I remind myself how easy it was to see him as the defiant, unpleasant, unthoughtful person he appeared to me that day. It took me several weeks to learn that he was not only a charming person but had one of the most artistic, sensitive and intelligent minds I have encountered. We are all guilty of wrong judgments.

It is difficult in a large class to assess each student for what he really is. It is even more difficult to assess people you do not know. You must probe below the surface to find out what it is that gives a man individuality, that makes him "different."

During my year and a half at Morehouse I have learned the difference between black and white. It is the difference that exists between black and black or white and white. The difference, basically, between man and man. THE END

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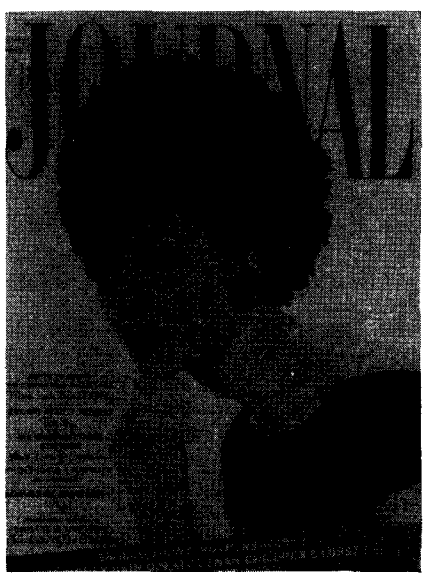

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Tales of the Laundry Sleuths

(Continued from Page 25)

Lee Johnston, a textile chemist who heads the lab, was as mystified as anyone else until he examined the bra's built-in foam-rubber pads. They reminded him of a routine test the A.I.L. had conducted sometime earlier for an airline that was considering replacing feather-filled pillows with a newly developed, shredded foam-rubber pillow. The A.I.L. had tested the new pillows for launderability and, soon after leaving the tumblers, they'd burst into flame. Scientific tests showed why: foam rubber oxidizes when heated. The heat builds up until burning begins inside the rubber and soon you have a hot fire. Johnston had advised the airline to avoid the new pillows.

Recalling all this, he tested the burned bra and confirmed his suspicion that its rubber padding was of the same composition that had been used in the pillows. Johnston considered the problem serious enough to warrant sending a bulletin to the A.I.L.'s 4898 member laundries in the United States and abroad. In addition he wrote to the manufacturer of the bra, advising him of the danger. This happened when foam-rubber products were just beginning to come into general use. Today most such products contain inhibitors that prevent oxidation, but there are still occasional fires, mostly in commercial laundries. The reason is that laundry tumblers will reach 250 degrees, while home dryers reach approximately 160 degrees. Housewives should not become smug about the matter, however, because such a bra, or even a throw rug with rubberized backing, can get buried under a load of laundry and build up heat that way. The best policy, Johnston advises, is to air-dry such items.

The Case of the Combustible Bra is one of the many mysteries solved by Johnston and his six researchers at the institute's thirty-nine-year-old laboratory. In any given year members of the A.I.L. telephone the lab at least ten times a day, send in thousands of letters of inquiry and around 7000 exhibits, asking, sometimes piteously, what caused the holes or burns or stains or rips. They want to know whether the damage was caused by faulty laundering techniques or whether the blame should be attributed to the owners of the garments or the manufacturers. This is important information, because our country's 6500 family-service and commercial laundries process nearly 2,000,000 tons of laundry a year. The laundry industry's gross revenue—including diaper and linen services as well as coin-operated machines—last year was more than $1,500,000,000; obviously, the bill for damaged garments or flatwork runs high. Years back laundering was a relatively simple business; all a launderer—or, for that matter, a housewife—had to know was how to launder cotton, linen, silk and wool. Today we live in a miraculous age of man-made fibers—rayons, acetates, polyamides, acrylics, polyesters, polyethylenes, polyvinyls and inorganic materials, known popularly as nylon, Orlon, Acrilan, Dynel, Zefran, Dacron, Kodel, spun glass, metallic yarns and so on. There are more than sixty brands of synthetic fibers in use today, and every year sees four or five new fabrics coming on the market. It's almost impossible to tell by look or feel what you're dealing with, inasmuch as some are entirely synthetic, some are synthetics used in conjunction with cotton and wool and some are chemically treated to make them wrinkle-resistant, so that they can be washed and worn without pressing. Some of the new fabrics wash beautifully, but melt, disintegrate or discolor under too high a pressing heat. Others are remarkably resistant to heat, but get discolored or dirty-looking when put in standard washing solutions. Most of them can be damaged by contact with various chemicals commonly used in bleaches, bowl cleaners, medicines and cosmetics.

In order to understand fully the problems faced by commercial launderers, the institute operates its own model laundry, which is large enough to serve around 50,000 customers in the Joliet area. Because many laundries today have small dry-cleaning departments, the institute operates one, too, alongside the laundry. Both plants operate at a profit, and their proceeds are turned back to the institute to underwrite its various programs. The A.I.L. test-strip service, for example, enables members to find out how effective their laundering techniques are. Samples of cloth are sent to laundrymen for twenty launderings and then analyzed for strength and whiteness retention. If the test strips get poor grades, the A.I.L. will recommend procedures for improvement. Also, in recognition of the fact that many laundering problems can be avoided if they are anticipated at the manufacturing level, the institute maintains a separate laboratory to test products submitted by textile manufacturers. Those fabrics and garments that pass a series of rigid tests are awarded the A.I.L.'s Certified Launderable Seal.

As if all this weren't enough, the A.I.L. conducts its own school for launderers, and it will design a new plant for a member or trouble-shoot a difficult cost-accounting problem. In addition the A.I.L. sends members a flood of literature every year, covering everything from tips on advertising campaigns to bulletins indicating washing procedures that must be followed if launderers wish to avoid unpleasant results with new fabrics, as our technology rolis along.

Lee Johnston, who prepares many of these bulletins, does his textile-detective work in a long laboratory. The equipment he and his researchers use includes beakers, test tubes, hot plates, microscopes and photomicrography setups, pH meters for measuring the intensity of alkaline solutions, ultraviolet lamps and a supply of chemicals ranging from ammonium carbonate to zinc silicofluoride. "But," says Johnston, "most of our research requires very little equipment and lots of imagination; an ability to pick up clues and guess good."

A great amount of laundry damage occurs because the new fabrics are deceptive in appearance. A pair of coveralls was reduced to a shapeless mass of tangled yarns because a launderer thought it was cotton twill. It was grease-stained, and he washed it in very hot water with a highly alkaline cleansing solution. When Johnston received the raglike mess he pried up some of the snaps and found bits of wool fibers underneath. From this evidence he surmised that the coveralls had been made of a cotton-wool fabric, the cotton threads running one way, the wool fibers the other. The heat and alkali had dissolved the wool. Washing the garment as if it were wool—in a warm, low-alkaline solution with neutral soap—would have avoided the damage.

Combinations of cotton and nylon can be equally misleading. Many housewives are fooled into thinking they're entirely of cotton and hand-press them with irons set at temperatures for cotton or linen. Johnston has aprons, shirts and dresses to show what can happen; they look as if someone had slashed them repeatedly with a razor. The explanation is simple: these nylon fibers melt at approximately 480 degrees. The brittle, fused yarns may hold up for one wearing, but they'll show slash marks the next time they're washed. "If you're doubtful about a fabric," Johnston advises, "press it at low heat."

One of Johnston's favorite curiosities looks like a large, horseshoe-shaped rod of plastic coated with fuzz. Once it was a blanket, fluffy and soft and wonderful to feel. After it was washed it was fed into the rollers of a big commercial flatwork ironer. Under the high heat of the flatwork ironer the blanket refused to run through the machine. Instead, it rolled back on itself, fusing into a rod. Johnston's analysis of the rod's composition indicated he was dealing with an acrylic co-polymer—or Dynel. This synthetic fabric is fast-drying, fire-resistant, strong wet or dry, immune to mildew and very warm. But it shrinks if it's washed at temperatures above 160 degrees and melts at 257 degrees. The laundry's flatwork iron obviously was set for a higher temperature. Johnston has shrunken men's socks and a shirt stiff as cardboard to illustrate what happens when you press this fabric at a heat just below the fusing temperature. How do you avoid this damage? "Treat the fabric as if it were wool," says Johnston.

Ragged holes sometime appear mysteriously in the armpit areas of shirts, dresses and uniforms. Blame this kind of damage on those liquid deodorants that contain uninhibited acid salts; they close human pores safely, but they're often murder on cotton, linen and rayon. Johnston has one cotton shirt that disintegrated under the arms after only three wearings, although the rest of the cloth was in good condition. A liquid deodorant that came in contact with the cloth was responsible. Many antiperspirants are harmless to fabrics, however, and acid damage can usually be avoided if the user follows the directions on the package.

Knitting needles, combs and clothes hangers made of Celluloid can cause acid damage to cottons, linens and rayons. Johnston has dresses that are out at the shoulders, trousers with shredded pockets and sheets and napkins spotted with holes to prove it. Celluloid, which contains cellulose nitrate, decomposes when it is stored for a long time in a confined space without air circulation. When the plastic disintegrates, nitric-acid fumes are liberated and they do the mischief.

Once in a while a real skull-buster comes into the A.I.L. laboratory. A laundry in Virginia sent in a folded sheet that had a curiously ragged, crusted hole going right through every layer of the fabric. The launderer reported that a stack of sixteen sheets, worth fifty dollars, had been similarly damaged. What was it? The standard tests for chemical damage drew a blank. The holes weren't tears, bullet holes or burns. The lab staff was close to admitting defeat when someone found a dead termite, one fifth of an inch long, that had been hidden in a wrinkle. The bulletin that Johnston later sent out warned laundrymen: "Look for termites as cause of damage."

Some time ago a hotel in Evanston, Illinois, got into a rousing dispute with the local laundry over the question of who had put the holes in the busboys' trousers. A dozen pairs of white-duck pants came back from the laundry spotted with holes below the knees. Both parties disclaimed responsibility, and the angered hotel manager—who knew about the A.I.L.—called Johnston and asked him to intervene. It happened that a group of A.I.L. people would be in Chicago shortly, and Johnston promised to detour to Evanston with his textile experts and take a look. When the A.I.L. men saw the trousers they agreed that the holes had probably been caused by acid. Which one they couldn't say, because laundering usually removes the acid and leaves only the hole or stain. In the locker room they found a likely clue—a gallon jug of bowl cleanser stowed atop a locker. It was a standard cleanser with a high hydrochloric-acid content. A janitor gave them the information that solved the problem. A few weeks earlier, he remembered, he'd dropped a jug of this cleanser on the locker-room floor just as a dozen busboys were getting ready to report for work. Everybody had been lightly spattered with the fluid but, since it was colorless, they'd trooped on out to the dining room without stopping to change their clothes.

"It was a classic case of chemical damage," Johnston recalls. "The acid dried into the fabric without any noticeable effect. The fibers were weakened, but it wasn't until the trousers were washed—chemically damaged fibers are weaker when wet than dry—that the holes appeared. It was clearly the responsibility of the hotel, since the acid damage occurred in the locker room. It was unlikely from the start that the laundry had used too much bleach; most laundries

"Thank you so much; it was a delicious dinner—
with the possible exception of the curried shrimp."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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use a very weak bleach, not more than 1-per-cent solution. On the other hand, many household bleaches—the kind used for laundry or cleaning sinks, silver, tiles or linoleum—contain sodium or calcium hypochlorite with around 5 to 8 per cent available chlorine, and people use them at full strength, not realizing how destructive they can be to fabrics."

Bleach damage is one of the most common problems tossed at the A.I.L. research lab. It's sneaky, in a way, because a hole caused by bleach may take as long as a month to appear. A housewife may be careless and forget to dilute her bleach when she uses it for washing clothes or else she may reason that if one ounce will do a good job, four ounces will do it four times better. Unless this concentrated bleach solution is rinsed out completely, it weakens the fibers. Or a woman may be cleaning her sink with a standard household bleach that contains a hypochlorite. When she's done she may give the washcloth a quick rinse, then toss it into the clothes hamper or laundry bag. Let's say she doesn't do that load of wash for two days. By then, everything touched by the cleaning cloth has suffered chemical damage—the chemical has dried in, nothing looks wrong. After a few washings, however, holes will appear. Should this happen in the home, the housewife complains about shoddy merchandise. But, if some of these bleach-weakened garments are sent to a commercial laundry, the laundry gets blamed for the damage. How many housewives are going to remember something as commonplace as tossing a washcloth into the laundry bin?

When the first wash-and-wear fabrics, treated with resins to make them wrinkle-resistant, came into general use they were hailed as a boon because they required so little attention—at most they needed light touching up with an iron after washing. However, some of the early resins tended to make garments stiff, so chemical softeners, usually silicones or acrylics, were added. These softened the fabrics, all right, but whenever they were washed the softeners attracted minute particles of soil and oil in the wash water. A shirt that went in white would come out looking as if it had been saturated in a bath of greasy mud. Further washings didn't help. Dry-cleaning solvents would bring it back to a dismal gray. Screams of rage from owners of the shirts, and letters from the A.I.L. to fabric manufacturers helped bring about correction; new softeners that behaved decently were found in a hurry.

Some of the early resins turned white shirts yellow. Laundries could get the discoloration out with a special compound; housewives were able to remove the stains by using color removers that came with home dye kits—but in each case the stain would reappear after laundering.

New resins came into use and they had even more maddening characteristics. After receiving many garments that were shredded like confetti, or discolored as if they'd been scorched, the A.I.L. lab discovered that when chlorine-type household bleaches were used with these new resins, the chlorine combined with the resin and refused to wash out. Then, when the garment was pressed, the heat released hydrochloric acid, which discolors or destroys the fibers. Housewives generally had little trouble, because home ironing usually doesn't dry fabric completely. But, whenever these same items of clothing were sent to the laundry, the commercial pressing machines would heat the resins to the point where the chlorine was released. For a long, agonizing period it was nothing but complaints, complaints, complaints for the laundries, and some of them refused to accept wash-and-wear fabrics. Other laundries took them only at the customer's risk.

The problem has been licked for the most part as far as it concerns shirts, but chlorine-retentive resins are still used by some manufacturers for blouses, uniforms and yard goods. The best defense, says Johnston, is to buy clothes guaranteed washable and to take heed if the hang tag on a garment says "do not bleach" or "do not use chlorine bleach."

Whenever the members of the research lab come across a problem they can't solve they put it aside for Lee Johnston's attention. He lays no claims to infallibility or omniscience and often ends up making an educated guess as to the cause of the damage. Sometimes he has to write for more information. In one case he never even opened a parcel that had been forwarded by a San Diego laundry. It reached the A.I.L. lab with holes and brown discolorations on the wrapping and cardboard. The white dress that could be seen through the holes was similarly damaged. From the look of the package Johnston suspected someone had spilled acid on it during transit. A spot of chemical indicator on the paper proved him right. His next step was to notify the post-office officials and let them know it was their headache, not his. They paid the insurance and whatever had been originally wrong with the dress was lost to history.

In another instance a bit of apparently inconsequential information solved a case of mysterious clothing disintegration. Every time one Joliet housewife did her wash everything fell apart. In desperation she sought out an acquaintance in the laundry business who was a member of the A.I.L.—the A.I.L. has no facilities for dealing directly with the public—and he kindly sent a pair of her husband's work pants to the lab. The researchers found indications of acid damage, but the owner of the pants didn't see how that could be since he never worked around acids. Johnston telephoned him and learned he was a refrigerator salesman. That was a clue. Probing further, Johnston found that the salesman sometimes experimented in his home workshop with Freon gas, which is used in some refrigerator cooling units. Yes, the clothes dryer was in the workshop. Yes, it was gas heated. Johnston's explanation: Freon is an organic chloride that turns into hydrochloric and other acids when burned. The fumes of the Freon gas were drawn into the gas burner of the dryer, and the droplets of acid formed there were carried into the dryer cylinder where they were absorbed by the wet clothing. The solution: stop experimenting with Freon gas near the clothes dryer. The salesman followed Johnston's advice, and his clothing stopped falling apart.

A gas dryer was the cause of another odd situation, wherein some baby-blue waitress uniforms came back from a laundry a nasty shade of green. The restaurant manager was threatening a lawsuit, and the harassed launderer sent the uniforms to the A.I.L. The lab found that dye in the uniforms tended to change color when the damp garments were tumbled in the laundry's gas-fired dryer. There probably would not have been any damage if the laundry used electric tumblers, but it didn't—and anyway, said Johnston, the trouble was really with the dye. He advised the uniform manufacturer to switch to a different kind of dye and suggested that reimbursement to the restaurateur was in order. The manufacturer heeded both suggestions.

Because so many of the laundry problems encountered in the research lab are of concern to manufacturers, Lee Johnston has frequent consultations with Norman Duckworth, the forty-year-old manager of the A.I.L.'s Certified Launderable Seal Laboratories. Duckworth has straight black hair, is compactly built and intense in manner. He came to the A.I.L. in 1954 with a wide background in textile analysis and manufacturing, which enables him to speak authoritatively and constructively when advising manufacturers who want their products to earn the A.I.L.'s Certified Launderable Seal. Nearly 150 producers of fabrics, clothes, blankets, linens, rugs, cosmetics and textile accessories, finishes and dyes have passed the tests that entitle them to use the seal in their advertising. All products submitted are tested for shrinkage, tensile strength, color fastness, resistance to perspiration and fading caused by gas fumes and sunlight, and appearance after laundering. Threads, ornaments, buttons and zippers are checked on all garments, and wash-and-wear products are examined further for whiteness and chlorine retention, crease recovery, tear strength and smell.

Some manufacturers have complained that the Seal Laboratory's standards are too demanding and have dropped out of the program. Others value it so highly they've fussed with their products for as long as two years before meeting A.I.L. Seal requirements. All products carrying the seal must be resubmitted to the laboratory for follow-up testing every ninety days. Because of this repeat testing, it's rare that a "certified" product doesn't live up to expectations. A while back, however, laundries all over the country began complaining about brown stains that appeared on the collars of a line of seal-approved shirts made by a nationally famous manufacturer. The shirts, when analyzed in the research lab, were found to contain traces of iron. After a great deal of legwork the cause of the trouble was traced to a factory in The Bronx, New York. There was just enough iron in its water supply to leave an invisible iron deposit on the collars when they were sprayed for the final finishing process before being packaged. Two or three washings were sufficient to cause rust stains. Upon A.I.L. advice the manufacturer called in all the shirts that had been processed in this plant and installed equipment to filter the iron deposits out of the water.

In the course of his researches Norman Duckworth has come up with some interesting findings on the lasting qualities of shirts. Recent tests indicate that a man's shirt generally will go through forty or fifty sequences of wearing and laundering before showing signs of wear. Men who flip their collars up to put on their ties can expect their collars to wear out faster than those owned by men who never unfold them, but slide their cravats into place instead. A metal wrist-watch band will cause faster cuff wear than one made of leather or some other soft material. A man who shaves every second or third day is advised that his neck and chin bristles affect his shirt collar the same way as sandpaper.

As part of its testing procedure the seal lab washes all fabrics submitted in its own small-scale laundry, which is equipped with both commercial and home models of washers, dryers and pressers. This insures that garments will be laundered under conditions that will most nearly approximate consumer practice. Further, when garments have passed all other tests, they are given "in use" tests. One manufacturer sent in a nylon wash-and-wear dinner jacket, wanting to know specifically how it would resist stains. A dinner jacket suggested food, drink, revelry. Accordingly, Duckworth took it to a nearby tavern and, while the bartender watched with bugging eyes, splashed it with coffee—with and without cream and sugar—red wine, whisky, rum and other alcoholic drinks. In the interests of reality he smeared it with catchup, mustard and lipstick. Only then did he tell the bartender that he was conducting a scientific experiment. The befouled jacket was next put through a regular washing. It came out fine except for one thing—the seaming was frayed. After the manufacturer corrected the fraying he was awarded the A.I.L. Seal of Launderability.

As part of the in-use testing Duckworth regularly distributes garments to A.I.L. employees with the request that they be used and laundered just as if the wearers owned them. This procedure often uncovers problems that wouldn't show up any other way. A while ago, for example, a half-slip passed every test brilliantly—until it was worn. Every time a young woman on the staff wore the slip she suffered maddening itching and burning around her waist. It turned out that the inside facing on the elastic band was made of glass fabric, which is very strong, fireproof and brittle. When the girl wore the slip, her body movements caused the glass fabric to shed minute particles of thread ends. These nearly invisible splinters worked into her skin and caused the agony. Duckworth apologized to the girl and urged the manufacturer to use some other fabric. He did so and was awarded the seal.

When Duckworth told Lee Johnston about the glass fabric, it reminded Johnston of another, more harrowing, story. During World War II many Navy ships were equipped with glass-fabric fire curtains, and one day out in the Pacific Ocean the laundry of a destroyer received orders to wash some of these fire curtains. They were tossed into the ship's giant washing machines along with the underwear of the entire crew. The garments were impregnated with particles of glass fibers, and it wasn't long before all the sailors were temporarily out of action, the itchingest crew in the Pacific.

"If the ship's launderer had been a member of the A.I.L., we could have warned him," Johnston concluded. "Unfortunately, there was a war on."

It may or may not be a coincidence, but the Navy and the other branches of our armed forces are members of the A.I.L. today. Along with our nation's housewives and laundries, the servicemen have problems with their laundry too.

THE END

Put it This Way

By FRANKLIN P. JONES

One of the most dangerous ways to travel is by wet soap.

A small town is a place where it takes everybody to keep a secret.

Courtship for a woman is the art of waiting until much later to say what she really thinks.

Memory is what reminds you that you've forgotten something, without telling you what it is.

Anyone with a finger in every pie probably has hired hands.

You never realize what conversationalists your children are until the telephone bill arrives.

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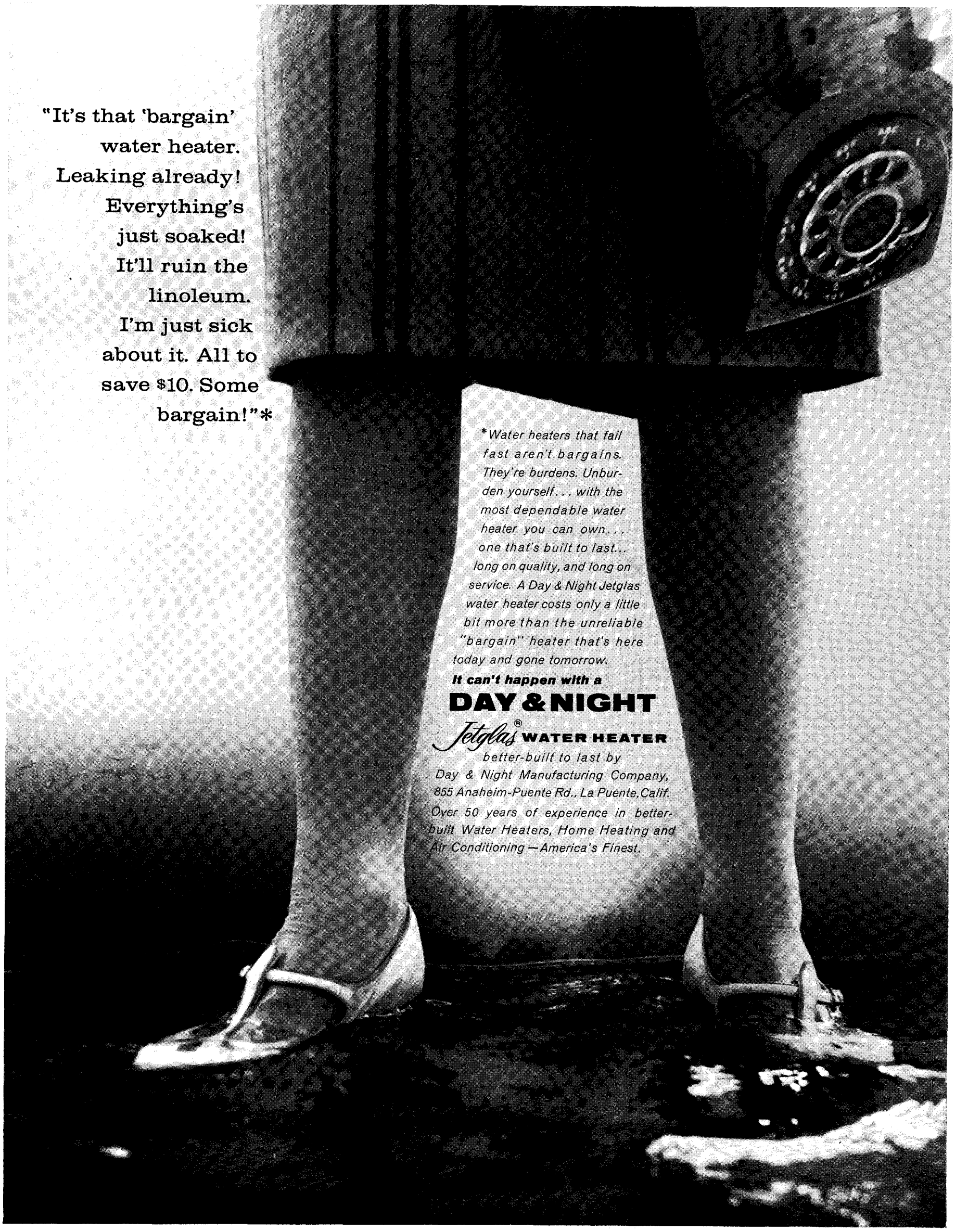
"It's that 'bargain' water heater. Leaking already! Everything's just soaked! It'll ruin the linoleum. I'm just sick about it. All to save $10. Some bargain!"*
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Castro, Trujillo and Turmoil

(Continued from Page 27)

for our expulsion from Guantanamo. Alluding to our occupation of the base, Castro made the astonishing statement:

"How is it possible that in exchange for the risks we incur by the presence of that military base in our territory, the houses of our peasants, our sugar mills and our population are exposed to incendiary bombs and shrapnel from airplanes coming from North American territory?"

President Eisenhower stated the second day after the speech that he was "puzzled" by these charges, because the Cubans have traditionally been our friends. The State Department issued a long denial of the charges as preposterous. Mr. Eisenhower's puzzlement is shared by the whole American people. What has happened to the Cubans?

Last New Year's Day they celebrated the first anniversary of their successful revolution against the two-time dictator of Cuba, Gen. Fulgencio Batista. North Americans no less than Latin Americans greeted that revolution, led by the idealistic young Castro from the Sierra Maestra mountains, as a major step toward democracy. Yet today, one year later, Cuba appears as far from democracy as she was under Batista. Her economy is fast going downhill, her relations with the United States have been strained to the breaking point, and her leaders keep the whole Caribbean in an uproar. Most alarming of all, Cuba is permitting her revolution to be exploited by international Communism.

For the past six months the Castro government has been conducting a feverish campaign against the United States. This campaign has become the center of Cuban policy. The campaign has mounted in intensity as Cuba's internal problems have grown painfully acute, and the conclusion is inescapable that the Americans—many of whom now know they were sadly in error when they greeted the Cuban revolution with optimistic pronouncements—are being made the scapegoat for Castro's failure to solve Cuba's problems. The revolution that was to have transformed Cuba into a prosperous democracy apparently itself has been transformed into an international conspiracy to defame a friendly neighbor.

Conspiracy is the word, for there is no doubt that behind the anti-American campaign there is the long arm of Communism. Moscow and Peking realize better than most Americans how vital the "American Mediterranean" is to our national interests. They have been making use of the Cuban revolution to throw the Caribbean into a turmoil and to turn the Caribbean peoples against us. While American leaders have been preoccupied with Berlin and Laos, the Kremlin and the Red Chinese have brought the cold war to our very doorstep

In my opinion, based on months of careful reporting, Cuba has been converted into international Communism's chief Caribbean base—a distinction formerly enjoyed by Red-dominated Guatemala. But the brain directing the operations of the Communist Caribbean conspiracy is located far behind this base. It functions in the Soviet Embassy in Mexico City. That embassy, the writer is in a position to reveal, directs a swarm of agents who shuttle from Mexico to Cuba with clocklike regularity. Some of them are Russians, but the majority are of other nationalities: Chinese, Poles Czechs, Cubans and other Latin Americans. They usually travel to Cuba as diplomats or businessmen.

One diplomat who frequently rides the Mexico-Cuba shuttle is a Czech accredited to the Communist Czechoslovakian Embassy in Mexico. This man was recently designated to act as commercial attaché to Cuba. Ostensibly interested in selling Czechoslovakian machinery in exchange for Cuban sugar, this attaché makes regular trips to Havana where he confers with Communist contacts. Another Iron Curtain "diplomat" in Mexico, who has suddenly been accredited to Cuba as a commercial attaché and thus has reason to travel there often, is a Pole, Leon Kolarski. What industrial products agrarian Poland could conceivably sell Cuba no one seems to know.

The Cuban Government is up to its neck in the Mexico-Cuba shuttle. Cuban officials who are dispatched to Mexico on special missions, or who live there, make it a point to confer with members of the Soviet Embassy including the Soviet Ambassador, Vladimir Bazikin.

An example was provided not long ago by a trusted aide of Castro, Capt. Armando Torres, who is the Cuban premier's ace diplomatic trouble shooter and second in command of the Cuban army's G-2 section. Torres was sent to Mexico last September to represent Cuba at the anniversary of Mexico's independence celebration, his main function being to try to win over the critical Mexicans. On the morning after his arrival, Torres made a beeline for the Soviet Embassy.

The Cuban ambassador to Mexico, Salvador Massip, is frequently in the company of Soviet Ambassador Bazikin—and this is not because their embassies happen to be near each other. The Soviet Embassy in Mexico supplies money as well as couriers and instructions to Communism's Cuban base. Last spring this embassy sent $200,000 to Cuba.

The Red Chinese are almost as active as the Russians in the Caribbean conspiracy. In Havana the writer met five Red Chinese "journalists" who had been "touring" the island to "observe" the Cuban revolution. Their real object was to organize cells inside Cuba's Chinese colony of 40,000 and to establish liaison with susceptible Cuban revolutionaries, including Castro's younger brother, Raúl, a dedicated Marxist, Defense Minister, and designated as successor to Castro in the event of Fidel's death.

Raúl Castro and other Cuban leaders well to the left assiduously foster the idea that China and revolutionary Cuba are comrades-in-arms. Thus Raúl, as chief of the Cuban armed forces at the time, officially greeted the Red Chinese journalists in these words: "Mao Tse-tung is one of the figures most respected by Latin-American youth. Cuba and China have much in common. China had a Chiang Kai-shek and Cuba a Batista, and the enemies of both countries were aided by the same international reaction."

The Moscow-Peking axis went to work in Cuba well in advance of Castro's anti-American campaign and prepared the ground for it. Last May, reports the deputy director of our Central Intelligence Agency, Lt. Gen. C. P. Cabell, USAF (Ret.), the Kremlin "sent under alias to Cuba a Soviet intelligence officer, Vadim Kotchergin, as a member of a Soviet trade-union delegation. His assignment was to give guidance to Cuban Communists." The same Kotchergin turned up again in Cuba last November as a fraternal delegate to the annual convention of the Cuban Confederation of Workers, accompanied this time by another agent, also a "fraternal delegate."

It is a striking fact that during the months after Kotchergin's first trip to Cuba last May—June, July and August—an unprecedented rash of invasions and "revolutions" broke out all over the Caribbean and precipitated the crisis that the area is experiencing now. It is equally striking that some of these upheavals were led by leftists friendly to the Communist bloc, if not members of it.

The Organization of American States investigated the first of the invasions—the one directed against Nicaragua on last May thirty-first and June first—and turned up some extraordinary documents. It found a letter written on Cuban Government stationery which solicited from "the civil and military authorities" of Cuba, "every form of help and cooperation" for the invasion. The letter was signed by Maj. Ernesto (Ché) Guevara, as commander of the key Havana fortress, La Cabaña. This is the same violently anti-American Guevara who today is economic czar of Cuba as head of the National Bank. Only last month he showed his hand by demanding that all business firms in Cuba take on and train Castro army officers in running the businesses.

Guevara and Castro's brother, Raúl, are the Cuban premier's two most trusted confidants. Guevara is not only Cuba's economic czar, but he is a leader in revolutionary activities outside Cuba. He has been the chief planner of most of the invasions attempted during these last eight months.

The way Guevara operates was revealed to the writer by Caribbean exiles who have had dealings with him. In one case a group of young Haitians who sought arms and money to overthrow their government were invited to Guevara's headquarters on the Isle of Pines. Haiti is a strategic pawn in Caribbean politics as it lies between Cuba and the Dominican Republic, whose dictator, Generalissimo Rafael Leonidas Trujillo, Castro has sworn to destroy. Guevara was therefore eager to help his Haitian visitors. But he insisted on one condition: they must not promote capitalism in their country. The Haitians rejected this condition, regarding it as outside dictation. So that invasion did not come off.

Guevara's favorite technique is to make invasions of other countries seem like native revolutions organized by exiles. But the exile groups he uses are invariably Leftist fronts operating under his orders, though he himself has repeatedly stated he is not a Communist. The abortive Nicaraguan invasion was prepared by something called the Block of National Unity for the Liberation of Nicaragua, a Communist front based in Havana. The three invasions of the Dominican Republic last June, following the Nicaraguan affair, were all launched from Cuba by another front, the Dominican Liberation Movement.

If this Dominican Liberation Movement succeeds in overthrowing Trujillo, that will put the Dominican Republic

NEXT WEEK

IN COLOR:

I CALL ON
PRINCESS GRACE
By Pete Martin

WE NEVER FELT MORE AT HOME
A Newsman Compares Turbulent South Africa With His Home State, Mississippi
By Hodding Carter

THE PROSPECTS OF CANDIDATE KENNEDY
The Democrats' Swift Young Runner
By Beverly Smith Jr.

ADVENTURES OF THE MIND, 44:
THE AWESOME DECISION
By Judge David L. Bazelon

THE MONITOR AFFAIR
A New Serial
By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

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under the domination of Castro. Formed in Havana last March, the D.L.M. claims to be a "coalition" of Dominican exile groups, but other Dominican exile organizations charge that it is Red-controlled and will have nothing to do with it. The Dominican Popular Socialist (Communist) Party is an open member of the coalition.

Why is Castro permitting Cuba to be used as a base for Communist operations in the Caribbean? Is he himself a Communist or sympathizer?

It so happens that the aims of Castro and the Communists in the Caribbean coincide. Castro fancies himself the Simón Bolívar—the Liberator—of the Caribbean peoples. He is obsessed with the idea of destroying the old-line dictatorships, especially Trujillo's, and is willing to accept Communist aid to do so. The Communists, on the other hand, are eager to help Castro. They feel sure that, if the old regimes in the Caribbean fall, the governments replacing them will be anti-American and will challenge our right to maintain defense bases in the area.

Fidel Castro, most observers agree, is not a Communist but a left-nationalist with a pronounced anti-American bias and the temper of an extremist. But whatever his political beliefs may be, he is pursuing policies inside Cuba as well as outside which serve the Communist cause.

His attacks upon the United States externally are paralleled by a systematic campaign within Cuba to liquidate American interests there. Americans have a huge $850,000,000 stake in Cuban commerce, industry and agriculture. Castro is in the process of forcing them to give it up regardless of what that may cost the Cuban economy.

Thus, although Cuba's income is derived largely from sugar, Castro is implementing a ruinous agrarian reform with the main objective the expropriation of the big, mostly American-owned sugar estates. Granted that Cuba is too dependent on sugar and her economy is unbalanced because of it, necessitating some sort of reform, expropriation of the industry can only cut her income drastically and cause unemployment. Equally unjustifiable is the expropriation of the big cattle ranches—one of the biggest, the 35,000-acre King Ranch, is American-owned—another major aim of the agrarian reforms. This not only reduces the country's income but also could result in a meat shortage.

Castro is flogging industry—Cuban as well as American—equally hard all along the line. An early revolutionary decree cut rents up to 50 per cent in order to augment the purchasing power of some 800,000 tenants. But the main result has been to discourage new construction and spread unemployment. Then Castro sharply reduced electric and phone rates, also to aid the masses. This has made the American and Foreign Power Company, the chief electric utility, hold back on a $15,000,000 expansion program and caused the International Telephone and Telegraph, which supplies phone service, to consider pulling out of Cuba. Most recently, Castro has slapped a 5 per cent tax on mineral production and one of 25 per cent on mineral exports, striking a blow at the $75,000,000 Moa Bay Mining Company, an American firm which mines nickel and cobalt, and at other American mine operators in Cuba.

These assaults on industry have started a chain reaction which is seriously injuring all branches of the Cuban economy. No cruise ships will touch Havana this winter, and tourism is dead. New investment is practically nonexistent, while on the other hand unemployment has soared to an estimated 500,000—plus 200,000 underemployed—out of Cuba's 6,000,000 population. Cuba's 1959 deficit is estimated at around $200,000,000, while her dollar reserves are at the dangerous low of perhaps $100,000,000. Where Castro will get the money to stave off bankruptcy in 1960 is anyone's guess.

Despite a year of endless blundering, the Cuban premier is still popular with his people. Most Cubans believe in him because they have nothing else to believe in—they have been disillusioned so often that they cannot face another disillusionment. "Fidel gave us our only chance to make something of ourselves," a Havana housewife said, expressing the general attitude.

Nevertheless, some disenchantment has set in. The defection last October of Maj. Huberto Matos, the revolutionary leader who was regarded as just below the Castro brothers and Guevara in importance, may have been the turning point of the Cuban revolution. Since then, disaffection has been eating away at the regime's two chief bulwarks: the rebel army and the official twenty-sixth of July Movement.

The way the trial of Major Matos was conducted intensified anti-Castro feeling. It was held in an army movie theater. Premier Castro was the principal witness for the prosecution, demanding death by firing squad for Matos. Castro strode to the stage, turned his back on the judges and lawyers seated thereon, and for seven hours made a speech to the spectators and press in which he accused Matos of being a traitor. The court found Matos guilty of counterrevolutionary activities against Castro and sentenced him to twenty years' imprisonment.

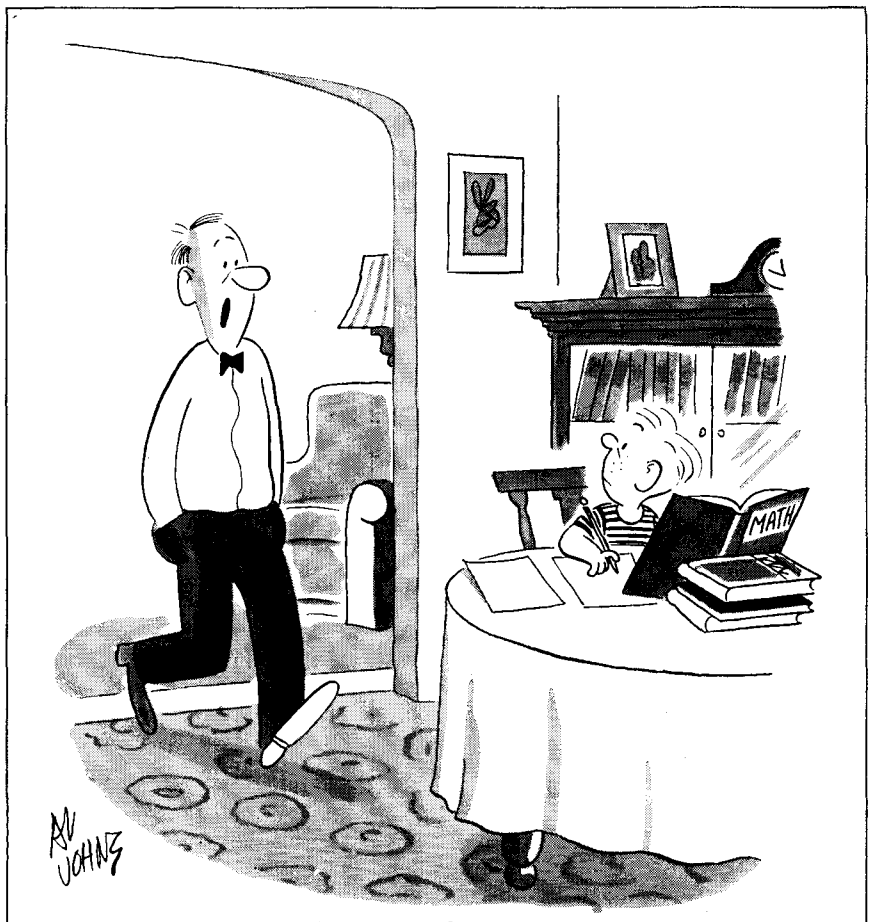
As a result of such things as this, with the moderates in the Castro Government growing more and more concerned at disaffections, the question being asked in Cuba is: "How long can Fidel last?"

How long depends on forces outside Cuba as well as inside, chief among them Trujillo. Many Cubans cling to Castro fearing that the Dominican dictator may move in and impose a dictatorship under some former Batista chieftain like Gen. José Eleuterio Pedraza, who is even now training a force in the Dominican Republic to invade Cuba at the propitious moment. Trujillo is not only boss of the 2,500,000 people of the Dominican Republic but the acknowledged leader of the forces of dictatorship in Latin America.

Trujillo is feared and hated not only by the Cubans but by all his Caribbean neighbors. If Castro seeks to become the Bolívar of the Caribbean, Trujillo's lifelong ambition has been to become its Napoleon. Since he came to power nearly thirty years ago he has more than once tried to overturn other Caribbean governments. Last summer he made an abortive attempt to unseat Castro via a fifth column inside Cuba, and he is constantly working to subvert Venezuela's revolutionary regime as well as Cuba's. Trujillo is thus as basic a cause of the Caribbean tension as Castro, and in that role antedates the Cuban revolutionary.

The Dominican dictator possesses the strongest and best-trained armed forces in the Caribbean. He is a power to be reckoned with. When he made himself dictator in 1930, the Dominican Republic, which the United States Marines had not long before vacated, was economically and politically bankrupt. Trujillo soon paid off the national debt, made the sugar industry profitable, encouraged foreign investment and built a reasonably stable economy. He also eradicated much disease, and his capital, Ciudad Trujillo, is one of Latin America's cleanest and most orderly.

But for his services Trujillo exacted a price from the Dominican people which history may judge exorbitant. He saddled them with a permanent reign of terror that renders life in the Dominican Republic uneasy, to put it mildly. He deprived them of many liberties, including the right to change jobs. He appointed himself czar of the economy, with power to decide who may own property or go into business. He shamelessly enriched himself and his family at the expense of the



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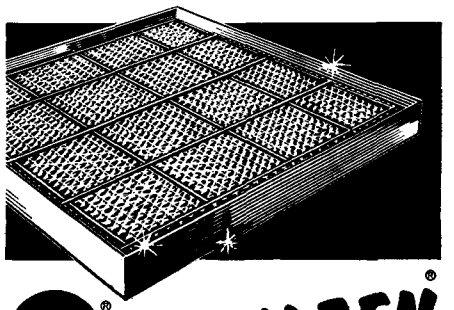

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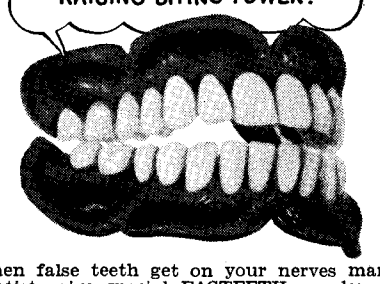

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people. He operated, in short, a thoroughgoing police state for his own personal profit.

But Trujillo is not as secure as the trappings of his police state would make it appear. The tension in the Caribbean that he did so much to foster is working against him. It has frightened away investors, strained his budget through record expenditures for the armed forces, and produced something like an economic recession for the first time since he seized power. These and other factors, notably the example of Castro's overthrow of Batista, have aroused much discontent among the Dominicans; and Trujillo now has this new problem to face, as well as the pressure from without generated by Castro and Guevara. Some Caribbean observers are betting that, in this dilemma, the aging dictator may find it expedient to risk a diversionary adventure.

Must it be Castro or Trujillo in the Caribbean? During a two-month tour of ten Caribbean countries this reporter found that there is a third alternative to the two extremists, represented by a country we hear little about: Venezuela.

This month Venezuela, like Cuba, also will be celebrating the anniversary of a revolution against dictatorship. But there the resemblance ends. Since the Venezuelans ousted their dictator, Gen. Marcos Pérez Jiménez, on January 23, 1958, they have been moving toward a new kind of democracy in the Caribbean. While Castro, more than one year after his revolution, continues to find excuses for not holding the elections he promised during his fight against Batista, Venezuela held elections scarcely ten months after Pérez Jiménez was overthrown. Today Venezuela has a democratically elected government headed by a veteran political leader, Pres. Rómulo Betancourt. This government, in contrast to Cuba's, is not tearing the Venezuelan economy asunder but instead is planning its complete reconstruction over the next five years at a cost of $5,000,000,000—the most ambitious program ever conceived in Latin America.

An army of experts, including three private American firms specializing in personnel and administration problems, is working under Betancourt's chief of planning, Dr. Manuel Pérez Guerrero, to complete the program by this spring. "The program," stressed Pérez Guerrero, "will be keynoted to rapid evolution, not revolution." Further explaining that its twin long-range objectives are to diversify and decentralize industry, and to effect a sound agricultural reform, he gave the writer a preview of the program which is released here for the first time.

Venezuela is at the mercy of a single product, oil, and of the fickle oil market. In 1958 oil accounted for 91 per cent of her exports and, directly and indirectly, for nearly that much of her total revenue of about $1,500,000,000. Result: Most of the wealth derived from oil flows into the capital, Caracas, which has become a swollen metropolis of 1,500,000 souls squeezed into an 18,000-acre valley hemmed in by great mountains. The rest of Venezuela's 6,500,000 inhabitants are spread thin over 352,000 square miles outside the capital, and they live, for the most part, under primitive conditions. This imbalance makes the country susceptible to political extremism. Betancourt's program aims to alter this imbalance between Caracas and the provinces.

The program's boldest step forward calls for the creation of an industrial complex deep in the jungle region of Guiana, near the great Caroní River and the famed "mountain of iron," Cerro Bolívar. The Caroní, which flows into the Orinoco, is capable of providing 3,000,000 kws. of electric energy, and a plant already built there by Betancourt is now producing an initial 300,000 kws. The Cerro Bolívar, owned by United States Steel, claims an almost unlimited supply of iron as it consists entirely of iron ore. Around these two resources the government is building Venezuela's first steel mill, with a capacity of 600,000 tons, as a magnet to attract other industries.

"We want to stimulate private enterprise," says Dr. Raúl Leoni, president of the Venezuelan senate and a close Betancourt associate.

The government, accordingly, is encouraging new industries everywhere in an all-out attempt at diversification. Pillsbury Mills has formed a mixed American-Venezuelan corporation which is putting up a $3,000,000 plant in Maracaibo to produce 200 tons of flour daily. Alcoa and the Italian industrial giant, Montecatini, are building a plant to make aluminum tubing. Container Corporation of America is erecting a factory to manufacture cardboard.

Some foreign businessmen question the Venezuelan Government's attitude toward foreign capital. One big American concern has circulated a confidential letter criticizing the key Minister of Mines and Hydrocarbons, Dr. Juan Pablo Pérez Alfonzo, because he is organizing a state-owned oil company which it fears may lead to nationalization. But the minister declares unequivocally: "We have no desire or intention of nationalizing any properties owned by existing private companies, and expect to develop new fields on land owned by the state. We shall in no way compete with private industry."

The five-year program's decentralization phase involves the creation of satellite towns around Caracas, to which industries will be moved. Three satellites are going up within a twenty-five-mile radius of the capital and others are planned. To link satellites and capital, Betancourt is spending $200,000,000 to build new roads and repair old ones.

Venezuela's agrarian reform is, unlike Cuba's, moderate. Instead of rushing into the expropriation of big land holdings just because they are big, the Venezuelans will expropriate only lands that are idle and uncultivated, regardless of whether they are large or small. The central aim of the reform is to bring more land under cultivation, not to punish bigness. Unproductive lands will be distributed among the 80 per cent of Venezuela's peasantry who are landless and among 20,000 Caracas unemployed, who will be settled in the countryside. Furthermore, the distributed land will belong to its new owners unconditionally and in perpetuity, whereas in Cuba it can revert to the state. There will be no communal ownership.

The Venezuelan Communist Party is furiously opposed to Betancourt's agrarian reform, as it is to his whole economic program, on the ground that it is too moderate. Although the Venezuelan Communist Party is far stronger than its Cuban counterpart, Betancourt is no Castro to yield to Red pressure. He defiantly thumbs his nose at the Communists. As he declared in his inauguration speech in February, 1958, "The Communist philosophy does not accord with the democratic structure of the Venezuelan state." And so the nearly 50,000-strong Communist Party and its 100,000 sympathizers are excluded from the government.

Betancourt has more cause to traffic with the Communists and dislike the United States than Castro. He began his political career more than three decades ago as a Communist who hated the American oil companies. He blamed the United States for backing a military coup which overthrew the democratic regime of novelist Rómulo Gallegos, who had succeeded him in power—Betancourt had been Provisional President—in 1948. During a subsequent exile which lasted nearly ten years, Betancourt talked and wrote against the United States and threatened to nationalize oil.

But today this ex-Communist proudly claims, "Nelson Rockefeller is one of my best friends," displays cordiality toward the United States, and is not gunning for the oil companies. What accounts for his transformation?

The answer is, two men: ex-Pres. José Figueres of Costa Rica, and Gov. Luis Muñoz Marin of Puerto Rico. Betancourt spent most of his exile as the guest of those two leaders, and they persuaded him that he could put Venezuela on the path of true political and economic progress without the Communists—and without becoming a "tool of Yankee imperialism." Betancourt watched how Figueres, as Costa Rica's president, negotiated a pact with the giant United Fruit Company (instead of expropriating it), which put money into the national treasury and set a pattern for all Central America. And he saw how Muñoz Marin, through his world-famed Operation Bootstrap, attracted United States industry to Puerto Rico and within a mere decade transformed it from an impoverished and corruption-ridden island into a thriving democracy. These deeds convinced Betancourt that the Figueres-Muñoz Marin road was best for Venezuela, and that country is now demonstrating that the "third alternative" to Castro and Trujillo is best for the Caribbean.

Will the Caribbean adopt the Venezuelan way? It may, if some means is found first to make the Caribbean caldron simmer down and give Venezuela a chance to prove itself. Peace, in short, is what is needed at present. Is peace in the Caribbean possible?

This question may be answered to some extent when the eleventh conference of the Organization of American States is held—if, indeed, it is held this year. It originally was scheduled to be held at Quito, Ecuador, on February first. Then last December eighteenth Ecuador suddenly asked that the conference be postponed indefinitely. Various reasons were given for the postponement, including the statement that the Legislative Palace and hotel being built to accommodate the conference would not be completed in time. Officials of other countries called these and other reasons for postponement neither "serious" nor "real."

We and some other member nations want to hold the conference as soon as possible to press for a much stronger Inter-American Peace Committee, with the power and authority to act whenever any member nation is threatened. The fight for such action is sure to produce plenty of fireworks. Cuba, because of Castro's plans for liquidating Trujillo, will oppose the move bitterly.

The longer the conference is postponed, the fewer the chances of empowering an Inter-American Peace Committee with real authority. If such a powerful committee is established then there is some hope for peace in the Caribbean. But if the conference is long postponed or if Castro should prevail at such a conference, it is certain that things will get a lot worse before they get better—worse for the peoples of the Caribbean and worse for us as well.

The Hands of Cormac Joyce (Continued from Page 19)

the gunwale and beat it with his fist until it was reduced to fragments.

Jackie tried this with some of the smaller pieces, but the sharp edges cut his hands. Below in the water they saw a deathly white splotch, which Jackie knew was a fish. It was a large skate; its pointed nose was caught in the net, and its slim ratlike tail was lashing around. His father took it by the thick ugly wing and pulled it out of the net and flung it in the bottom of the boat. Like the coral, the skate was just something useless that destroyed nets. People used to eat them once, but not any longer, though a chunk of the skate might serve to bait a lobster pot.

The net was two hundred yards long, and they found only five mackerel in it. It should have been heavy with them, for this was the time of the year when the mackerel came swarming in out of the ocean in their hundreds of thousands. Cormac pulled the boat away without a word. *Something wrong*, he thought.

He looked eastward into the Atlantic. Vast and impassive, it rolled toward them from the horizon. The ocean was just waking with the dawn. Low, smooth rollers, very broad but no more than a foot high, were lifting on it, like the muscles of a giant who wakes from sleeping. Out on the horizon he could see the Hags. They were twelve sharp-sided granite rocks, around which, except for one or two days in the year, when the wind had set from the south for a week or more, the water was always wild. Cormac's father had once landed on one of the Hags, and because he had done so he became a famous man on the island. It was the feat of a hero. No one else had done it before or since. But something out there was wrong, and that was why there were no mackerel.

They pulled away from the headland to some offshore rocks where Cormac had three lobster pots. In the first pot there was nothing, but the bait was gone. Cormac turned to the skate in the bottom of the currach. It had its mouth in the upper part of what should have been its belly. The mouth was framed by pale, pimply lips, like a monstrous human mouth. Through these pale lips the skate was sucking air, making a squeaking noise. Its gills on the side of its mouth were working too. The boy knew that the skate was dying of suffocation, trying to suck air through its pimply white lips and going through the motions of blowing it out again. He felt sorry for it, but he hated it for suffering in his presence.

Cormac took his clasp knife and cut a chunk out of the wing of the skate, which ignored this minor injury, but went on suffocating noisily. He took the chunk of flesh, threaded it on the bait stick and flung the pot back into the ocean.

Jackie took his father's clasp knife, turned the skate over with his foot and put the point of the knife against the spine, which he (*Continued on Page 66*)

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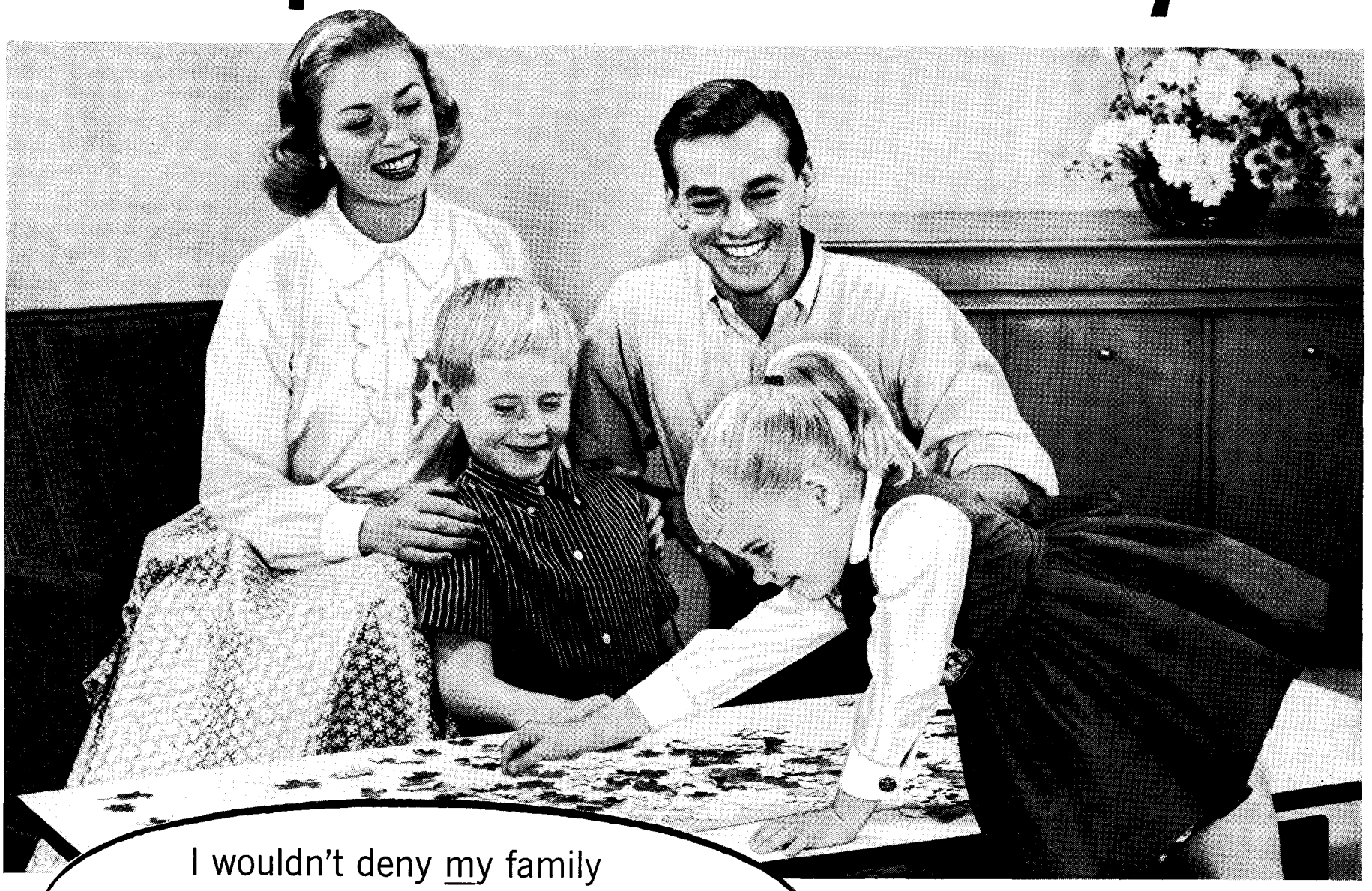

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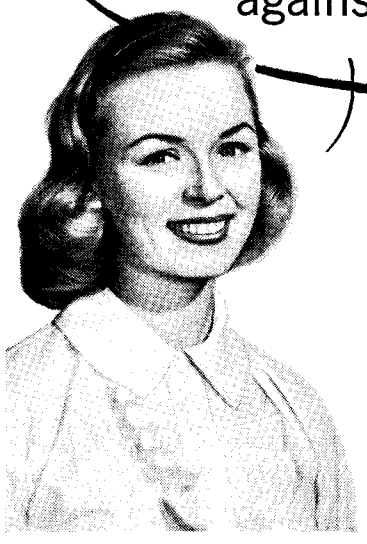

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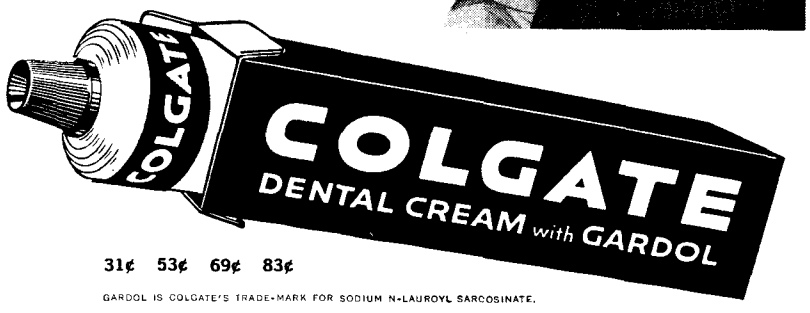

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(*Continued from Page 64*) intended to cut through so as to kill the fish and end its disgusting agony. But the skate wiggled violently and got away from him, and Cormac turned, having dropped the lobster pot back, and looked at his son and smiled. "Kill it if you want," he said.

Jackie grasped the thick wing, flushing and nervous, and the skate flipped away once more, its tail lashing. His father watched him, leaning on the oars. The boy was afraid of the skate, but disgusted at showing his fear to his father. His hands seemed uselessly weak against the struggles of the fish, and he was afraid of the pale mouth with its sullen accusation. Finally he put his foot on the skate and drove the knife into the spine, pretending that he was doing it for Eilis and that she was watching him. The skate shivered and became inert.

"They don't feel anything," Cormac said, and they pulled over to the second pot.

There was a small lobster in this, and the third yielded a crab. When they had baited the pots they were both hungry and rowed back quickly, Jackie taking a pair of oars. The sea had a little motion now, and the darkness was gone.

A cormorant winged out from the mainland, flying only two feet above the surface of the ocean, and they stopped rowing to watch it. Every morning at the same time the cormorant went out to the Hags and returned to a nest somewhere on the mainland each evening. The bird flew purposefully, its long neck before it like a spear.

"Why do you think there are no mackerel?" Jackie asked.

"Something in the ocean," said Cormac.

"They should be here now," said Jackie. "Last year they were swarming in at this time. We had great sport with them. Remember?"

"Yes," said his father. "They should be here, but there is something wrong with them."

"Tigue Conneeley says it is the French trawlers that have taken all the sprats. Do you think that would be it?"

"If every man in France had a trawler and all of them fishing off Inishlacken, they could not take all the sprats," said Cormac.

"That's true," said Jackie. "Do you remember last year when the sprats came in? The beaches were quivering with them. They were like little pieces of silver jumping around."

And after the sprats had come the mackerel, lashing the water, rushing so fast that some of them had flung themselves up on the beach also. The ocean was a great mystery. It looked empty, and yet it was teeming with life. But it was empty now. There were hardly any fish. Out beyond the Hags something had happened in the ocean.

The Joyce cottage was on a hill above the harbor, which was on the east or leeward side of the little island. The harbor was just a right angle of cement and limestone boulders put out from the land. The entrance was only eight feet wide, and at low tide there was only two feet of water between the rocks on which to get in and out of the harbor. It was a good harbor, but usable only at high tide. The men of the island kept their currachs in it, and that was one of the reasons why their currachs were now of wood. Before the harbor had been built they had constructed their currachs of canvas laid over wooden laths, for these lighter boats could be picked up bodily out of the water and carried up to the cottages. But with the harbor, that was no longer necessary.

Some of the men on the islands, however, still used the canvas currachs. They did not like to change, and it gave them a good feeling on stepping out of their cottages to see the currach beside the door.

There were only two other houses on the island. The Joyce cottage was over the harbor, and on the windward side of the island lived Michael Reece and his wife. He was perhaps eighty years of age and a great storyteller. His wife was young—only sixty. He had met her when he had been a drover in Scotland, and so she was not Irish but Scottish. But she was a Catholic and made good bread. On the north side of the island were the Conneeleys, who had seven children. Eilis Conneeley was the third oldest of the Conneeley children. She had a flattish kind of face, but it was quite beautiful, particularly her eyes, which were green. Her hair was long and dark, and her skin white like a lily leaf. All the sun could do to it was produce a few red freckles. She was not a very talkative girl, but now and again she had spells of mischief. Some kind of excitement bubbled in her, and she would do things that were wrong for sheer devilment.

There was a wild streak in the Conneeleys, but the father, Pat Conneeley, was reckoned the best fisherman in the island. He had a gift for fish as some people have a gift for growing things. His currach was no better than that of anyone else, nor his lines or lobster pots, nor his nets. But between Pat Conneeley and fish there was an understanding, so that he knew not only where fish were to be taken but also when and with what bait and even for how long.

After breakfast Jackie said he would go over to Pat Conneeley and see whether he had taken any fish that morning. His mother looked at him and smiled. She knew that the boy wanted to see Eilis and when he saw her he would say nothing to her, but just look at her and blush and feel his heart swell.

"Take a pail of milk to the Reeces," she said. "Their cow is dry."

"I will that," said Jackie.

"I want him to help me with the door," said his father.

"He's too little yet," said Jackie's mother heedlessly. "You will have to get Pat Conneeley to help you. It is a job for two men, not a man and a boy."

"Talk to Pat Conneeley about it then," said Cormac, and Jackie went off with the milk.

A boreen led from his house to that of the Conneeleys on the other side of the island. The same little road, just a track through which limestone boulders jutted in places, served all three cottages, making a circuit of the island. It was the island's only road, but there were footpaths from it leading to the cottages—though at places stone walls had to be climbed to get from the road along the footpaths to the houses.

At one part of the boreen was Saint Brendan's well, and when Jackie got to it he stopped to look into it. There was a lot of bracken growing around the mouth of the well and in the depths of the bracken one or two harebells—sky-blue delicate flowers on stems hardly bigger than a thread. They showed a surprising azure against the russet and green of the ferns.

Saint Brendan, whose little ruined church was on the headland of the island, had blessed this well before setting off in his boat on his legendary voyage across the Atlantic when, as some maintain, he discovered America. That was eight hundred years before Columbus had sailed to the New World.

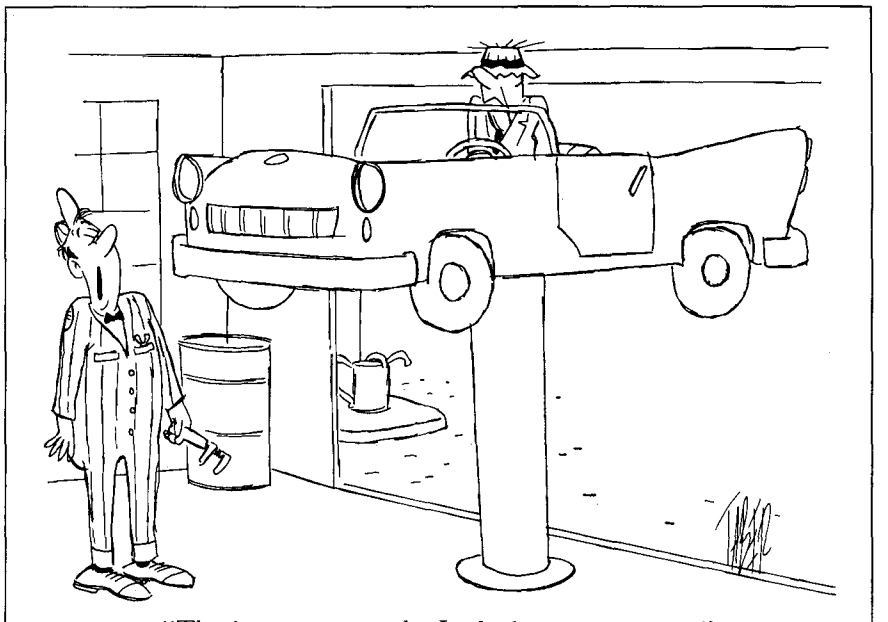
He had blessed it for supplying him with water for his trip, and although he had been able to take only one leather skin of water, that had been sufficient for the whole voyage, which had lasted some several years. Because the well was blessed, nothing which fell into it would suffer any harm.

Jackie put down the milk can, parted the ferns and looked down into the well. The water in it was greenish, but still good to drink. There was thick moss down the side of the well, and kicking on the surface was a yellow-and-black-striped wasp. The boy watched the wasp, which was plainly frantic with fear. It had managed somehow to fall into the well on its back, and its long straw-yellow legs were beating the air in an effort to right itself.

"You are a foolish creature," Jackie said smiling at the wasp. "This is one well in the world that you can fall into and you will not be drowned. So don't kick your legs around so much. No harm will come to you."

Then he put his hands into the well up to the wrist for he had an agreement with Saint Brendan that if every time he passed the well he put his hands into it, the saint would make his hands bigger instead of so thin. It took him a little courage to do this because he had to lean over the well and if he slipped he would fall in head first.

Still he put his hands in up to the wrists and counted to ten—that was part of the agreement. When he had got to ten he thought he had maybe counted a bit fast toward the end, so he went on to fifteen so as not to cheat and then drew his hands out, shook them, picked up the milk pail and went on his way.



"That's one reason why I asked you to step out."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

After a while he began to think about the wasp and wondered whether Saint Brendan had saved it yet. It seemed that he ought to go back and look. The wasp had appeared pretty tired when he left. He put the milk pail down and ran back to the well. The wasp was still on the surface of the water, its legs moving only very slowly now. Jackie broke off a piece of bracken and reached it down. The wasp hooked a leg onto the tip of the bracken, and Jackie pulled the bracken out and put the wasp on the road in the sun. It lay for a while and then started cleaning off its pointed head and then its wings.

Jackie went back to the milk wondering why Saint Brendan had not saved the wasp. Then he realized that the saint had indeed saved the wasp, for he had sent him back on that errand. He was then part of a miracle—only a small one, but still a miracle.

"If I were a saint," he said, "I'd work a big miracle—so big that everybody would see it and believe in it." He tried to imagine what sort of miracle that would be, but while he was thinking about it a hooded crow flew down and sat for a moment in the road before him, its gray back contemptuously turned to him.

The boy stopped and watched the crow cautiously. If it flew off to the right he would be lucky that day, but if it flew off to the left he would certainly have a bad fall. The milk he was carrying made him all the more nervous, and he was very relieved when the crow, having casually searched for a louse under its wing, fluttered off across the fields to his right.

The boy had intended to go to the Reece's cottage first with the milk, but since the crow had said that he was to be lucky that day, a plan formed in his mind and he decided to go to the Conneeley's first. As he got close to the cottage he felt a sense of pressure just below his chest and became nervous and kept looking to see if Eilis was outside. But since he did not see her, he was despondent, thinking she would be away in one of the fields and he might miss her.

At last he reached the door, and, flushing with embarrassment, knocked on it, though it was open.

"Come in and welcome," said Mrs. Conneeley from the hearth where she was busy over a large black iron pot.

"God bless all in this house," the boy said as he came through the door.

"God's blessing on you yourself," said Mrs. Conneeley. "What have you brought there? Milk is it? But we have plenty and to spare."

"It is for the Reeces," said Jackie.

Mrs. Conneeley, a heavy-set woman with a red face, smiled at him from merry eyes. "Is it himself you came to see, or is it Tigue, or is it someone else?" she asked, and Jackie blushed, while she chuckled at him.

"It's himself," he said.

"He'll be here this minute. Sit down and have a cup of tea and some soda bread. It is just this moment made."

"I just had my breakfast," said Jackie.

"More won't hurt you, for you have a lot of growing to do."

He sat at the table and was given a big mug of strong tea and a thick slice of soda bread hot from the pot, which Mrs. Conneeley had been removing from the turf fire in the hearth as he entered. He knew it was impolite to stare, so he sat at the table chewing on the bread but furtively sneaking a glance at all the things in the Conneeley kitchen.

The kitchen was coated with a blue wash which made it seem cool and clean. The floor was of packed earth, as smooth almost as the delft mug from which he drank his tea. He knew everything in the kitchen, but it (*Continued on Page 68*)

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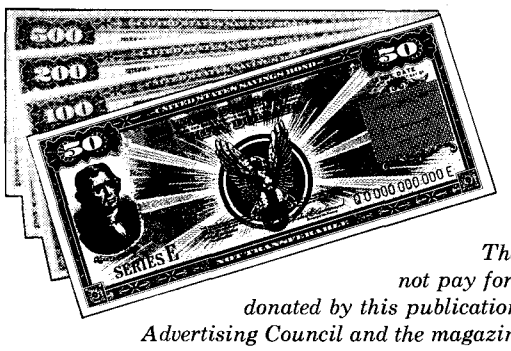

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(*Continued from Page 66*) was just possible that something new had been added and that would be a piece of news to tell his mother when he got back to their cottage.

On the mantelpiece was a radio, operated by a battery, and an old alarm clock and a picture of the town of Lourdes beautifully done in blue and yellow and green and white. Nearby was a picture of the Sacred Heart, and next to that a photograph of Pat Conneeley's brother, who was in the United States Marines. He was in marine dress uniform and looked as though he had been stuffed. Then there was a crucifix and a little red lamp for perpetual adoration before it; and a picture of Mrs. Conneeley's parents, the grandmother sitting in a chair and her husband standing behind it, both of them stonily defying the cameraman. Then there was a big plate with a picture of a tall building and below the picture: SOUVENIR OF NEW YORK CITY.

Tacked to the wall was a colored handkerchief with a picture of a round tower and a wolfhound lying at the bottom of it. Over the round tower were the words ERIN GO BRAGH.

"Here's himself now," said Mrs. Conneeley, and Pat Conneeley came into the house with Tigue and Eilis and several other children, all Conneeleys, with him. He was a smallish man and was carrying a roll of rope and an oar. He put the roll of rope over in a corner and the oar up in the rafters over the kitchen and turned to Jackie.

"I saw you out with your father this morning," he said. "Did you catch anything?"

"No," said Jackie. "There were only five mackerel in the net and a skate. And in the pots a lobster and a crab."

"Was it a big lobster?" asked Eilis, smiling at him, and Jackie knew she was in one of her mischief moods. He wished heartily that he could say that it was a lobster of four pounds, but replied that it was only a small one and would hardly weigh a pound.

"Did you see the birds?" asked Pat.

"I saw the old *broigheall* flying out to the Hags."

"He does that every morning," said Pat. "You didn't see the little birds then?"

"No," said Jackie.

"I did," said Tigue. "Little things they were, no bigger than a sparrow. Fluttering over the water and then touching it with the tips of their feet as if they were dancing on it. Ah, it was great sport to watch them."

Pat Conneeley turned to his wife. "It was the strangest thing to see," he said. "They hovered over the top of the ocean and just put the tips of their toes in the water and then chirped and went off and did the same thing a little further along."

"They were not fishing?" asked Mrs. Conneeley.

"They were not."

"Were they mackerel birds?" asked Jackie, eager to make an impression on Eilis of having some knowledge.

"No," said Pat. "The mackerel birds are black and white like magpies. These were dun-colored. I would not say what kind of birds they are. I have never seen them before."

"Where did they seem to come from?" Jackie asked. "Was it from the land?"

"No. It was from the ocean—beyond the Hags. There was a flock of them came in—perhaps fifty. And they had a strange little chirp to them—like a grasshopper."

"What do you think they mean?" asked Eilis.

"I do not know," said Pat. "I have never seen them before and I do not think anyone else on the island has seen them—except maybe Mr. Reece."

"Did you catch any fish yourself?" asked Jackie.

"No. The mackerel are late. They should have been in two weeks now. I was talking with a man from Carna, and they had caught none there—and with another man I met from Achill, and they had none there either. They are out in the deeps of the ocean." He laughed. "They know we are waiting for them."

"I wonder why they are so late," said Tigue.

"The answer is out there in the ocean," said his father. "Maybe the little birds we saw could tell us."

"My father asked if you could come and help him to reset the stones on our door," said Jackie.

"I will gladly," said Pat. "But tell him to wait a day or two. I have a net needs mending, and I do not know when the mackerel will come. If there's one hole in a net, they will all go through it. Next to a salmon a mackerel is the wisest fish in the sea."

"The salmon are safe in the rivers now," said Jackie.

"Why do you say safe?" asked Pat Conneeley, looking at him curiously.

"My father says there is something wrong in the ocean and that is why the mackerel have not come," said Jackie. He rose to go, blushing furiously. "Thank you for the tea, ma'am," he said to Mrs. Conneeley. He took the milk can and, looking at Eilis, said, "I am to take this milk over to Mr. Reece." And then he blushed more than ever.

"It will have turned if you don't hurry," she said coolly. The boy felt as though a door had been slammed in his face. He went awkwardly across the kitchen and outside to the path that led to the boreen. He was halfway out before Eilis came skipping along behind him.

"Wait for me," she said. "I am to take some eggs to Mr. Reece." She caught up with him and walked along beside him, sometimes giving a little hop that tossed her dark hair around her face and sometimes looking secretly at him from the corner of her eyes.

When they got to the boreen and were out of sight of the cottage she said, "I didn't have to take the eggs. I asked my mother whether I could take them."

For the boy that was the second miracle of the day—one for the wasp and one for him.

Jackie was not often alone with Eilis and when he was alone with her he was always tongue-tied. He dared not tell her of his feelings for fear of rebuff and also for fear that his words would prove inadequate. When he tried to think of words in which to couch the reverence, indeed adoration, in which he held her, he blushed for shame. All he could do was pad along beside her in his bare feet down the boreen, getting both joy and pain from her presence.

The girl seemed to him to sense his agony and determined to tease him obliquely about it. For she kept up a stream of chatter largely about the other boys in the school on the mainland, one of whom had given her a skipping rope with wooden handles. In this condition, between misery and joy, Jackie and Eilis arrived at the Reece cottage.

Michael Reece was stacking bracken in his small yard, and his wife was helping him. When he stood his legs were bent at the knee with age. To compensate for his bent knees he held his shoulders very straight and his chest was pointed like a pigeon's. His eyes were dulled by the years and the lids red-rimmed. Winter or summer he wore long woolen combinations, and the sleeves of his flannel shirt were rolled up over these. His wrists were big, but his arms had wasted to tough sinewy muscle, which had no particular shape, but were like leather thongs along the bone of his arm under the skin.

His shirt was open, and from his curiously pointed chest, which looked as though the bones had been broken and had mended jutting outward, a few springy white hairs peeped. His face was red, and his nose, which was long and sharp, the reddest feature on it.

His wife was clad in an old black gown which reached almost to her swollen ankles. It was a gown without any kind of design at all, just a covering, and it had been torn and mended so many times that it was doubtful if one square foot of the original material remained. She was very stout and even uglier than her husband. Age had thinned him down to the merest essentials of a human being, but it had fattened her up.

"God with you," said Jackie as he entered the yard. "My mother sent some milk."

"God and Mary with you," said Mr. Reece, standing up and putting his hand on his hip so as to straighten his spine and square his shoulders.

"And I brought two eggs," said Eilis.

"May there be good to you," said Mrs. Reece, hobbling forward and taking the milk and the eggs. "Will you come and sit in the kitchen a little and rest yourselves?"

"I'd sooner Mr. Reece told us a story," said Eilis, sitting down on the bracken.

"A story is it," said the old man, looking around his yard and then around the small fields of his farm, and from there out to the ocean to where the white spume leaped into the air against the Hags. He looked at the Hags for so long that Jackie thought he had forgotten about the story. Then he wiped his hands against his chest and said in a low, melodious voice, like the sound of summer wind, "The young trees were breaking, and the old trees were bending, and the giants were coming into the land."

The two children shivered with excitement and anticipation at the words.

"The noise of the giants could be heard for three days coming from the other side of the world. On the first day they sounded like the chirping of crickets, and on the second day they sounded like the screaming of sea gulls, and on the third day they sounded like the screeching of hags, full of rage and destruction so that all the birds on the island died, and the cattle were wild-eyed with fear, and the horses trembled and blood ran from them like sweat; and all the fish gathered in the bottom of the ocean in terror, and not a fish was taken from the waters around the island for a week.

"Fergus, son of Mananaan, who was the god of the (*Continued on Page 70*)

You be the Judge

By WILLIAM DONALDSON

Big Tom, a gentleman whose fat income came from extremely obscure sources, was being given a manicure in his private office when an internal-revenue agent walked in at the heels of his secretary. The agent assured Tom he was there just to make a routine audit of the books. Uneasily but voluntarily, Tom yielded the books. A few weeks later, he was indicted for income-tax evasion.

"Tom's own records, when audited, prove conclusively that he cheated on his income taxes," the Government prosecutor argued in court. "There is simply no question but that he is guilty of a criminal violation."

"What about my constitutional protection from self-incrimination and illegal searches?" Tom wailed through his attorney. "When this agent assured me that the audit was a routine one, I assumed he was at most checking on my civil liability for taxes. He didn't warn me the audit might be the basis of a criminal prosecution, so the Government can't use my own records to convict me."

If you were the judge, would you find Big Tom guilty?

• •

Guilty, was the verdict. The court said taxpayers should know that there is inherent in a "routine" investigation "a warning that the Government's agents will pursue evidence of misreporting. . . ." It added that this pursuit could lead to either civil or criminal prosecution.

Based upon a 1959 decision of the United States Court of Appeals.

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(*Continued from Page 68*) sea, was king of the island in those times. He had fifty times five vessels in the harbor, and the masts of every one of them were made of gold, and their sides were made of silver, and their decks were of mother-of-pearl, and their ropes were made of white silk, and their tillers were made of ebony, and their rudders were made of topaz. Also he had a hundred mackerel nets and a hundred tram nets, and all the mackerel nets were fifty miles long and all the tram nets also fifty, and they were all made of red gold.

"The doorposts of his palace were a hundred and ten feet high and were of ivory, and the doors were of jade, and he had covered the lower part of the island with red gold and the upper part of the island with white gold.

"The giants came on the fourth day riding ships of air, and seeing the beauty of the island, they decided to make it their home. There were twelve of the giants, and they had twelve hags with them, and the smallest of the giants could not get half his foot through the great door of the palace of Fergus, son of Mananaan, and the least ugly of the hags had an eye in the middle of her chin and a tooth growing out of her forehead, and the skin of her face was as dark as the back of an eel.

"When he saw the giants, Fergus, son of Mananaan, leaped on the back of a seal and was taken down into the deepest part of the ocean to his father, and when they had greeted each other, Fergus said, 'The giants have come from the other side of the world to take my island, and I have no weapon against them nor their hags. For I have cast a hundred and twenty spears at them, and they have returned to earth like little pebbles and no harm was done to the giants nor their hags. And now, my father, what am I to do, for it was you who gave me the island, and so you must tell me how I am to defend it?'

"'You must get rid of the hags first,' said Mananaan.

"'I would be glad to do that,' said Fergus, 'for though it is impolite to say so in their presence, they are very ugly.'

"'You must send the hags to me,' said Mananaan.

"'How am I to do this?' asked Fergus.

"'It is for you to determine,' said Mananaan.

"'When I have sent the hags to you,' said Fergus, 'how am I to deal with the giants?'

"'You must send them to search for their wives,' said Mananaan. Then Fergus bowed to his father and asked his blessing and leaped on the back of the seal and was taken back to the island. And as he walked up to his palace he saw that his wife had put their child to sleep in one of the golden fishing nets, and the child was sleeping contentedly. So Fergus called to the leader of the giants, whose name was Fomor, and said, 'You have journeyed far, and although you never tire, perhaps your women are in need of rest. Excuse my ill behavior that I have not offered them the best beds that there are in the island. But I have been troubled what to do, for I have no beds which are big enough nor rich enough to accommodate them.'

"'It is true that our hags tire,' said Fomor, 'but if they are given the right hand of one hundred boys and the left foot of one hundred girls to eat, that will refresh them.'

"'It would be better if perhaps they slept first, then they will enjoy the meal,' said Fergus. 'And I have thought of excellent beds, which in truth we had been preparing for your visit. See how my own child sleeps peacefully in one,' and he pointed to his daughter who was asleep in the net like a pearl in the soft body of an oyster.

"'Prepare these golden beds for our women then,' said Fomor. 'They will sleep while the children are being found to provide them a meal.'

"So Fergus commanded that twenty-four of his ships should be got ready and that they should sail side-by-side with one of the golden mackerel nets stretching from the top of the masts between them. And when this was done, the hags were invited to lie down in the nets and did so, and the vessels sailed away from the island out into the ocean. And when they had got some miles from the land, Fergus called out to his father, 'Mananaan, god of the sea, I am bringing the hags to visit you.'

"And at that moment waves rose on the ocean and pitched the vessels about so that the hags were thrown from the golden nets into the water. And as soon as they touched the water they were turned into fearsome rocks, and that is how the Twelve Hags came to be off the shore of the island.

"When Fergus, son of Mananaan, returned, Fomor demanded to know where the hags had gone, and Fergus said, 'They went to visit my father, and they are so delighted with him that they have decided to stay with him for all time.'

"'Where are they to be seen?' demanded Fomor. 'For we will find them in our ships of air and tear them away from him even if we must destroy the whole world.'

"'You are at liberty to do that,' said Fergus. 'But I would advise you to pass slowly and gently over the surface of the ocean looking carefully here and there. Your hags are greatly changed, but you should be able to know them if you look diligently. It is well known that a man in a rage cannot even find the shoe to put upon his foot.'

"Then the giants consulted among themselves and decided to profit by the advice of Fergus, son of Mananaan, and they went gently away, searching the oceans of the world for their hags. But though they passed over the rocks, still they did not recognize their women in their new form. And so it has been ever since then, for every wind that blows is one of the giants passing by searching for his hag. And when the storms come and the little trees break and the big trees bend, it is because the giants have become angered that their long search is unsuccessful and go around the world roaring in their rage."

When the old man had finished, he reached for his pitchfork and started piling the bracken once more into the shed.

"I have not fished for a while," he said, "but they tell me there are few fish to be had."

"There are no fish," said Jackie, "but there have been strange birds on the water, and my father says there is something the matter out in the ocean."

The old man said nothing, but turned to pitching the bracken in the shed with greater energy, glancing occasionally at the ocean.

The next morning when Jackie went with his father out to the nets, there were only three drowned mackerel in them, and the nets were full of seaweed. There was not only the yellow weed that grows near the shore but also slippery dark lengths of the ribbonlike gowla which grows in the deep water off the coast, raising in the ocean depths a forest of undulating arms a hundred feet long and more. There were also a great many of the little birds. They made mouselike cries over the water and dipped their little toes in it, but did not settle on it. The boy and his father watched them in silence and then looked out at the ocean beyond the Hags where the birds had come from. The waves were bigger, but there was no wind.

"We'll take in the net," said Cormac.

"Is there going to be a storm?" asked Jackie, but his father did not answer, for he had no time to waste on questions which would answer themselves.

It was a long job getting in the net because of the amount of weed in it. Jackie struggled with the weed until his arms pained him both from the cold and from tiredness. Even then he kept on because he was tired of having only a boy's strength. He assured himself that his hands had got bigger because of Saint Brendan and he wasn't really tired, but just accustomed to thinking that after a certain amount of work he could do no more. So he pulled away at the seaweed, setting his teeth against the cold and pain and envying his father with his big fists and big shoulders that nothing could tire. He promised himself that he would not rest until his father rested. Then when he began to weaken in this resolve, he made a bargain. He did not quite know with whom he made it, but the bargain went like this: If he did not stop working on the net until his father had stopped, then he would go to Eilis and she would know how he felt about her without his having to say a word. With this decided in his mind he went on working, and when his father saw the boy's hands trembling with fatigue, he said, "Let up a minute, Jackie, and rest yourself."

"I will not," said Jackie.

His father studied him for a moment and smiled. "I am going to rest myself," said Cormac and reached for a cigarette, which he kept in a tin box up in the bow of the currach. He lighted it, and Jackie turned his head away so that his father would not see the tears of gratitude in his eyes.

When they had got the net in the currach, they took up the lobster pots, too, and came ashore. They loaded the net on a cart and carried it up to the house. This was unusual because normally the net would have been stretched along the wall of the harbor to dry in the sun. The net was put over the thatch roof of the house and pegged to the walls with boat nails. And then Jackie knew that there was a storm coming and that it was far out in the ocean, but approaching daily.

"On the first day," he said to himself, "the noise of the giants was like the chirping of crickets." He listened to the twittering of the little birds over the water and was afraid.

After breakfast his father nodded to Jackie, and they went together up the boreen to Pat Conneeley's cottage. Pat Conneeley was mending a tram net. He had it stretched from a hook on the wall of his yard and worked away with his net needle, squatting on an upturned bucket with the torn part of the net over his small knees.

"Have you heard any reports on Radio Eireann?" asked Cormac. To this Pat Conneeley did not reply immediately, but looking up quick and shrewd said, "You saw the birds this morning no doubt."

"I did," said Cormac.

"And the gowla in the nets?"

"I did."

"Well, there's more in that than on the wireless. The storm's coming. It is a pity that your currach is of wood, that you cannot get it into the house. The canvas currachs are the best in the end."

"The currach will do well enough in the harbor," said Cormac.

"Will it now?" said Pat. Then he decided to stop teasing. It was this teasing streak in him that he had given to Eilis. "It is a bad storm coming, according to the wireless," he said. "There is a big liner set out from New York and has put back because of it. And another from France that put back too. And there's five boats from Iceland lost and every man aboard drowned, may God have mercy on their souls."

"What about the people on Inishmagh?"

"They are leaving the island," said Pat Conneeley. "The coast guard is taking them off."

"They are right to go," said Cormac. "The island is not high. The water was over it in the storm fifteen years ago."

"There was no island for three days at that time," said Pat Conneeley.

"Are they taking their cattle?" asked Cormac.

"How can they take their cattle when there isn't a boat on the island big enough to carry them to the mainland?" asked Pat Conneeley.

"But surely the coast guard would take the cattle off."

"How could the coast guard take them off?" said Pat. "There isn't a harbor on the island deep enough for the coast guard boats to come in. And they cannot swim them out to the boats, for there is no way to get the cattle on board out of the sea."

"If the water comes over the island, they will lose all their cattle then," said Cormac.

"Gordon is studying from the consumer's standpoint."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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"They will that," said Pat.

Jackie had been standing listening with the Conneeley children. Eilis was squatted down beside her father, smiling because her father could talk cleverly and was the best fisherman on the island and Cormac Joyce had had to come to him for advice. Jackie saw the smile and was angry. He felt that his father had been made to look a little slow of wit by asking the questions about taking the cattle off Inishmagh, and in his anger he said, "I would not leave my cattle. If I could not get them off the island, I would stay with them."

"More fool you," said Eilis, and the other children laughed.

The gate of the yard creaked open, and Mr. Reece and his wife came in. Wherever he went she came with him, and Jackie had heard his mother say that that was because nobody could tell when or where his time would come. He might fall down dead at any time, and his wife wanted to be with him.

But looking at them, Jackie did not think this seemed to be the reason. For all his bent knees and thin arms it seemed to him that Mr. Reece was stronger than his wife, and she came with him everywhere for protection. He had a lot of strength, and he had used it all the time for his wife, because his strength was his gift to her. That was the way Jackie felt about Eilis, but he had not much strength to give her.

Mrs. Reece hobbled into the kitchen to join Pat Conneeley's wife, and Mr. Reece, having greeted Pat and Cormac, took an old brier pipe with a silver cap on it, struck a match and lighted the dottle and started smoking.

"The spume around the Hags is high," he said, "but there's no wind yet. Out over the ocean beyond the Hags the sky is getting white like frosttime."

"The people are leaving Inishmagh," said Pat. "The coast guard is taking them off."

Mr. Reece nodded. Nobody said anything for a while. If the families were leaving Inishmagh, it was a logical assumption that it might be well for them to leave also. Finally Cormac turned to Mr. Reece and said, "There's no wind yet. You could light a match in the open on any part of the island without trouble."

"The wind's out in the ocean," said the old man. "It will be here soon. I've got water in the house and bread baked for four days. I've been looking at the cattle as I came along the boreen. They are not eating grass nor chewing the cud, but standing looking out at the ocean. They can hear the wind. So can the dog. It will be here by dawn, I think."

"There is time to get to the mainland," said Cormac. "I could take you in my currach if you had a mind to go."

"I thank you, but I am going to stay," said Mr. Reece.

"Will you not stay in my house then?" said Cormac. "Yours is on the windward side of the island and mine has a little shelter. You will be welcome with us."

"I will stay in my house," said the man.

"If the sea rises, you will be cut off from the rest of the island," said Cormac.

"That is true," said Mr. Reece, "but I will stay in my own house. I will go to no other place. But if you will take care of my cow, I will be glad. She has been dry this week, and my shed is not as strong as it should be."

"Gladly," said Cormac.

"I think it will be around dawn," said Mr. Reece. "God with you then," and he went into the kitchen and called his wife and went off down the boreen with her.

"And what about you?" Cormac asked Pat when the old couple had gone. "Are you staying with the children?"

"Let him go with you," she said. "He is part of you, Cormac Joyce. You may need him."

"The coast guard will be here this afternoon," said Pat. "I'll send the children with them. But I'll stay."

"I will send Jackie, too," said Cormac.

"And not your wife?" asked Pat.

"She would not go."

"Nor will mine."

The Conneeley children were greatly excited at the prospect of going to the mainland. It was a place full of zest for them. The houses were bigger, the roads were tarred and there were cars and lights in the street at nighttime—all of them were things which they saw but rarely.

Cormac called his son, and they went back to the house together. When they were almost there, he remembered about Mr. Reece's cow.

"Go over to Mr. Reece's cottage and bring back his cow and put her in our shed," he said. "And hurry yourself, for I need you to help me."

Jackie ran off down the boreen and he had gone past Saint Brendan's well before he remembered that he had not dipped his hands in it that day. *Well*, he thought, *I'll do it on my way back*. But it wasn't the kind of thing you could stop to do while driving someone else's cow. Then he thought that he would miss doing it just that one day because there were so many exciting things happening with the coast guard coming; and he was about to go on when he felt guilty, and so he came back and put his hands in the well until he'd counted up to ten, which he did counting backward so that he wouldn't go too fast for the saint and cheat on their bargain. There were no insects in the well this time, and he ran the rest of the way to make up for the delay.

The Reece cottage was on a spit of land running out into the ocean. It was a good fifty feet above the high-tide mark, however, and the coast before it was of granite rocks which had been worn smooth by the action of the sea.

There was an apron of this rock sloping down into the water, and cut through it were two channels perhaps ten feet wide. When the tide was out, these channels were wonderful places for looking for crabs and sand eels for catching pollack with. Between the spit of land on which the cottage stood and the main body of the island there was a small dip, not big enough to call a valley. It was all grassed over, and at this time the yellow flowers of the furze shone like gold against the spiky dark-green foliage.

Jackie stopped on a hill before this little dip and looked out beyond the

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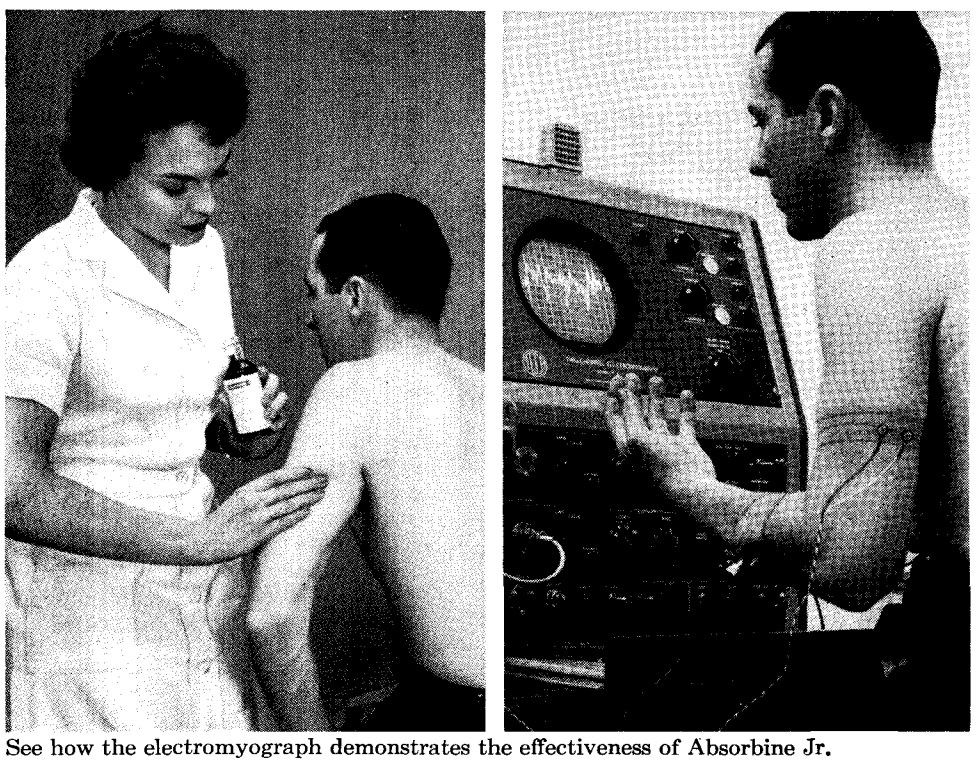

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cottage at the ocean. A subtle change had come over it since morning. It was still blue, turning an enchanting green where the rocks lay just below the surface. But it had a hard look to it as if it were of cracked glass.

The rollers were big and hissed up the apron of granite rock, but they did not come near the cottage, dissolving into lacy foam a hundred yards away. Out by the Hags the ocean had a duller tint to it, and columns of water were flying up around the rocks. They did not look any bigger than a matchstick, but then the Hags were fifteen miles offshore, so that the true height of the spume might be twenty feet or more. The sky looked as hard as the sea and near the horizon it had turned white. The white was spreading slowly even as the boy watched it.

He called to Mr. Reece that he had come for the cow and got her out of the field onto the boreen. She was bawling and kept glancing behind her as she trotted uneasily down the road. Then Jackie noticed that there were no flies on her hind quarters, and she wasn't swishing her tail around. There had been no insects in the well, and now he came to think of it he had not seen an insect on the island all day. He hadn't seen any birds either, except for the little ones over the water that morning.

When he got back he found his father working with the lintel of the door. The lintel was a big piece of bog oak, about eight inches thick and a foot wide and four feet long. He had taken away several of the stones over the lintel which had been loose and was reseating the lintel. The boy watched him anxiously, hoping he would be asked to help. His father, however, was too busy to notice him, and chipped away at a stone with a hammer and chisel, squaring one face of it so as to seat the lintel better. The ringing of the hammer on the chisel made him blink his eyes. He felt warm at the thought of how strong his father was, handling nets and boats and oars and cutting stone, never tiring from blow to blow. Even stone could not stand up to his father, but gave way before his strength.

Finally the work was done, and Cormac turned to his wife. "We will need supper early," he said. "I am going down to the harbor with the boy to bring up the currach. I have been thinking of what Pat Conneeley said, and I think we can get it up on the lee of the house with the cart."

"How can you manage with only the boy?" asked his wife.

"It will be no great task," said Cormac and went out.

They took the cart down the hill to the harbor. Outside the water was restless, and even in the harbor a backwash of waves from the mouth disturbed the surface. Cormac picked up two boulders and put them on the bed of the handcart and then manhandled it down a little slope to the water's edge.

"We will push the cart out into the water," Cormac said to his son. "The stones will keep it on the bottom. Then we will float the currach over it and pull out the cart. You get into the currach and bring her over here so I can get the cart under her. Watch what you are doing."

The currach was over by the seaward wall. Jackie pulled it alongside by the painter, lowered himself into it and sculled with one oar over to where his father was standing, chest-deep in the water with the cart. He maneuvered the currach over the cart, but the boat still floated.

"Come closer to the shore," his father said. The waves took the currach gently and pushed it off from above the cart. Jackie put his oar in the water and gave a vigorous pull. The boat lifted on a wave and lunged forward. He felt the bottom bump on something soft, and his father cried out and snatched his hand out of the water.

The fingers were streaming with bright blood, where the currach had come down and crushed his hand against one of the boulders on the cart. His father looked at his hand for a moment and tried to clench the fingers. They bent a little and a piece of white bone showed through the blood.

"Get out of the currach and help me pull the cart," Cormac said. The boy jumped out onto the shaft of the cart and, going along this, got to shallower water. He took one shaft in both hands and tugged at it, and his father pulled at the other shaft with his uninjured hand. They finally got the cart with the currach on it onto the sand at the edge of the harbor and then struggled up the hill with it to the house. All the while the blood was running out of Cormac's fingers, and when Jackie glanced at it, he could see that the hand was swelling.

That evening the coast-guard boat came, and Pat Conneeley and his wife said that they would all go over with the coast guard, but would come back to the island after leaving the children with his brother on the mainland.

Jackie's mother had packed a bundle for him to take to the mainland and when she gave it to him, he started to tremble.

"Whatever is the matter with you?" she said.

"I'm not going," said Jackie.

"Get down to that boat and get on board it as I told you," said his father. He was nursing his injured hand, which had

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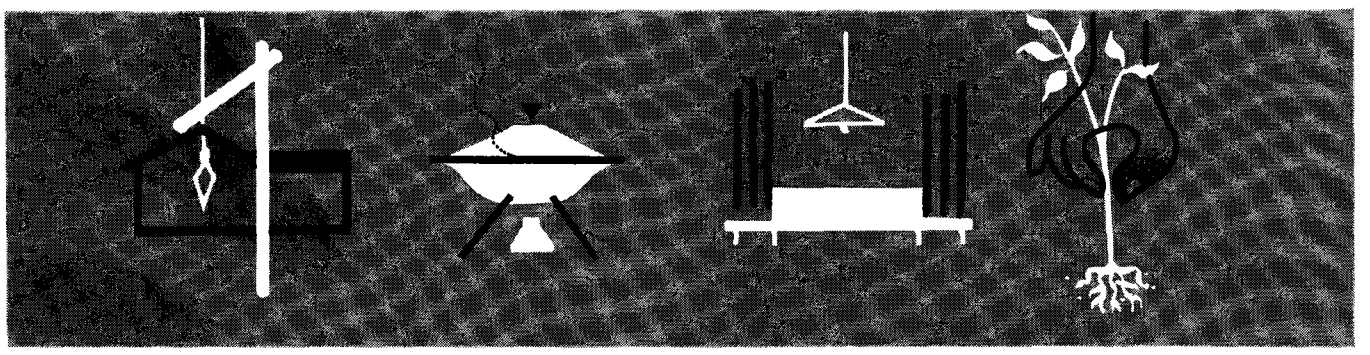

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been bandaged with strips torn from a sheet and his face was gray. There was one spot of blood showing through the bandage.

"I won't," said Jackie. He felt he wanted to be sick because of the nervousness of the moment.

"Do you wait until my hand is broken to disobey?" demanded Cormac. Then he said more softly, "I have as much here to handle as I can manage. You will only be in the way."

"I'm not going," said the boy. "I'm not very strong, but all of me together is as strong as one of my father's hands."

Cormac looked at his wife and was surprised to see that there were tears in her eyes.

"All right, boy," he said. "You can stay."

"Thank you," said Jackie. But he was really talking to Saint Brendan.

That night, for the first time that Jackie could remember, the fire was put out in their cottage. Always before the peat had been banked up in the hearth at night and in the morning, under the yellowish-gray ash, there would be a few glowing red embers from which a new fire was kindled. This continuity of the fire gave him a great sense of security, for the heart of his home was the fireplace. When the fire was put out and the hearth swept clean and empty of ashes, he felt nervous and depressed. It was as if the house were already dead. He took some comfort, however, from the little flame in its red glass bowl which burned before the picture of the Sacred Heart. That flame, he knew, was never put out in any home on the island.

Before the fire was extinguished his mother had baked three big loaves of soda bread. This did not take very long—only forty minutes for each loaf. When the round loaves were baked, they were stood like plates on top of the dresser.

When supper was over, his mother dressed his father's hand again. The third and fourth fingers were broken and had gone a deep bluish red. She sprinkled salt and baking soda over them—the salt to heal and the baking soda to draw out the poisons—and padded a piece of board with some cloth and bound his hand to this to immobilize the fingers. They said the Rosary together and the prayers to Saint Brendan for protection from the sea and a prayer to Saint Finbar to guard the animals—Finbar was held on the island to be a great patron of animals. Then they went to bed. They slept in the sleeping loft over the second room of the house, and the loft was reached by a ladder. From his bed Jackie could see the hearth, and he used to fall asleep watching the glowing peat. But now he had to watch instead the tiny flame in the bowl before the Sacred Heart.

There was no wind—only the sound of the ocean and then, just as he was falling asleep, the whirring of wings over the roof and the melancholy screech of a flock of gulls, which veered off to be drowned in the night.

He remembered what Mr. Reece had said, that on the second day when the giants were coming, the noise of their approach had been like the screeching of gulls, and he got deeper down in his bed and pulled the covers over his head. After a while he started to cry quietly because the fire was out in their cottage and his father's hand was broken and, still crying, he fell asleep.

When the storm broke, it flung down on the island like a wall. There was one overpowering blast which produced a boom like gunfire and then another, and the cottage shuddered under the impact. There were strange, high whistling sounds about the walls, as if every stone of the cottage were whimpering, and above this a heavy boom from the surf. The noise of the surf was between a hiss, like violent steam, and a roar, and added to this was a pounding like thunder.

They dressed and came down from the sleeping loft; and as they did, the sounds of the storm increased: the stones whistled louder, the hiss and boom of the ocean seemed nearer, and there was a rising howl coming from the hearth down the stone chimney. The noise from the hearth frightened Jackie more than anything else. He edged over to his father and tried not to scream from sheer terror.

Cormac was shouting something at his wife, but in the screaming and booming of the wind the boy caught only the word "tide." It was a little after dawn, and he knew then that the tide would be full. It normally rose twenty-five feet, which brought it within two feet of the top of the harbor wall. Their house was higher than that. He did not know how much higher, but the one word "tide" meant that there was danger from it.

All this time the shutters on the windows had been rattling as if possessed of a life of their own. They vibrated rapidly, beating a terrible tattoo against the window frames, and the door now started to jerk back and forth against the big iron bolt that secured it. The cottage was full of furious noise—the vibrating shutters and the whistling of the stones, the howling from the hearth and beyond that the scream of the wind and the thunder and hiss of the surf, and these noises ate into the boy's self-control so that from second to second he had to fight against the scream that rose in him and was on the very edge of his teeth.

Suddenly he buried his face against his father's waist to fight back the scream, and he felt his father's big hand on his head roughing his hair like the first time he had brought home a fish. Then his father pulled back his head and looked at him. His face was stern and strong, but there was no sign of fear in it. The boy's terror diminished.

They sat down at the table to eat, for there was nothing else to do. Cormac kept glancing at the roof, which was of thatch laid over a bed of turf which itself rested in a sheet of planking.

Jackie did not dare to look up there. He had to find somewhere to look where he wouldn't be frightened of the fury around, and so he looked at the bottom of the wall opposite, ignoring the door on the left and the panicked window shutter above on the right. Then from the side of his eye he saw something dark flick under the door and then out again, like a snake's tongue. In a second there was another of these dark things and then another, whipping and flaying around under the little space between the bottom of the door and the floor of the cottage.

Seaweed. That's what it was. Seaweed. But the recognition of it did not take away from the terror, for the nearest seaweed was down by the shore, two hundred yards away and below the hill. Yet here it was fighting like a living thing to get into the house under the door. Then came water. There was only a little of it first, thick with foam, and it spread like a fan below the door, but in a matter of minutes there was more of it, and it now jetted under the door and through the sides. Then there was an explosion of water outside as in the bursting of a wave, and the door strained inward against the bolt and hinges. There was a sharp rattle like bullets on its outside, and water cascaded in through the sides.

Cormac jumped up and upended the heavy kitchen table to put the top of it up against the door to reinforce it. But the table was too broad and would not fit into the doorway. He flung it aside and put his back against the door, and as he did there was another explosion of water out in the yard which shook the foundations of the house; and the burst wave flung against the door, bringing stones and boulders with it, and the water once more cascaded through the sides and underneath. His wife joined him, putting her back to the door too. Her lips were moving in prayer. There was no room for the boy to help.

Then one of the shutters at the window was suddenly whipped off, and the wind flung into the cottage, bowling over the dresser which first shuffled away from the wall as if it were alive and then toppled over on the table and from there fell to the floor. His father shouted something at the boy; he could not hear what it was, but was petrified by the fury from outside which had now entered their cottage.

His father gestured with his bloody bandaged hand, and the boy crawled under the table to the window, thinking that he was to get the shutter and try to close it. There was a rattle and banging from overhead, and the boy knew that the roof was lifting from the violence of the wind in the house. When he got to the window he staggered upright and got a glimpse of what lay outside. What he saw appalled him.

The harbor was gone. There was no sign of it. The ocean was a gray and writhing turmoil which covered the fields and yard around with a twisting lace of foam. The wind whipped this foam up and flung it through the air in clots and carried with it great bundles of seaweed. He saw a huge wave gathering out where the harbor had been and coming down on them, rising higher and blacker with each second. He could not move. The wave burst over the hill, and boulders as big as his head shot out of it like cannon balls and flung against the cottage in a spume of water.

He ducked below the window and the water gushed and leaped through the opening and hit solid against the opposite wall of the kitchen. The stones smashed into the wall and lumbered around the floor, smashing into the fallen dresser.

In that moment the bolt on the door gave under the impact of the same wave, and he heard his mother scream. The boy rose up and saw through the window that the wave was receding across the yard, and the stones and boulders which it had ripped from the walls of the field were bobbling along behind it in the after suck, bumping into one another almost in glee, as if discussing the next assault on the house. He looked for the shutter, but it was gone, torn from the hinges. Out at sea another black line of wave was forming.

He flung himself at the kitchen table and tugged at it, pulling it toward the window. As he tugged he became conscious that he was whimpering. The table was heavy and he could pull it only by inches over the floor. And the wave was gathering outside. He couldn't see it, but he knew that it was getting bigger and blacker and rising higher, loaded with boulders, and that the house could not withstand one more clubbing by the sea.

He struggled harder, fell, got up again and, crying with terror, managed to get the table below the window. He seized it by one side and saw through the window the wave. It was near the hill ready to burst. He tried to lift the table to turn it over on its side and block the window, but he was not strong enough. He could hardly breathe in the fury of the wind, and his hand slipped on the leg of the table and there was no grip in his fingers.

He heard and felt the explosion of the wave on the hill and put his shoulder under the table and stood up with it resting on his shoulders and the back of his neck. His eyes were shut tight, and he heaved upward with his back to the table and the window so as to tip it over on its side. There was a pain in his legs and his thighs, and as he strained upward he thought of the big fist of his father that was now broken but could, when it was well, crush coral and shape stone.

"Make me a man now," he said to Saint Brendan, using all his strength. The foiled wind tried to force the table top away from the window, but he put his shoulder into it and turned so that he could press against it with his arms. He was holding it there, struggling to keep his feet among the rocks on the floor when the wave broke against the house. The table swayed and the water jetted around and over it, and he felt his back bending, but he held on. And then the wave receded, and his mother left the door and took one of the kitchen benches and jammed it against the upper edge of the table to help him.

The boy stayed where he was. His father would guard the door. He would guard the window. His father was the left hand of the house, and he was the right hand of the house.

He wasn't whimpering any more.

The gale lasted three days or six tides as the islanders measured it. When the first tide had at last withdrawn and the seas no longer burst against the cottage, Cormac, his wife and son were able to prepare for the next siege. They took down the floor boards from the sleeping loft and nailed these with heavy boat nails as a reinforcement for the door. The table had to remain against the window, for there was no way of replacing the shutter otherwise. The wind still shrieked outside and boomed down the chimney, and it was impossible to leave the cottage. So the table was left against the window and jammed in place by using the benches. There were two other windows on the opposite side of the cottage, but the shutters on these were firm and in any case were not subject to onslaughts of the sea.

When this had been done they awaited the next tide and after that the next, and then the next and then the next. There was no proper place to sleep. They could not use the loft, for they had removed the boards and in any case they were afraid that the roof would go. One corner showed signs of lifting, but the mackerel net was holding it.

They took the mattresses from the sleeping loft and put them on the floor and slept on these. They had no beds in the sleeping loft, for there was not room for them, so sleeping on the mattresses on the kitchen floor was no hardship in itself. But the floor was covered with fine wet sand which flung in a stream through every crevice of the cottage, and it danced around in the wind which came with it, and through the gale there was a sandstorm in the cottage.

In these conditions they waited from tide to tide, resting at times and sleeping

... ...

Oversimplified Version

Making a long story short
Is something my wife does with relish
(By spilling the point of the story
I've barely begun to embellish).

Hal Chadwick

... ...

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in a nightmare fashion. When the light of perpetual adoration on the mantelpiece over the hearth went out they relighted it, and when it went out again they lighted it again. Finally Cormac put the little red glass bowl with its wick floating in oil in a hurricane lantern, and there it burned throughout the gale, comforting them all by its survival. The fire was gone and the wind and sea besieged them, but this remained and it comforted them.

Cormac's hand was so bad on the second day of the gale that they had to bandage it again. The sand had worked under the bandage and the pulped fingers were coated with it. The boy watched his father while the bandage was removed and though it was stuck to the flesh and took portions of it away, his father did not grimace or turn away or show signs of pain.

"He is greater than his hands," the boy said to himself. "He is strong inside himself without them."

On the morning of the fourth day, after the sixth tide, the wind abated. By afternoon they took the boards away from the door and were able to look out. Blasts of wind still hurled around the island, but there were intervals of quiet between them. They went to the shed where the cows were kept. The Reeces' cow had a broken foreleg and would have to be destroyed. Their two cows were lying in the shed in a welter of sand and stones, exhausted but still alive.

"I'm going up to the Reeces'," Cormac said to his wife.

"I'll come with you," said Jackie.

"You stay with your mother," his father said.

"Let him go with you," said his wife. "He is part of you, Cormac Joyce. You may need him."

The boreen had gone. It was now a rubble of stones and seaweed. Weed and rocks lay all over the fields. There was not one stone wall left on the island. The stones of the walls had been flung into the hollows of the fields, which were full of ocean water whipped by the wind.

The wind was fitful and threw the two of them about as they struggled over the stone and seaweed on the fields. The ocean was still a writhing gray and white around the island, the waves running in many directions, flinging into each other with claps, which could be heard above the wind gusts.

When they got to the top of the hill which overlooked the headland on which the Reeces lived, they found that there was no house there. Only two walls were left standing and half of one of these had been battered down by the sea. The boy looked at the remnants of the house, unbelieving. Then he started to cry. All the terrors which he had endured during the height of the storm overwhelmed him, and he threw himself on the ground and sat rocking his body backward and forward and crying. His father stood beside him staring at the remnants of the house and picturing how it had been wrecked.

He pushed forward, leaving his son, down the little valley, which was now filled with stones, and over to the ruins of the house. The shell was piled high with stones and weed. The door had gone first, he thought, or maybe the window shutter. Then the roof—and then the sea and the wind had come in and killed the old man with the bent knees and the pointed chest and his wife.

There was no trace of either of them, and Cormac came back to his son. The boy had stopped crying, but was still staring at the ruins of the cottage as if he did not see it or did not believe what he saw.

"He was not strong enough," he said dully to his father.

"He was strong," said his father. "He was of the island and he died on the island with his woman and in his own house. That is strength."

Four days later the seas calmed, and the Conneeleys returned. Pat Conneeley had not been able to get back when he took his children to the mainland because the coast guard had decided against returning with him. But now the sun shone, and the sea was blue again, and out in the ocean there was only a trace of spume around the Hags.

Jackie went up the ruins of the boreen and found the place where Saint Brendan's well was. The well was full of weed and stones, and he started to clean it out. He had something to explain to the saint, and he thought that if he cleared out the well, the saint would be in a better humor to listen to him and would not be offended at what he had to say.

"I am not going to put my hands in your well any more," he said. "It isn't my hands that have to be strong for Eilis. It is me that has to be strong. Inside of me. That's where the strength has to be. Not just my hands. And when I'm strong that way, I'll give my strength to her like Mr. Reece did to his wife and my father does to my mother. But I will clean out your well and help you save the insects that fall into it."

When he had said this he reflected for a while and added, "Maybe you knew this all the time and that is why you hurt my father's hand so I could find out."

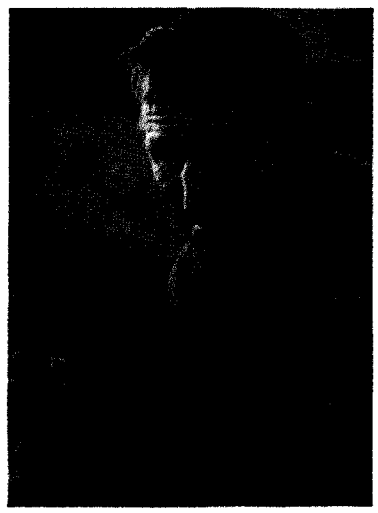
He became conscious of someone standing beside him and turned around to see Eilis and blushed because he knew that she had heard all he said.

"You are strong enough for me, Jackie Joyce," she said. "We will have our own house on the island when we are grown and be like the Reeces were."

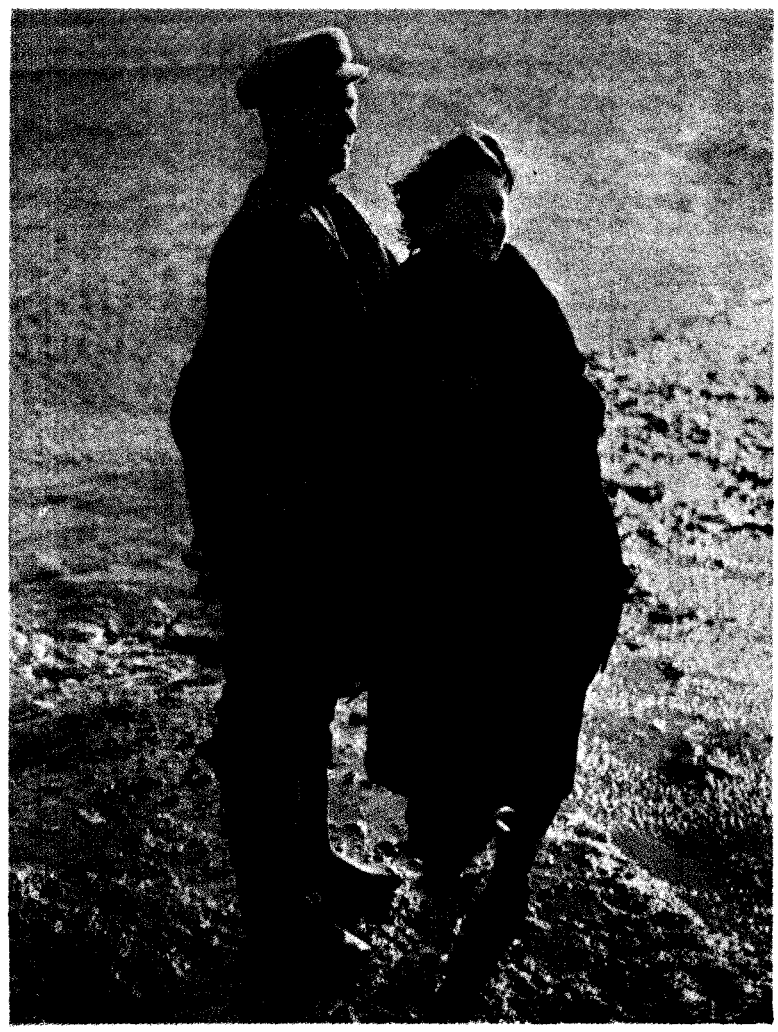
She took his hand and they walked together down to the harbor, not speaking but just looking at each other now and again, and that was enough.

Cormac saw them coming down the hill and turned to his wife who had helped him get the currach back into the water. "So soon?" he said.

"So soon," she replied. "It was that way, too, with you and me, Cormac Joyce."



Cormac saw there were tears
in his wife's eyes.
"All right, boy," he said.
"You can stay."



"So soon?" he said.
"So soon," she replied.
"It was that way, too,
with you and me, Cormac Joyce."

Bowling Is Booming (Continued from Page 21)

popularity. During one of these it was banned by law, and revived only because the addition of a tenth pin and change of the pin pattern from a diamond to a triangle circumvented the ban.

The sport, however, has never before attained anything like its current height in number of players and alleys or the gradiose character of bowling establishments. This is the day of the million-dollar bowling palace, a social center of some respectability, offering a community's best citizens not only a game but also shops, nurseries, meeting rooms and food and drink. The day is largely over when bowling alleys were often a basement adjunct of a saloon whence pin boys were recruited.

The seven-year-old miss, her schoolmates and her parents are not the cause of the bowling growth, but a product of it. Bowling first started jumping during and directly after the war. War-rich factory workers had no gasoline and often came off shifts at odd hours. Bowling alleys near such potential customers offered relaxation that was available at any time, in any weather. Bowling establishments that had formerly closed at definite hours simply stayed open as they were required, a habit that led to today's very common twenty-four-hour operations.

Several strong factors merged to keep this wartime rise from waning. The move to suburbia produced clusters of people who welcomed a community sports center and who had the money and leisure to make use of it. Then, in 1954 at Mount Clemens, Michigan, a most powerful influence appeared. A bowling establishment there installed completely automatic pin-setting machines on every alley. These machines did everything a pin boy used to do except ask for tips. They were never tardy or absent, reluctant or scarce. They stabilized that very important part of bowling, the setting up of pins.

Complete automation meant that the bowling house could operate at capacity at all times if the proprietor could find the customers. It also meant that investors, with an important part of the business stabilized, could afford to risk considerably larger sums in new establishments. The size of an establishment, in fact, was no longer limited by pin-boy availability. This inevitably led to larger and larger establishments.

The American Machine and Foundry Company produced the first automatic machines, which are rented to users on a use rate. About three years later Brunswick-Balke-Collender introduced machines which are sold outright. The two companies compete bitterly, but each recognized that the market for their products was firmly tied to the popularity of bowling. First A.M.F. and then Brunswick began what has been no less than a giant national promotion of bowling as a sport. The (*Continued on Page 76*)

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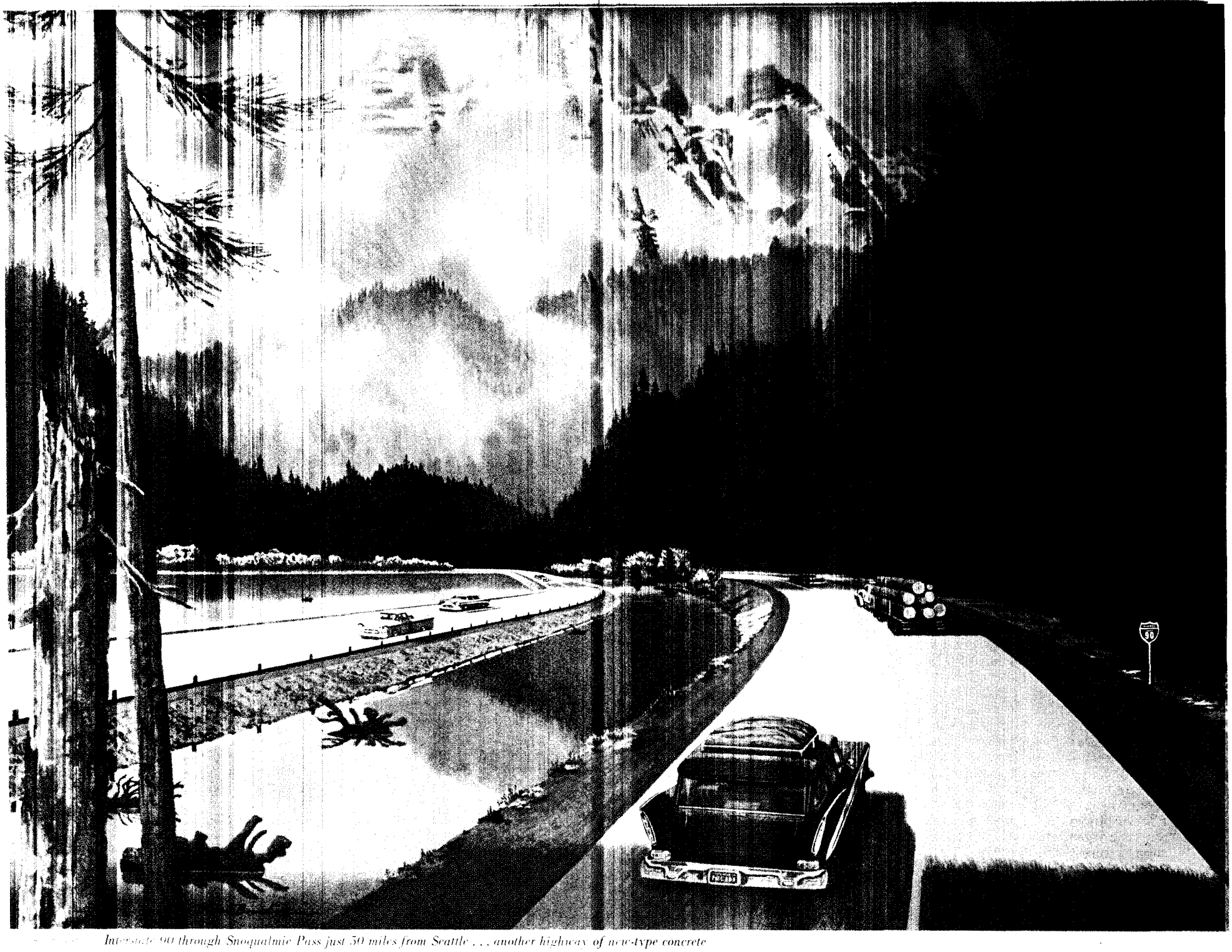


Interstate 90 through Snoqualmie Pass just 50 miles from Seattle . . . another highway of new-type concrete

EVERY RIDE A REST! IT'S ALL GLIDE, NO BOUNCE ON **NEW-TYPE CONCRETE!**

(not [illegible] smoother even if carved from solid rock)

Your comfort is built right into these highways of new-type concrete. You won't find a smoother-riding, flatter-driving surface.

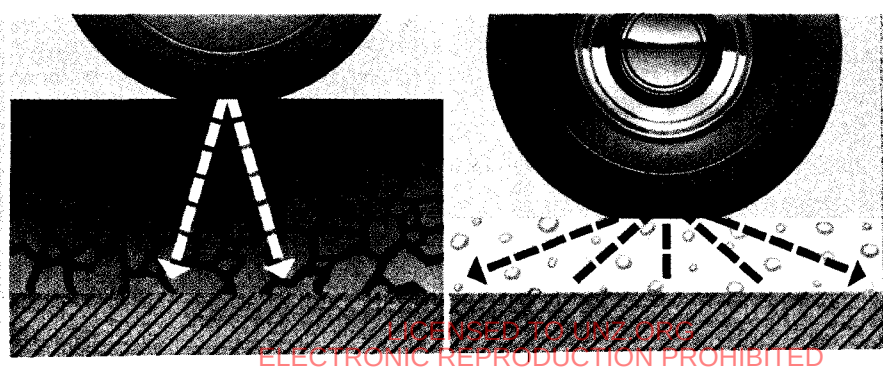
And the pleasure it brings you couldn't be more lasting. Here's one pavement that actually *grows stronger with age*. New-type concrete, of course, is basically *reconstituted rock*. That's why it doesn't get "tired" and rut and furrow. Specially designed subbases give it extra durability.

And new-type concrete is sound-conditioned. No "thumps." It's laid continuously with only narrow sawed-in cushion spaces that can't "sound off." Winter's freezing and de-icers won't roughen new-type concrete. It's "air entrained" . . . processed to put into it billions of minute air bubbles that prevent damage. Even safety comes built in . . . with the grainy tire-gripping surface, the light color that lets you see better at night.

Engineers predict new-type concrete will last *50 years and more*. No other pavement can come near this—or the savings on upkeep that run as high as 60%. Concrete costs everybody less in the long run. Thousands of miles of new-type concrete are scheduled for the new Interstate System. It's easy to see why!

PORTLAND CEMENT ASSOCIATION *A national organization to improve and extend the uses of concrete*

Why concrete is the most permanent pavement known. Built solid as a beam, concrete spreads car weight over a large area (*right*) . . . doesn't concentrate it in one spot as do flexible materials (*left*). This prevents breakdown, yet permits concrete highways to be built much thinner.



FOR HIGHWAYS WITH A SOLID FUTURE

NEW-TYPE Concrete

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(*Continued from Page 74*) promotion has been no small part of the bowling boom.

There are now bowling-advice columns in hundreds of newspapers. There are three major network television bowling programs and innumerable local shows. Clinics and exhibitions go into all corners of the country. If a local proprietor wishes to stage his own promotion, he can draw from 100 stars in the stables of A.M.F. and Brunswick, most of them available at $100 an appearance.

As these promotional tools developed and as his facilities became more elite, the bowling proprietor was able to canvass wider and wider social areas for business. He could invade the schools, the churches, industrial plants, fraternal and civic organizations, inviting them to form teams and leagues to use his handsome, new and respectable premises. In this way the bowling proprietor was propelled from his former status of saloon satellite to a role as substantial businessman and pillar of the community.

Harold Weber, in seventeen years as a bowling proprietor, has witnessed and been a part of this transformation and growth. He now operates a typical product of that growth, All Star Lanes, Dempster and Laramie streets, Skokie, Illinois. Weber is a member of the important Promotion Committee of the Bowling Proprietors Association of America, which represents 80 per cent of the commercial houses of the country.

All Star Lanes is a thirty-four lane establishment worth more than $1,000,000. It is a fully automatic house, with A.M.F.-leased machines clear across the deck—nearly 90 per cent of the country's bowling houses are now automatic. All Star is a miniature community in itself. In addition to the bowling lanes, it houses a billiard club restricted to members, a cocktail lounge, a bar and a meeting room which not only is used for assemblies of bowlers but also is available to any civic organization. All Star has a pro shop, a shoe-rental department, a children's nursery, a combined sales counter and control center, and a restaurant which is leased to an outside operator.

Weber has a staff of forty-four persons, many of them seasonal or part-time. They include his son, Martin K. Weber, a brisk young man who shares with Loretta Prendergast most of the detailed organizational, supervisory and paper work. All Star's operational deviations from the average house are two. On Marty Weber's decision the house does not sell bowling balls, although Marty himself is a qualified ball driller and fitter. He says, "We have no big star resident here, and sooner or later every bowler blames his ball for scores with which he may be dissatisfied. If there is no big name around to tell him that the ball is all right, he blames the one who sold it to him. We prefer to shift that blame out of the house."

Also the All Star does not sell its own bowling shirts. This activity is given to Moe Shiffman, one of three All Star supervisory instructors. The bowling shirt, incidentally, is one of a curious family of bowling accessories that has sprung up with the sport. It is a sport shirt with a contest attached. Several shirtmakers offer prizes for unusual scores, if the bowler at the time is wearing the maker's brand of shirt. A bowler rolling 300 while wearing the right shirt, belt, slacks and shoes can pick up prizes in four figures.

Harold Weber, a hard-working, energetic man who is bubbling with promotion ideas and has contributed many to the industry, concentrates on bringing bowlers into All Star. "Once they are here, it is up to them to choose any additional services they need. We do not push anything but bowling. The bar, for example, is there. Our customers can use it if they like, but I am not operating a saloon. If I want to run a saloon, I'll go somewhere else and open one."

It is not quite that casual. In attaining big-business size, bowling establishments have had the services of architects and designers, sometimes furnished by the manufacturers, who lay out a house with sharp attention to the traffic flow and the best position along that flow to plant sales temptations. Since All Star is a modern house, now in its third season, it has been well planned not only for commercial operation but also with some aesthetic regard. One of the entrance halls lies alongside the end alley and affords the visitor a vista across the thirty-four lanes, which are backgrounded by a black wall on which is hung a large metal abstract sculpture. Another such piece stands alongside the main outside street entrance. Both are by Abbott Pattison, a Winnetka sculptor.

The concealed part of a bowling establishment is behind the alleys. In an automatic house, as in All Star, this is a corridor of mechanical action. The bowling ball, rolling into the back curtain of the pit, triggers the machine, which then automatically responds to the bowling situation. It will sweep the downed pins off the alley, and reset in their correct position any that are not downed, even if the first ball has moved them slightly off their spots. It will also reset all pins at the beginning of each new frame.

The machine has only one mental block. It cannot understand a game in which a spare is scored in the last frame and the bowler is entitled to one final ball. If any pins remain standing after that extra roll, the machine waits for a second ball, as if the frame were in the middle of the game, and human help is needed. Someone must push a button. At least twenty pins are required to keep the machine functioning, since it fills the racks without waiting for supplies of pins to be swept from the alley. Pins are not a small investment; a minimum supply for a thirty-four-lane house costs $3500. Weber owns his pins, but pin-maintenance companies also rent them.

Along with its commercial success All Star has also experienced many of the problems common to bowling today. Weber had to fight a zoning board to secure his present location. This is a common occurrence. Also, All Star is operating in an area that is oversupplied with lanes. Oversupply is not yet a common occurrence, but an overabundance of lanes in some localities has produced price wars. This is a point of contention between proprietors and equipment manufacturers. There is an industry formula for selling equipment to new bowling establishments. All parties are supposed to limit facilities to one alley bed per 1000 population within a square mile, a rule that varies with type of location and is sometimes ignored.

The people who come to All Star are mostly suburbanites from Skokie and other of Chicago's northwest suburbs, including Evanston. They fill two parking lots, one of which is badly overcrowded in the busiest hours. Contrary to some of the newer bowling palaces, All Star has no open, sweeping approach to its structure. It stands directly on the corner of two streets, flush with the sidewalks. The structure is typical, arch-roofed and single story, but the identification signs are unusually subdued.

"I promised the zoning board," Weber says, "that I would take car traffic off the streets into my lots and would refrain from operating bright or flashing signs. Our All Star sign is fluorescent and glows under black light. I'm nuts, and I admit it. I always want something different."

Weber is quite the contrary of nuts. His operation is better than average in all major income categories of the business, and he is often called upon as a consultant by establishments in trouble. Weber says flatly, and Howard Seehausen, executive director of the Bowling Proprietors Association of America, confirms that "no bowling establishment has ever gone bankrupt." However, at the request of B.P.A.A. the firm of Ernst and Ernst recently completed an analysis of bowling operations at 255 establishments in this country. The report indicated a sharp downtrend in net profit during 1958 compared with the two previous years. It is claimed that while customers are increasing, the construction of new alley beds is outrunning the increase in bowlers, resulting in a decline of net profits after taxes to 2.5 per cent.

All Star's linage, which is number of games bowled, runs 75 per cent higher than the average for its size category and more than double the average for all houses studied, ranging from four-lane to sixty-four-lane. All Star's heavy linage is attributable to a high ratio of league bowling—organized competitive teams which bowl for prizes and commit themselves to thirty-five-week seasons. Weber's very active promotional sense has gained him much of this business. He is rarely without a new idea. Recently he recommended formation of a pregnant-women's league. It was not a success. He knew it would not be, but it did call attention to bowling.

A misfire in this same field which Weber did not quite expect was a closed-circuit television connection between the alleys and the nursery, with monitors between each two lanes. The theory was that mothers who had left tots in the nursery could keep track of them on television. The device was useless and was later removed. The bowling mothers, it developed, wanted a respite from the children. They preferred to leave the watching chore to the nursery supervisor.

Bowling has a less narcotic quality than some other games, and a surprising number of current bowlers started playing casually, accidentally or just to be sociable. Take a pair of All Star league contestants, Neil Franklin and Walt Kahle. They are young engineers who work in a computer data-processing division of International Business Machines in Evanston, and they bowl in an I.B.M. league. Franklin, who is single, had no interest in bowling. "I was dragooned into it," he said. "The office wanted forty men, and not that many signed up, so I was either going to bowl or become unpopular. I bowled. And now I'm glad of it. It helps to relax the tensions of my job."

Kahle shows no signs of needing relaxation, and in contrast to Franklin he wanted to bowl. He had always bowled a little, and the weekly league night offered him a harmless night out from his family.

For Lily Reisman the sport has a much stronger attraction. Lily and her husband came to Skokie from Czechoslovakia ten years ago. She had never known the game before she joined the Parent-Teacher Association of East Prairie grammar school and was invited to join the P.T.A. league. She is fascinated by the sport, often seeks instruction from Dolores Stille, an All Star instructress, sometimes bowls by herself and brings her husband to the lanes when open bowling is available.

Dorothy Sugar, another East Prairie P.T.A. bowler, got into bowling through her hay fever. She got tired of seeking refuge from pollen at home and in air-conditioned movies and turned to air-conditioned All Star Lanes for a change. She is a bowling proprietor's dream—a summer bowler. Summer is bowling's barren season. Two other young housewives, Peggy Carroll and Frances Rasgus, bowl in the sizable St. Athanasius church league at a morning hour. They think the best part of bowling is the chance to get away from household and child cares.

Straight male or female leagues are the most common in bowling everywhere, but

"The next time you celebrate my birthday, how about taking me along?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Weber has several mixed leagues. One of these is an evening league from the Evanston Golf Club. The Evanston club is large enough to provide a league of eight teams. Head of the bowling is Al Fenske, who explains, "In the summertime we are accustomed to playing golf and having an occasional drink with each other, and bowling is one way we can keep up the association between seasons." One distinction of the Evanston league is that anyone who rolls a turkey—three strikes in a row—is entitled on the spot to kiss all team members of the opposite sex.

Weber has church leagues from three major religious faiths, a weekly booking of handicapped children of which he is especially proud, and industrial and civic leagues. Northwestern University has used the lanes in shaping a bowling team. But the most picturesque leagues are the juveniles. They are probably also the most trouble, but they are salesmen to their parents and they comprise a hard core of future bowling business.

The teams of youngsters are bracketed in two-year age periods, beginning from seven to nine years. It is Marty Weber's job to alert the community to All Star's preseason offer of a week's free bowling instruction for young people and thereafter to organize those who decide to sign up. The charge is less than for adults, three games for $1.25, but only ninety-five cents of this is for bowling. Fifteen cents is held out for trophies and a party at the end of the season. The remaining fifteen cents goes to teen-age bowlers who handle the scoring for the youngest teams, help parents with discipline and, when it is needed, do a little coaching.

The appearance of the seven-to-nines on Saturday morning is a spectacle of bowling pandemonium. The real small bowlers, thickly interlarded with parents, mill around, scuffle and squeal. Although some show budding signs of nice bowling swings, most show little kinship with the ball, the pins and the alley and not even a nodding acquaintance with the foul line. They deliver the ball standing, sitting, falling down and sliding, and no effort of any kind fails to bring cheers from the bench. Weber is fond of advising people that kids should be taken off the streets and put into the alleys. In this early-age category he must mean gutters, because that is where most of the balls go.

On the first day of this season in September, Cynthia Richards, a tiny blonde, preceded her first roll by leaping wildly into her father's arms and sobbing. But after being coaxed into rolling the first ball she thereafter ignored him. Roger Salzgeber, nine and one half years old and hence one of the more capable of the young group, became so upset by his mistakes that he offered his mother half his week's allowance if she would leave.

As Saturday progresses, ages, and scores, go up, parents disappear altogether and heavier balls appear—maximum is sixteen pounds. By midafternoon the top teen-agers, slick and well-coordinated, have taken over one end of the row of lanes, and birthday parties have crept into the other end. The latter bring back young and boisterous players. On the same opening day there were five parties in progress, with the largest occupying three lanes and fifteen children.

Important as it is, juvenile bowling is the small end of the bowling business. Women's leagues are of much greater consequence, and men's industrial and organization leagues most important of all. If there is a bar in the house, which is illegal in some states, the importance of the men's evening leagues is heightened. There is even a difference between a predominantly beer crowd and a mixed-drinks crowd. The latter is more profitable. Bowling proprietors have even been known to refuse bookings at the best hours for nondrinking leagues.

The statistics, however, are with Harold Weber in his concentration on bowling. Bowling receipts comprise 69 per cent of total receipts of an average house. Bar receipts are the second source of income, but average only 15 per cent, and a restaurant is third in importance. Weber is below average in the restaurant item since he merely rents the restaurant quarters. Rental of bowling shoes, now an almost universal practice, has materially helped the bowling boom. Shoes rent for only twenty cents a pair, and income from this service, according to the Ernst and Ernst study, is only 2 per cent of an establishment's receipts. All other categories are even less.

Night Tears

By Ida Elaine James

I have taken away his pillow.
He is dead.
I lie alone upon my widowed
bed.

Wet leaves are writhing as I
turn my head—
The neighbor's porch light makes
them gleam and shimmer—
Now they have turned it off;
all is dimmer.

Now I have only the moon, too
pale, too far,
But I know where the crying
branches are;
I see their writhing hands,
I need no star
To catch a tree's night tears—

I need no moon
Though night, as my heart, is
a wide black lagoon.

Heaviest operating cost in a bowling house is for pinsetting, which, in All Star's case, now runs six cents per line for lease of machines. This charge starts higher, but is reduced after 10,000 lines on each lane and again after 14,000 lines. Comparison with machines purchased outright is difficult. Purchased pinsetting machines cost a little more than the equivalent of five years of rental costs at the rate at which Weber operates his lanes, but volume and differences in interest cost and servicing charges have a bearing on the comparison.

To the bowler, an evening's entertainment is relatively inexpensive. Three games at the standard fifty cents a line is little more than a movie. The cost of outfitting for those who bowl often enough to want their own gear is considerably less than for golf. Shoes, bowling ball and carrying bag in fair quality can be had for about fifty dollars, of which the ball would represent half the total.

There is a larger and larger money element in bowling as its popularity grows. Industrial plants with big employee leagues can build up prize pots in five figures by having bowlers chip in only about 10 per cent of the bowling cost. Amounts have grown so large that there have been several hundred cases of league treasurers absconding. All Star has its own banking system for leagues that bank their prize funds, and both balances and disbursements are subject to continuing confirmation and audit.

The boom also has fostered a new and prosperous class of professional bowlers. Star bowlers cash in on a multitude of local and regional tournaments, maintain exhibition contracts with equipment makers, earn perhaps $100 a week for affiliation with a top team, pick up endorsement money and perhaps win money on television contests—one winner collected $22,500. The American Bowling Congress, which is the sixty-four-year-old arbiter of bowling's rules and standards, conducts the largest of all annual tournaments, the A.B.C. In the last twenty years the A.B.C. prize money has never totaled less than $174,000, and in 1953, when the tournament was held in Chicago and drew an unusually large number of contestants, the prize pot was over $500,000.

Despite bowling's new popularity, the alley beds themselves have undergone little change. They are still hard maple at the wear points in the first few feet and at the end where the timber crashes. In midalley the beds are commonly soft pine, which permits the ball to bite the surface and make effective whatever spin the bowler has applied upon delivery. The pins are also still maple, although tough plastic now coats most of them and later may take over the whole pin. Ball returns have gone underground, and the ball has been forced to pass through a duster on its return. It then pops up, its speed checked, on racks between alleys.

The existence of so large a number of tenpin players has had many effects on the bowling scene. One is the toppling of long-standing scoring records. However, the sport has not been changed so severely that pilot error has been eliminated. It is still a game in which a hairline shift of the ball can make a notable difference in the score. Witness the achievement of Ed Lubanski of Detroit last summer. In a television appearance at Miami, Lubanski, 1959 Bowler of the Year, rolled three games. The last two were consecutive perfect games of 300 each, a feat that is almost unheard of in bowling history. But even Lubanski is human, which will be welcome news to hack bowlers. In the game preceding his two 300 games he, together with a Scotch doubles partner, rolled 149, a duffer total.

Moreover, the A.B.C. records are full of fantastic reversals of form in the annual A.B.C. tournament. Consider the bowler who once followed a superior game of 266 with a dreadful ninety-nine in the very next game. Or the bowler who followed a 205 game with a game of fifty-three that included eight gutter balls. And at times bowlers may rise to heroic heights. In 1958 the A.B.C. title winner, Ed Shay, came up to his final game needing 294 to win. He bowled 300. The preceding year Bob Allen needed a last game of 296 to win. He rolled 298.

All Star, while it has held clinics and exhibitions, is not a tournament house and hence not a site for official record making or record breaking. Many of its better bowlers do win distinctions in regular play, however, and Weber provides them with trophies, arm-band awards and enrollment on an honor roll. There have been 300 games, all-spare games and Dutch 200's, which are complete games of alternate spares and strikes. These also occur at other houses, but All Star was the site of one game which may never have been matched elsewhere. It was turned in by Billy Salzgeber, aged eight, the younger brother of the boy who tried to bribe his mother to leave. Billy rolled a game of ten, but he did it the hard way—one strike and eighteen balls in the gutter.

THE END

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Big, Happy Family (Continued from Page 33)

weakening family ties everywhere, the Soldis have *strengthened* them. As word spread of their spectacular success, not a few non-Soldis have tried—vainly—to join, or have sought advice on how to start the same thing in their own families.

The process seems simple enough—assuming you have just one man as imaginative and dynamic as Fiorino, whom another Soldi has called "our spark plug that never misses." He started things in his home city of Cremona by sending out letters to all Soldis he could find in Cremona province, suggesting a meeting "to see what might happen."

The House of Soldi began with a boom, literally—from a large bass drum about seven A.M. on September 24, 1950. About 400 assembled Soldis began parading through the still-drowsy streets of Cremona, led by a brass band, mostly Soldis, blaring out a special new Soldi-written *March of the Soldis*. At their head fluttered a huge flag that Fiorino had had made, bearing the Soldi family coat of arms adopted more than three centuries ago. It displays golden coins—*soldi*—and an outstretched arm holding a bag of money.

After a special Soldi Mass with a Soldi priest officiating, they gathered for lunch and voted to form the House of Soldi, to hold an annual World Congress of Soldis and to found The Fund, a sort of miniature Marshall Plan for intrafamily help.

News of the organization began filtering out into the world, and back came inquiries from all kinds of Soldis everywhere. From a Soldi missionary in Pakistan, a Soldi housewife in Buffalo, New York, a Soldi artist in Buenos Aires, a Soldi architect in Peru, and so on. An inquiry from Israel caused some puzzlement until it turned out to be from an Italian sea captain Soldi stationed there.

The inquirers wanted to know what it was all about and who could join. Membership rules are simple: You must be born of a Soldi father, or have a mother born Soldi, or be married to a Soldi. The House has made a few exceptions, as for the Bishop of Acqui, Italy, who wrote rather wistfully that only his grandmother had been a Soldi, but could he join anyway? They stretched a point, let him in, and he was formally consecrated "Bishop of the Soldis."

Since so many members have identical names—some 550 Marios and 500 Marias so far—Fiorino adopted the Roman numbering system normally limited to popes and sovereigns. Thus the first Mario to join up is listed as Mario I, the thirty-seventh as Mario XXXVII, and so on. At last count his lists showed exactly 31,126 members. Italy, of course, still has the largest concentrations, with about 5000 in Cremona province and about 4000 in Florence province. Peru seems to have the largest foreign group, about 200 strong, some of them there three generations.

In a world blasé about billions, the Soldi benevolent fund seems almost laughably small—about $5000 a year now—but careful husbanding seems to squeeze a dollar's worth of good from each penny. When, recently, a very poor Soldi died, leaving not even enough for burial expenses, the Soldi Fund paid for his coffin. It paid the ground rent for a poor Soldi farmer who, because hailstorms had ruined his crops, was about to lose the use of his land. It bought a donkey to pull a cart that a crippled old Soldi, Olinto I, had inherited, thus enabling him to bring his produce into town and support himself.

It has bought schoolbooks and helped pay tuition for indigent Soldi scholars, and once bought a bicycle for a boy who otherwise couldn't have come into town for schooling. It has bought clothes for poor Soldis, letting them repay the fund by installments, without interest; it has paid for expensive medicines and has paid back rent for Soldis facing eviction.

The fund has helped deserving Soldis go into business, as in the case of two young men, long on know-how but short of cash, who wanted to set up a small auto-repair shop. In several instances, when the required money was too much for the fund, it acted as guarantor for a bank loan. Dr. Franco I Soldi, delegate of the Rome branch and a prosperous businessman, has proposed a substantial Soldi revolving fund to help Soldis set up business ventures—and has offered to put up a sizable chunk of it himself.

A war widow, whose Soldi husband had been killed and buried in France, wrote the fund that her son had developed an obsession to have his father's body brought back home to Italy "so he can put flowers on it every Sunday." Touched, the fund did it, at a cost of about $130 and a nightmarish struggle with French and Italian red tape. News of this leaked out, and other Soldis asked the same thing. The fund's governors hesitated. Shouldn't they use their slender capital for the living, not the dead? And yet. . . .

Some comparatively well-to-do Soldis solved the dilemma by chipping in a special fund of about 1,000,000 lire—$1600—for this single purpose. With this, all known Soldi casualties of World War II—fifteen—have now been returned to Italy and the program is closed. Last to return, met by an honor guard of the Italian Army, was the body of an Italian who died in a German concentration camp. His father, an eighty-year-old Soldi mountaineer, had written, "I cannot sleep or die until my son is back home."

As each Christmas approaches, the Soldi Fund makes what the Italians so graphically call a *censimento delle lacrime*—"census of tears"—a search for misery among all Soldis. To everybody in need, the fund sends something. Obviously it can't be much, but in Italy 625 lire go much farther than one dollar, the legal equivalent, goes in America. In its scant ten years the fund has mailed out some 5000 Christmas money orders, ranging from 3000 to 5000 lire—five to eight dollars. Most go to Soldis in Italy, but a poor Soldi coal miner in Belgium got one last year, as did a Soldi laborer in South America.

News of such help and gifts gets around, of course, and leads to ever more requests—some from *non*-Soldis pretending to be Soldis. In self-defense, the fund now requires any unknown Soldi asking help to produce proof that he really *is* a Soldi, within the organization's definition.

Tiny as the fund is, by world terms, it is still not easily raised, for few Soldis are really rich, and Italian income standards are far below American ones. The largest single donation so far was 100,000 lire—about $160—from a well-off Soldi farmer. Lots of Soldi children chip in their fifty lire—eight cents. The bulk of the money is raised after the culminating luncheon of each annual Soldi Congress when, replete with good food and wine, the assembled Soldis make their gifts or pledges. But all year round contributions come in from everywhere, from distant Soldis in as many as fourteen different currencies.

Helpful as the fund's money has been, Fiorino is convinced that even more valuable work has been done at no cost at all, or very little. "It isn't," he says, "so much money that people lack today, but good will. Sometimes a good word, a friendly gesture, a word of advice or a helping hand will do ten times as much as money will. That's what families are for."

In his den-office at Cremona, a sort of G.H.Q. or nerve center for all Soldis, Fiorino performs a startling array of services. One afternoon while I talked to him he did the following:

1. Received word that Giovanni XVI Soldi had just died in Brescia. Arranged to have Don Giuseppe XV Soldi, the family's official chaplain-general, say a special Mass for him next day. (This is regular practice now.)

2. Opened a money order for 500 lire—about eighty cents—from a Soldi in Southern Italy, for the fund.

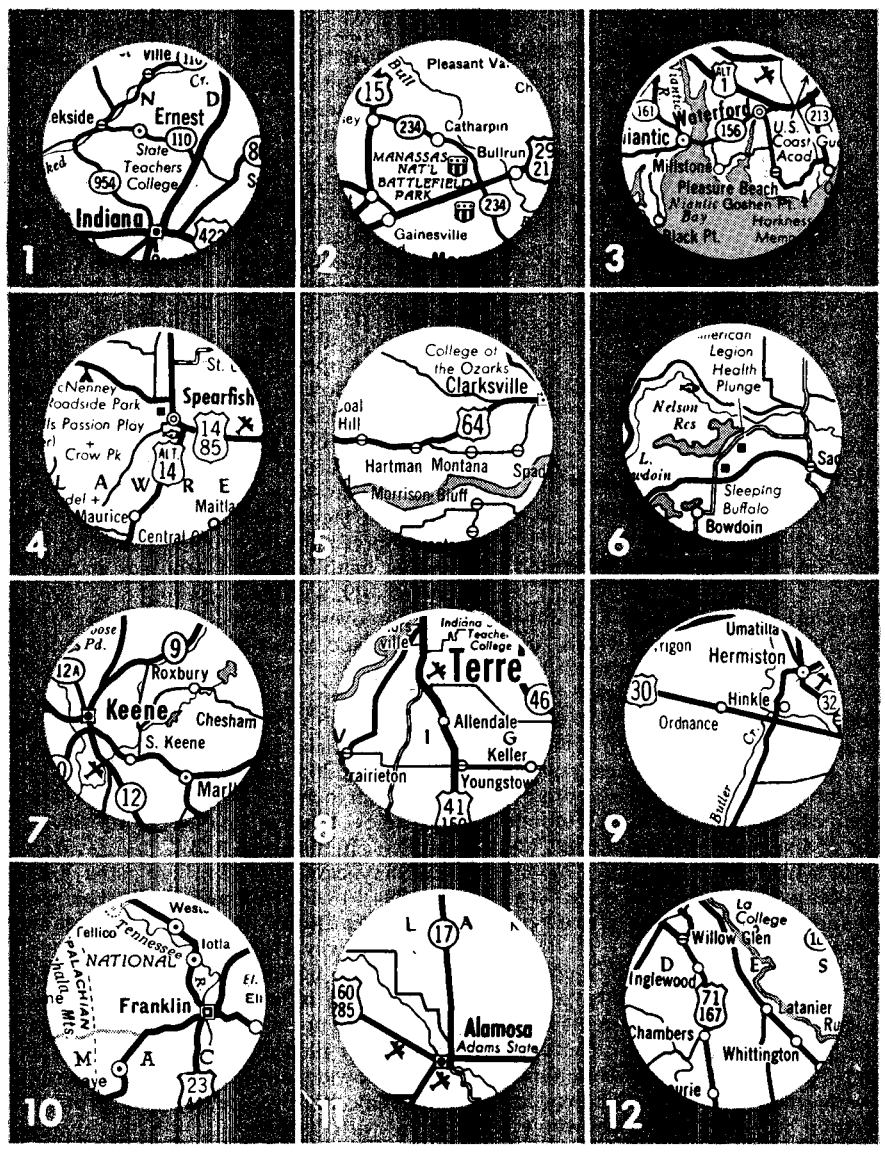
3. Learned of the approaching wedding of a Soldi girl in a distant city. Wrote the Soldi delegate nearest her to buy flowers for the wedding. Prepared a congratulatory telegram, in the name of the House.

4. Arranged to have the "Soldi Communion dress" forwarded to a little girl about to celebrate her first Communion. The dress, donated by some Soldi parents, is passed around to anybody who wants it. So far some thirty Soldi girls have used it, each time saving their parents from twenty-five to thirty-five dollars, no small item in a poor family for a dress used only once.

A jobless Soldi turns automatically to the House for help; so far it has found work for about 100. If a Soldi boy goes off to school in a strange city, G.H.Q. often tries to find a Soldi kinsman there, either to lodge him or help him get squared away. If a Soldi wants to buy, rent or sell a house, G.H.Q. scouts around to help him. If needy Soldis require medical or legal advice, there are often—at least in the larger Italian cities—Soldi doctors and lawyers to give it to them free. If a poor Soldi child needs beach or mountain air, G.H.Q. can usually find a Soldi-owned pensioner hotel to provide it, at a nominal charge, or none at all. The House has even helped some Soldis in South America find rare Vatican stamps.

In several cases the House G.H.Q. has acted as a marriage bureau. In the neatest instance a Soldi pharmacist wrote Fiorino that he was looking for a bride who was either a Soldi herself or knew something about pharmacy. With true Soldi luck, Fiorino knew exactly the girl: his own pretty, young second cousin, a Soldi who had just been graduated in pharmacy! Wedding bells soon rang.

Three years ago Fiorino got a desperate letter from a Soldi wife, whom he did not know, in another city. She said her marriage was breaking up, and could the House do anything to help? Since the sanctity of marriage and family is, of course, the most basic of all Soldi tenets, Fiorino caught the next train, had long talks with (Continued on Page 80)



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Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 80*)

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(*Continued from Page 78*) husband and wife and patched up things successfully.

Soldis all over the world keep up with family doings in their own newspaper, the *Soldi Journal*. Some 5000 copies go out to Soldis on five continents. The *Journal* carries ads which seem like ads in any other paper—except they are all Soldi ads and cost nothing. However, there is a clear understanding that any Soldi running an ad will give a discount—usually around 20 per cent—to any Soldi purchaser. By now the list includes a great array of goods and services, for some Soldi has turned his hand to almost anything you can name.

Thus Soldis can get family bargains in wine, books, hats, plants, fireworks, laundry, paints, glass, typewriter repair—there is no end to the list. A Soldi who travels is apt to keep a list of Soldi-owned bars, restaurants and hotels along the way. In Brussels, Belgium, he knows a Soldi bookshop ready to give the family discount. Should he find himself in Peru, he knows Eugenio VII Soldi will sell him bottled fruit juices the same way.

The *Journal* devotes much space to the annual Soldi world congresses, which are already a well-rooted and well-loved Italian tradition. The press covers them carefully, and travel agencies have smilingly declined their usual commissions for arranging transport and lodging. A congress is like a superfamily picnic, with all kinds of flags: Soldi flags, Italian flags, flags of all twenty countries where known Soldis live. Quite a few overseas Soldis now plan their visits back to the old country so as to coincide with the congresses. Two young British kinsmen, Edward and John Soldi-Moss, once hitchhiked all the way from England.

The highest officials, from popes and presidents on down, have received the congresses or sent warmest welcome or greetings. About 400 Soldis usually attend each congress, many of them as delegates representing Soldi colonies in their home areas. The Roman numbering system makes a Soldi luncheon sound like a glittering banquet of history's great names: Louis XIV may be joking with Henry VIII, while George III, Napoleon I and Gregory VII discuss politics.

At one luncheon an innocent bellboy, not knowing who was meeting, came in to yell, "Telephone for *Signor* Soldi!" It almost broke up the congress.

Usually the congresses meet in various Italian cities, but twice they have gone outside Italy—once to Switzerland and once to San Marino, the world's oldest and smallest existing independent republic. The latter congress—in 1957—caused some jesting rumors that the House planned to buy out San Marino and make it "The Republic of Soldis." Indeed, Soldis on the list already far outnumber the entire population of the little republic: more than 31,000 to about 14,000.

The 1956 congress, in Venice, was received and blessed by the then patriarch of the city, Cardinal Roncalli, who a bare two years later became Pope John XXIII. On his accession, the Soldis sent a congratulatory message; he replied with a renewed blessing, recalling what he had told them in 1956: "May all the Soldis always give the example of an industrious, fruitful house, for your own happiness and for the glory of God."

Pope Pius XII had sent the House his apostolic blessing in 1953, but at the 1958 congress in Rome he gave it to them face to face: "We know well this association of an ancient race which is so faithful to the family ideals that lie at the very base of Christian society. The Soldis deserve a special benediction and an encouragement, which we give with all our heart." These words shine like gold in the House annals, which record the exact moment he said them: 5:36 P.M., September 17, 1958. It was among the last blessings Pope Pius XII ever gave; he died only twenty-two days later.

Also at the Rome congress the Soldis had a special mass at the church of their own Soldi patron, St. Philip Neri, son of Lucrezia Soldi.

Last year's congress, which convened in September, was a humdinger, with 500 Soldis attending. It marked the ninth birthday of the House and, appropriately, was held in Cremona, where the whole thing started.

In a scant nine years, the House has already developed some pretty gestures and traditions that help bind it together. One of these is the Soldi incense. In 1953 a Moslem chief of an African tribe in far-off Somalia somehow learned Roman Catholics were planning a Marian Year to honor the Virgin Mary. Since Moslems also revere her, the chief wanted to send his own tribute, about nine pounds of precious frankincense, which his tribesmen gather from wild bushes.

Puzzled as to how to get his gift to the right place, the chief consulted an Italian official, who happened to be Dr. Pericle I Soldi, married to Maria XXIV, also a born Soldi. Doctor Soldi forwarded the frankincense to Cremona, where the House presented it to the bishop at a solemn ceremony in the local cathedral. They also read aloud a Koranic verse the African chief had sent along with it. "Perhaps," smiled the bishop, "the first time the Koran has ever been read publicly in a Christian cathedral."

Since then the House has taken over the incense tradition itself. Each year the Soldi incense is solemnly burned, on January sixth, Epiphany, the day celebrating the gifts of the Three Magi to the child Jesus, gifts of gold, myrrh—and frankincense.

Every Christmas Eve many Soldis throughout the world set their clocks carefully, add or subtract to arrive at Greenwich mean time and wait for twelve midnight. For, at the exact stroke of twelve, in his tiny chapel off in the remote Ubangi region of the Belgian Congo, the Rev. Vittorio IV Soldi begins a special Christmas mass for all Soldis, living and dead. During these moments, on five continents, Soldis bow their heads in silence.

Sometime soon the House is about to make another unusual gesture; it will present a special silver "Soldi Chalice" to Pope John XXIII, with the condition that he present it to the Catholic missionary church farthest in distance from Rome. They leave it to Vatican geographers to figure out exactly which that will be.

In 1954 the House inaugurated yet another tradition, the awarding of its own medals—especially blessed by a cardinal—to Soldis eminent in various fields. Thus last year the medal for art went to Prof. Raul Soldi, an Argentine painter; for science to a Milan professor, Alberto I Soldi, and so on.

The first Soldi in the United States signed up less than a year after the House was founded. Before each congress, the House gets warm messages of solidarity from American Soldis who can't attend—including a Soldi war bride in Kelso, Tennessee. Another American Soldi once sent some money and wrote, "Since I can't come to the congress, give this to some Italian Soldi who would like to, but can't afford it." A third Soldi in America sometimes sends small sums of money earmarked: "For the first needy Soldi child you meet on the street, or the first you hear about, after receiving this."

Via the House newspaper one American Soldi has offered to swap postage stamps with Soldis in other countries. In 1954 the Italian radio carried, in its America-beamed service, an odd appeal—asking American Soldis to support an American baseball team captained by an Italian-born Soldi.

Nevertheless the American branch has been a little slow getting off the ground and lags far behind such prize colonies as those in, say, Peru or Argentina. Soldis in America seem more absorbed in their new lives than those elsewhere, and Fiorino says somewhat sadly, "We have less contact with the United States Soldis than those in any other country."

To correct this sad state of affairs, the House last August named a new "general delegate" in America: Anna III Soldi Vogler of Buffalo, New York. Cremona-born, she met her Hungarian husband in 1948 when she was a volunteer worker in a refugee camp in Italy. They married and emigrated to America, but Anna III has lost none of the pure white flame of Soldiism. She has sent back to Italy hundreds of pounds of clothes and toys—and sometimes money gifts which she often earmarks for needy Soldi children making their first Communion or confirmation.

Enthusiastic about what she calls "this marvelous family," she is now at work on her new job. To begin with, the House wants to know just how many Soldis there are in America, and Anna III is combing telephone books, city directories and the like. She is eager to get the American colony organized and active, and to prove that you can be a perfectly good American and a perfectly good Soldi at the same time. "Distance doesn't count, even if we speak different languages," she says. "We're always 'The Family.'"

When non-Soldis write Fiorino to ask how to start the same thing in *their* families, he gives copious advice and encouragement. Recently he wrote one such inquirer, "No one can imagine what power and magic still exist in family bonds until he tries, as we did. People talk a lot these days about security, but there is no better security in the world than warm, strong family ties. The family is still the greatest single human reality. A common name is like a common flag. Our own experiment has produced treasures that people are hungry for—good will, fraternity, solidarity, friendship."

He is proud that, in the nine years the House has existed, not one single Soldi registered on the books has, so far as he knows, been charged with a crime. "I can't prove it has anything to do with our House," he says, "but I'm morally certain of it. We've created such a sense of family honor and dignity that a man will think twice before he does anything to stain the Soldi name."

Buoyant, imaginative, determined, Fiorino is still the heart of the House. What began as a half whim became his hobby, then almost an obsession. Now thirty-seven, he is incredibly busy—as a noted Cremona journalist, as author of several books of local history, of three novels and of prize-winning TV plays. But still he devotes a surprising amount of time, and his own money, to his unpaid job as Soldi secretary-general.

He admits to only three disappointments in Soldi family matters. First, there has never been a Soldi pope—"at least not yet." Second, he has been unable to find the slightest Soldi connection with Cremona's most famous son, the great violin maker Stradivarius.

And third, despite great efforts, he has never been able to trace that German SS officer who, by sparing his life in 1945, unwittingly helped found the House. Yet Fiorino is certain the nameless German knows, or knew, of the search. Each year, from 1952 through 1954, he received an unsigned post card, in the same writing, each card postmarked from a different German city, referring to the incident. Since 1954, nothing. He speculates that, like many SS officers, his benefactor had special political troubles at war's end and doesn't want to call attention to himself. Or he may live in Communist Germany. Or he is dead.

Fiorino's wife, Margherita—who had a Soldi grandmother herself—is nearly as active and enthusiastic in Soldi family matters as he is. They seem to have only two points of friction, one being the small goatee Fiorino likes. She doesn't and, one night as he slept, she cut it off. He indignantly grew it back as fast as he could.

Then there is the question of just how large their own private and personal Soldi family should be. Fiorino is charmed whenever, for example, his lists turn up another Soldi couple with ten or eleven children. He was enchanted to learn of one Soldi mother, only two generations ago, who had no fewer than thirty-six children, one of whom in her turn had seventeen.

After such finds, Fiorino comes home bursting with admiration and with something like a competitive spirit. Now, Margherita admires these prolific Soldi mothers as much as anyone else and says the Italian equivalent of "bully for them!" *But* she drops broad hints that, in this day and age, she thinks their own three children are already a good round number. To which Fiorino is apt to lift an oratorical finger, eyes shining with enthusiasm, and declaim, "But *cara mia*, the House of Soldi must *grow*!"

One way or another, it probably will.

THE END

In the Petrified Forest

By Ethel Jacobson

Once this arid
Air was rich
With the redolence
Of pine and pitch.
A lusty monarch
Sang and soared
Above a valley
Verdant-floored,
Where rains fell
And streams wound.
Now upon
The parched ground
Lie leafless fragments
Of a tree
All jasper and
Chalcedony.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

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1. Pa.	2. Va.	3. Conn.
4. S.D.	5. Ark.	6. Mont.
7. N.H.	8. Ind.	9. Ore.
10. N.C.	11. Col.	12. La.

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Riddle of the Frozen Giants

(Continued from Page 39)

musk ox and the ground squirrel. The presence of the extinct species provides us with a fine set of riddles, and of those that are not extinct, with another set; and the absence of still others, like man, for instance, with a third set. The greatest riddle, however, is when, why and how did all these assorted creatures, and in such absolutely countless numbers, get killed, mashed up and frozen into this horrific indecency?

There was a time when there hardly seemed to be any real mystery here, apart from the preservation of animals long since extinct in what was sometimes a perfect state. When western science first became aware of the matter, they summarily dismissed it in the classic statement that "the animals fell into the ice." And, for quite a time, this suggestion seems to have proved quite satisfactory to most people; those who murmured that one cannot fall into ice were hushed by dismal accounts of Swiss mountaineers falling into crevasses in glaciers.

It came to light, however, that there are not—and never were—any glaciers in Siberia except on the upper slopes of a few mountains, and that the animals are never found in mountains, but always on the level plains and only a little above sea level. Further, it was pointed out that no bit of one has ever been found in ice. They are all in the muck.

These facts indicated water as the agency which engulfed the creatures. It was explained that they fell into rivers and were then deposited miles away in deltas and estuaries under layers of silt. This sounded splendid at first, but then the next lot of riddles appeared. These animal remains were not in deltas, swamps or estuaries, but were scattered all over the country. Almost without exception, they were stuck in the highest levels of the curious, flat, low plateaus that occur all over the tundra between the river valleys. It was also pointed out that the whole of Northern Asia, Alaska and Western Canada could never have been one vast delta, nor could their rivers have wandered about all over this higher land, depositing muck uphill. But last, and worst of all, many of these animals were perfectly fresh, whole and undamaged, and still either standing or at least kneeling upright.

A mammoth falling into a river filled with melt water is not going to be carried along in an upright position and deposited thus miles away. Also, elephants are the very best swimmers in any case, and, owing to the huge amounts of vegetable matter they must keep in their stomachs at all times and which develops much gas, it is well-nigh impossible to sink them. Before this can be accomplished they have to be in an advanced state of decomposition or even to have burst. Then their remains would be shoved, bumped and probably rolled over and over along the bottom of the river before coming to rest in their final silty graves. But these standing animals were perfect, not burst, and with their fur coats in good order; they were not decomposed. On the contrary, their flesh was perfectly preserved. The water theory had to be abandoned.

Next, mud became popular. There are certain kinds of clays found on the tundra only a few inches of which are sticky enough to hold a man by his feet; and so some intrepid Russian scientists suggested that, given a few feet of this substance, it could hold a mammoth till he froze to death. Despite the fact that no such substance has ever been found either holding or lying under any frozen animal, this idea at first came almost as a relief and was heartily adopted by almost everybody. But there are always, it seems, some spoilsports in mammoth hunting; they pointed out not only the above fact but also that this hypothetical "goo" would have had to be unfrozen at the time, and that this could only mean that the temperature of the air was well above freezing. The animals must therefore have been frozen after death—probably by starvation—in which case they would have fallen over and started to decompose. Two emendations were therefore proposed.

The first was the idea that the animals fell into gulches, breaking down the banks as they fell and being engulfed in mud, and that then a sudden drop in temperature took place and they were frozen, upright. The other was that after they got stuck a gigantic blizzard blew up and froze both them and the goo forever. Both theories sounded possible, but both were immediately shown to be impossible. It was particularly this Beresovka specimen that proved this.

The Beresovka mammoth was discovered by a Siberian tribesman around the turn of the century. It was sticking head-first out of a bank of the Beresovka River, a tributary of the mighty Kolyma which debouches into the Arctic Ocean. This man axed off the tusks and took them for sale to the nearest trading post, at Yakutsk, and he there told the Cossack who bought them about the rest of the animal. Now there was a ukase promulgated by the Czar, in force at that time, stating that all mammoth or other frozen-animal discoveries were to be reported to the government. This the Cossack did, and a scientific expedition was sent by the National Academy of Sciences from St. Petersburg. The members of this company built a shack over the corpse and lighted fires within to thaw it out. They then dismembered it carefully, packed up the parts, refroze them in the air outside and sledded them to the Trans-Siberian Railroad.

This corpse was sort of squatting at the back end, but was raised on one foreleg in front, with the other held forward as if about to salute. Much of the head, which was sticking out of the bank, had been eaten down to the bone by local wolves and other animals, but most of the rest was perfect. Most important, however, was that the lips, the lining of the mouth and the tongue were preserved. Upon the last, as well as between the teeth, were portions of the animal's last meal, which for some almost incomprehensible reason it had not had time to swallow.

This meal proved to have been composed of delicate sedges and grasses and—most amazing of all—fresh buttercup flowers. The stomach contained many more quarts of similar material. This discovery, in one fell swoop, just about demolished all the previous theories about the origin of these frozen animals and set at naught almost everything that was subsequently put forward. In fact, it presented a royal flush of new riddles.

First, the mammoth was upright, but it had a broken hip. Second, its exterior was whole and perfect, with none of its two-foot-long shaggy fur rubbed or torn off. Third, it was fresh; its parts, although they started to rot when the heat of the fire got at them, were just as they had been in life; the stomach contents had not begun to decompose. Finally, there were these buttercups on its tongue.

Perhaps none of these things sound very startling at first, but if you will examine them one at a time, employing simple logic and good, common horse sense, you will immediately find that they add up to an incredible picture. Let us take the points in succession.

That the animal had a broken hip shows that some very strong force must have been exerted upon it either before or after death. By the position of the corpse it would at first seem that this was caused before death by the animal's falling into one of the famous gulches and then having struggled to get out with its forefeet. However, there is no reason why the fracture could not have taken place after the animal was dead and be due to some great weight placed upon it while loose material remained beneath it. The animal may, indeed, have slipped and injured itself, though from what or into what there is absolutely no evidence. It had obviously not been either inundated or washed away by a flood, and it had not been drowned. Third, and very importantly, it was not only frozen but perfectly so, and here is where we come to the first of the more vital points.

Freezing meat is not quite so simple a process as one might think. It will jell once you drop the temperature below freezing, and it will then theoretically remain forever, provided its contained moisture does not melt. So also will a whole corpse. However, the frozen-food technicians have discovered two vital facts. The first is that simply freezing meat is not sufficient, because it loses its flavor and finally becomes unfit for human consumption after a time if only just frozen. To preserve it properly, temperatures of minus-twenty degrees Fahrenheit or lower are needed. The second and more important point is that to preserve it at all it must be frozen very rapidly, and the faster the better. The slower the job is done, the larger are the crystals that form in the water and other liquids contained in its cells; the faster the process, the smaller they are. Above a certain size, these crystals burst the cells. The meat then becomes dehydrated on being unfrozen, and loses all its flavor.

The flesh of many of the animals found in the muck must have been very rapidly and deeply frozen, for its cells were not burst and, although one mammoth has been found by the radiocarbon dating method to be just over 10,000 years old, the flesh of these animals was remarkably fresh and some was devoured by the explorers' sledge dogs.

At minus-forty degrees Fahrenheit, it takes twenty minutes to quick-freeze a dead turkey and only thirty to preserve a whole side of beef. But these are mere bits of meat, not live animals clothed in fur and containing blood, internal organs and food, at a living temperature of about ninety-eight degrees.

The problem is to extract all the heat from the whole beast, but this can only be done from the outside and by working inward. Unless we have tremendous cold outside, the center of the animal—and notably its stomach—will remain comparatively warm for some time, probably long enough for decomposition to start in its contents, while the actual chilling of the flesh will be slow enough for large crystals to form within its cells. Neither event occurred with the mammoths.

Here we must digress for a moment to consider a related riddle—namely, how these animals were all killed so suddenly. Temperatures of lower than minus-100 degrees Fahrenheit have recently been recorded in Antarctica, and the air customarily registers much less than zero over wide areas of the earth, yet very large numbers of animals live happily at such temperatures. Sled dogs burrow into the snow to sleep in Antarctica and thereby obtain some protection, but they also stand about in the open for hours, even when a near hurricane is blowing—and moving air has a much greater chilling effect than still air. Men, though admittedly well clothed, have been out in temperatures of minus-100 degrees for up to half an hour—and in a roaring blizzard to boot—without their lungs freezing; but much more amazing were the little Shetland ponies that Scott took on his ill-fated dash to the South Pole in 1911. He got these to the dome of the Antarctic icecap, and they had to stand out in the open all the time, yet they survived as long as their food supply lasted. In fact, it takes a very great deal of cold to kill a warm-blooded animal, and especially one that is already somewhat inured to it.

It now transpires, from several studies, that mammoths, though covered in a thick underwool and a long overcoat—and in some cases having quite a layer of fat—were not specially designed for arctic conditions; a little further consideration will make it plain that they did not live in such conditions.

That they did not live perpetually or even all year round on the arctic tundra is really very obvious. First, the average Indian elephant, which is a close relative of the mammoth and just about the same size, has to have several hundred pounds of food daily just to survive. For more than six months of the year, there is nothing for any such creature to eat on the tundra, and yet there were tens of thousands of mammoths. Further, not one trace of pine needles or of the leaves of

"Now isn't this more fun than walking around with a bunch of men?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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any other trees were in the stomach of the Beresovka mammoth; little flowering buttercups, tender sedges and grasses were found exclusively. Buttercups will not grow even at forty degrees, and they cannot flower in the absence of sunlight. A detailed analysis of the contents of the Beresovka mammoth's stomach brought to light a long list of plants, some of which still grow in the arctic, but are actually much more typical of Southern Siberia today. Therefore, the mammoths either made annual migrations north for the short summer, or the part of the earth where their corpses are found today was somewhere else in warmer latitudes at the time of their death, or both.

Here is a really shocking—to our previous way of thinking—picture. Vast herds of enormous, well-fed beasts not specifically designed for extreme cold, placidly feeding in sunny pastures, delicately plucking flowering buttercups at a temperature in which we would probably not even have needed a coat. Suddenly they were all killed without any visible sign of violence and before they could so much as swallow a last mouthful of food, and then were quick-frozen so rapidly that every cell of their bodies is perfectly preserved, despite their great bulk and their high temperature. What, we may well ask, could possibly do this?

Fossils of plants requiring sunlight every day of the year—which is far from the condition pertaining about the poles—have been found in Greenland and on Antarctica. This alone proves that at some time in the past either the poles have not been where they are now, or those portions of the earth's surface that lie about the poles today were once elsewhere. Astronomers and engineers concur in stating that the axis of the earth cannot ever have shifted because the earth is a vast flywheel, and even if any force great enough could be found to so shift it, it would therefore fly apart.

Ergo, the crust of the earth must have shifted. Whether it did so in bits and the bits then shifted around reciprocally as suggested by Wegener, or whether it moved as a whole as recently propounded by Hapgood (*The Saturday Evening Post*, January 10, 1959), cannot be debated here. The latter seems the more probable at present, but in either case, if the crust does from time to time come unstuck from the central body of the spinning earth, it will start to move and new parts of it will drift in under the poles. However, the circumference at the equator bulges by a total of forty-two miles compared with the circumference of the earth as measured north and south through the poles. This means that any portion of the crust heading for the equator is going to have to stretch by twenty-one miles, while any moving toward a pole will have to contract by the same amount. And what must then happen?

The crust of the earth is estimated to be variously between twenty and sixty miles thick. This is really very little compared to the whole earth, being only about as thick as the outer skin of an onion. Its rocks are to some extent plastic, but are like taffy in that they can be stretched slowly, but will break if pulled too fast. Therefore, if a part of the crust goes up over the rise of the equator too fast, it will crack open and form vast rockbergs, while the material from the layer beneath it will come welling up to fill these cracks and sometimes even to flow out in great sheets such as are found all over the earth. Also, both about the equator and toward the poles, where the crust is being squeezed, every available volcano will be set off.

Now volcanoes, when in eruption, not only spew out lava and hurl out rocks but also eject masses of dust particles, steam and other gases. Some of the dust may be shot into the upper atmosphere and then drift all around the earth. After the Indonesian island of Krakatoa blew up in 1883, there were magnificent sunsets all over the earth for several years because of this dust. Other great volcanic eruptions have actually affected the rainfall because moisture gathers around small particles, and the gases—notably carbon dioxide, if present—have a marked effect upon the content of the atmosphere. It has been estimated that if only twenty major volcanoes went off at the same time, all manner of positively terrifying things could happen to our old earth and thus also to both us and mammoths. In fact, this may be the answer to most of our riddles. This theory is buttressed by the fact that great layers of volcanic dust have been found interlarded with the muck in Alaska.

A sudden mass extrusion of dust and gases would cause the formation of monstrous amounts of rain and snow, and it might even be so heavy as to cut out sunlight altogether for days, weeks, months or even years if the crustal movements continued. Winds beyond anything known today would be whipped up, and cold fronts of vast lengths would build up with violent extremes of temperature on either side. There would be forty days and nights of snow in one place, continent-wide floods in another, and roaring hurricanes, seaquakes and earthquakes bringing on landslides and tidal waves in others, and many other disturbances. But perhaps most important may have been the gases which would probably have been shot up highest of all. What would happen to them?

And this is where we get back to quick-freezing mammoths, for the frozen-food experts have pointed out that to do this, starting with a healthy, live specimen, you would have to drop the temperature of the air surrounding it down to a point well below minus-150 degrees Fahrenheit. There are two ways of freezing rapidly—one is by the blast method, the other by the mist process; these terms explain themselves. Moreover, the colder air or any other gas becomes, the heavier it gets. If these volcanic gases went up far enough they would be violently chilled by the "cold of space," as it is called, and then as they spiraled toward the poles, as all the atmosphere in time does, they would begin to descend. When they came upon a warm layer of air, they would weigh down upon it and pull all the heat out of it and then would eventually fall through it, probably with increasing momentum and perhaps in great blobs, pouring down through the weakest spot. And if they did this, the blob would displace the air already there, outward in all directions and with the utmost violence. Such descending gases might well be cold enough to kill and then instantly freeze a mammoth.

Consider now our poor mammoth placidly munching away in his meadow, perhaps even under a warm sun. The sky need not even cloud over, and there need not even be a dust haze where he is living, which would appear to have then been about where Central Asia is today. All of a sudden, in a matter of minutes, the air begins to move in that peculiar way one may experience today at the end of the arctic summer when the first cold front descends and the temperature may drop sixty degrees in an hour.

All the mammoth feels is a sudden violent tingling all over his skin and a searing pain in his lungs; the air seems suddenly to have turned to fire. He takes a few breaths and expires, his lungs, throat, eyeballs, ears and outer skin already crystallized. If he is near the center of the blob, the terrible mist envelops him, and in a few hours he is a standing monument of what is virtually rock. Nor need there be any violence until the snow comes softly to pile up on him and bury him. And here we leave him for a moment and turn to his distant cousin chewing away in Alaska, just outside the area where the blob descends. What happens to him?

The sky here probably does cloud over, and it may even start to snow, something he has not before encountered in September, when he is in the north on his summer migration. He starts to pad off for cover. But then comes a wind that rapidly grows and grows in fury and explodes into something unimaginable. He is lifted off his feet and, along with bison, lion, beaver from ponds and fish from rivers, is hurled against trees and rocks, torn literally to bits and then bowled along to be finally flung into a seething caldron of water, mud, shattered trees, boulders, mangled grass and shrubbery and bits of his fellows and of other animals. Then comes the cold that freezes the whole lot, and finally when the holocaust is over, the snow to cover it all.

This is exactly the state of affairs that we find in Alaska, where the mammoths and other animals, with one or two significant exceptions, were all literally torn to pieces while still fresh. Young and old alike were cast about, mangled and then frozen. There are also, however, other areas where the animals are mangled, but had time to decompose before being frozen; and still others where they decomposed down to bones and were then either frozen or not. Beyond these again, there are similar vast masses of animals, including whole families or herds, all piled together into gulleys and riverbeds and other holes, but where only bones remain.

Here may be the answer to our riddle of why we find mammoths with buttercups in their teeth in one place, shredded but still-edible mammoths in another, rotting mammoths in a third, and mammoth boneyards somewhere else. The animals were frozen whole where the blobs of cold air descended before the winds began, shredded and frozen where the winds came before the cold had spread out, and reduced to bones where the animals had time to decompose before the cold reached them or the moving crust carried them north.

The remains, if still sticking out of the ground where the middle of the blob occurred, would have been safely sealed in when the snow came, as the Beresovka mammoth probably was. This would seem to be additional proof, for a true icecap never formed in Siberia, because the crust was still shifting. There is evidence that one once started to grow there, but that it soon died away, and as it did so, vast floods of melt water brought great quantities of silt *down* from the south—which is the direction the rivers flow in Siberia—and deposited it upon the compacted snow. This froze in the fall, but melted in the spring, and since a dark material absorbs more heat, it gradually, year by year, dissolved the snow below and descended upon and eventually enveloped the quick-frozen mammoth by the slow substitution of chilled silt for compacted snow.

Nobody, as we have said, particularly wanted frozen elephants in the first place. Now there are starting to be many who are more than grateful for their existence, because they may help us solve a thousand other riddles, some of which are of the most vital importance to our own well-being and future. At the same time, they may be a warning of most unpleasant things to come—if a similar convulsion of nature should occur again.

THE END

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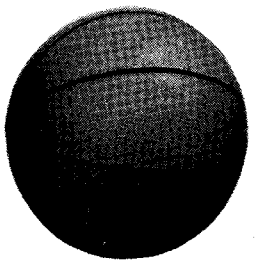

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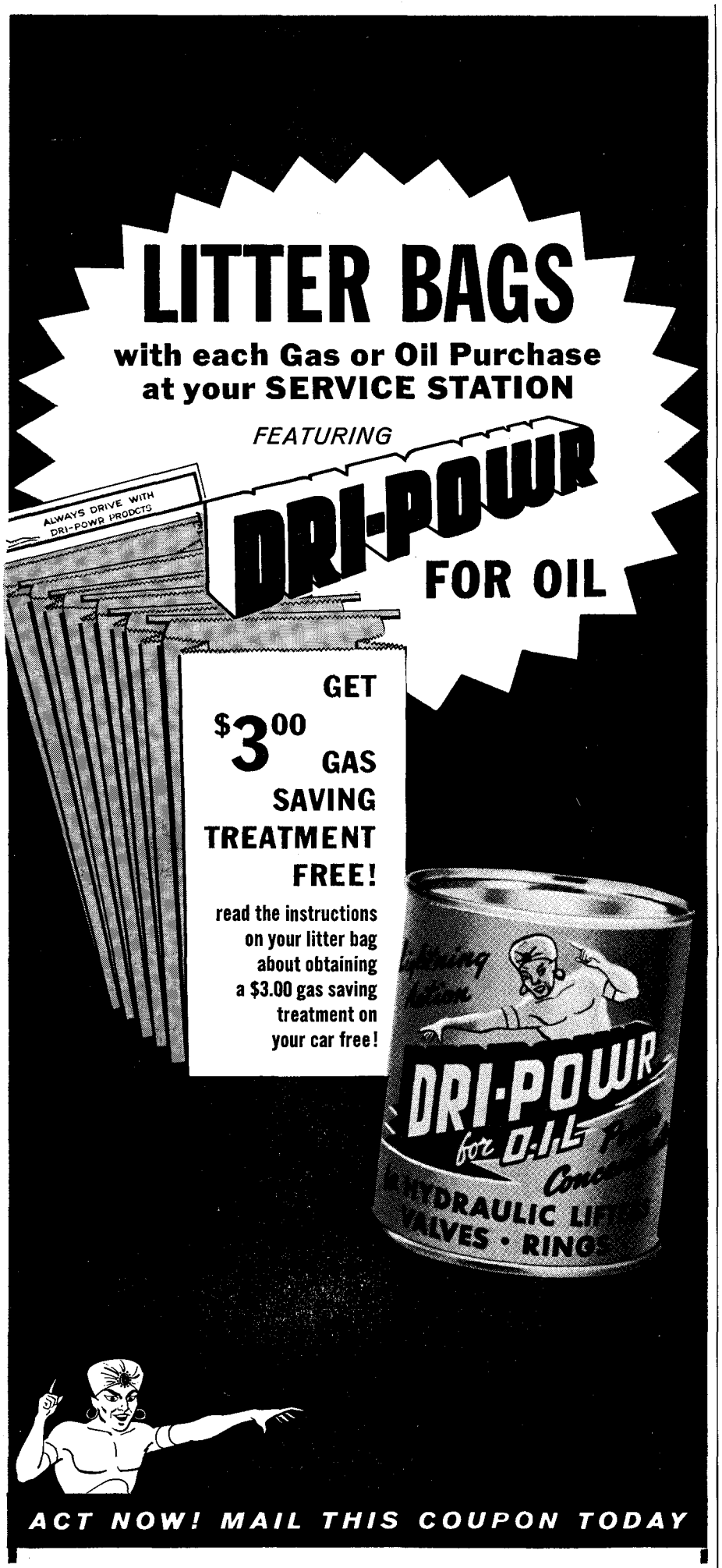

Our Urban Revolution

(Continued from Page 30)

suffering from the ailments that bedevil youth, the sprains and bruises, aches and pains that accompany headlong unplanned growth.

So far—and this is the thing that bothers them most—the huge urban organism has no head. No single brain or central nervous system governs and directs it. It is made up of hundreds of different cells of varying sizes, each functioning independently of the rest and each stubbornly determined to remain independent. From the old, huge central city, plagued with crime, traffic congestion, slums and falling tax values, down to the tiniest new village worried about its sewage and its schools, each community doggedly fights its own battles in its own way, ignoring the troubles that beset its neighbors.

This, the thinkers argue, is a bad thing now and it will lead to greater troubles later on. Stubbornly cherishing the illusion that we are still a rural nation, we are trying to impose the economic and social patterns of the urban twentieth century on the political divisions of the horse-and-buggy days. The result, they say, is about the same as trying to harness a jet engine to a two-horse wagon.

Nobody, of course, is naïve enough to suggest that all the great cities of the Northeastern Seaboard, with their sprawling hinterlands, can be brought under the umbrella of one huge municipal government. The area is too vast, the population too great, the interests and the activities of the nine-state region too diverse, ever to be controlled by a single administration. But within the gigantic sprawl are many urban regions which are, in essence, single organic units. Each was spawned by a central city, and each is bound by cultural, economic and social ties to the city from which it sprung. It seems logical, therefore, that these great regions, whose component parts are faced with common problems, shall someday link themselves together politically for their common good.

To many a thoughtful student of the urban scene, this is the greatest domestic problem facing the country today. Somehow, they say, we must find a way to tie together the aging city and its booming hinterland in some sort of political alliance that will be satisfactory to them both. We are, as one planner put it, back where we were prior to 1789, faced with the necessity of creating a new form of government organized to meet the needs of a new time. The trouble is, nobody knows where to draw the lines that would set off one great regional city from another. Nobody can say for sure where Boston's orbit ends and New York's begins, where the pull of Philadelphia is stronger than that of Wilmington, where the economic and sociological boundary lies between Baltimore and Washington. A metropolitan region is a seamless web that knows no boundaries. The outpouring from one huge city flows over county lines and state lines to merge with the overflow from another. The result has been a fantastic proliferation of small governments. Within the United States the census statisticians recognize some 174 urban regions. Within these regions there are more than 16,000 separate administrative units of one kind or another—cities, towns, counties, school districts, toll authorities or whatnot—each sovereign in its field and each jealously striving to maintain its sovereignty.

There are, of course, those who argue that this is the way things should be. Local government should remain small and close to the people. Despite the fragmentation, they contend, the little communities grow and thrive. Traffic circulates, schools are built, water flows from the taps, toilets flush, slums get cleared, fires are put out, burglars are caught and tried and sometimes punished. If the things the people want done are getting done, they ask, what's all the fuss about?

The fuss, the planners point out patiently, is about what it's costing us in time and money and the amenities of urban living to get things done as we are doing them now, in a haphazard, piecemeal fashion. The great population explosion of the past dozen years has taken us by surprise. We are a nation in swift transition from a rural to an urban way of life, and all the old patterns of the past are being broken. Never again will the face of the land be the same—a green and empty country dotted with farms, villages and little towns, with here and there a great city pushing its tall buildings toward the sky. Before the century is out, not only the Northeastern Seaboard but all the land along the Great Lakes, the Gulf and the Pacific Coast will be built up. Inland from all the shore lines Suburbia will reach out toward the horizon. Whether this new America will be ugly or beautiful, efficient or inefficient, orderly or disorganized, depends on what we do now—before all the open land is gone.

It all boils down to this, the thinkers say: There can be no beauty and no order and little efficiency in the America of the future unless we do some effective, grand-scale planning now. And there can be no effective planning so long as each small community scuffles fiercely with its neighbor and thumbs its nose at the central city and goes its own way heedless of the fact that it is part of a greater whole. To meet the challenge of the future we need a new form of metropolitan government, greater than the county, smaller than the state, that will not be hampered in its functions by old, outmoded political divisions.

Before a start can be made toward the kind of broad-gauge regional planning the urban experts have in mind, certain basic handicaps must be overcome. In the first place, there just aren't enough trained planners to go around. There are a few dozen in the United States, most of them playing a game of musical chairs as they jump from city to city for higher and higher salaries. Instead of a few, hundreds are needed; and this constitutes a challenge to the universities in all their disciplines, for a competent planner must be a man of broad understanding and varied skills. He must know something of economics, of sociology and of engineering. He must be enough of an idealist to know what his region should have—

Benevolent Busybody

By I. D. Freneau

Old widow Lindeau
Posted at her window
Sees the sparrow fall—
In fact, sees all!
But if her gaze be prevalent
It never is malevolent;
Quite unabashed her nod
and grin—
And we wave going out
and in.

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and enough of a realist to know what it will accept and pay for. He must also be a philosopher, refusing to become embittered when his nobly conceived blueprint for the future is filed away to gather dust in a pigeonhole at city hall.

Even if trained planners were available, there are other obstacles that will take us years to overcome. We still don't know enough about what's happening beneath the moil and ferment of the metropolis to make any truly intelligent long-range plans. We know what we see on the surface—the hinterlands filling up and the old cities struggling against blight and decay. But the deep underlying motives that have brought about this population shift, and the effect the new patterns of living, work and play will have on the future are only dimly understood.

In short, our biggest problem is that we don't know what our problems are, what forces formed the urban region in the first place, what common interests link its people or what diversities divide them. Here again is a challenge to the universities, a broad new field of research that can engage their most thoughtful sociologists, economists and political scientists for a generation.

Even if we had an army of planners, armed with all the detailed knowledge that deep research could provide, they would not be able to accomplish much so long as the central city and the communities of its hinterlands continue to look upon one another's problems with a vast disinterest. The suburbanite, riding to his job in town over a new expressway, is not much concerned by the fact that his city-dwelling cohort is sweating out his trip to work on a bus that keeps getting caught in traffic jams. He does not care particularly that the approaches to the city are an abomination to the eye, nor that at night, when he is safely asleep in his quiet bedroom community, gangs of hoodlums come out of the city slums to prowl the streets with knives.

The city resident, on the other hand, can bear with fortitude the news that his suburban cousin is still having trouble with his septic tank, that his school is on double session, that a new highway is being laid out across his back lot.

The division between city and suburb goes deeper than a mere apathetic disinterest in the other's problems. There is an active antagonism, a mutual distrust between many a central city and its satellite towns. Boston, for example, is surrounded by smaller cities that are as old and as proud as Boston itself. Their attitude toward the nearly bankrupt central city is one of hauteur, and any suggestion of co-operation between them is viewed as a plot to bail out Boston.

"The only way to get anything done around here on a regional scale," one Bostonian said morosely, "is to present it on the basis that doing just the opposite would help Boston."

New York's hinterland sprawls over twenty-two counties in Connecticut, northern New Jersey and New York State. Within this area there are more than 1400 separate political jurisdictions. None of them is eager for any closer relationship with the city than now exists. Philadelphia, now a Democratic stronghold set in a nest of sturdily Republican counties, finds itself the victim of a political malapportionment that gives control of the upper house of the state legislature to the upstate farmers. Washington's efforts at regional planning are hampered by the fact that the Potomac River is not only a physical dividing line, it is a political and sociological barrier as well. The good burghers of Virginia view both Maryland and the District with distrust.

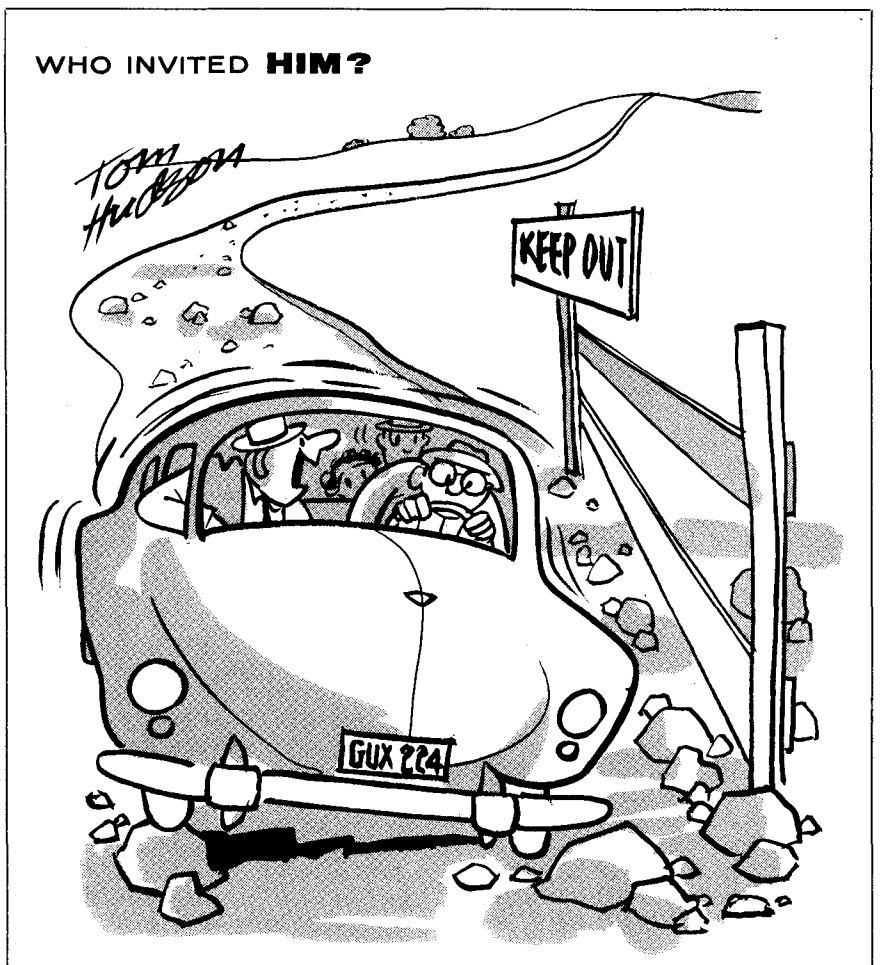
The cities look upon the suburbs as parasites, using the city's facilities—its streets, theaters, libraries and museums—free of charge and demanding services, such as water, fire protection and sewage disposal, but protesting bitterly when asked to pay a fair share of the costs. The suburbs, on the other hand, are unmoved by the city's plight. The cities are in trouble because they failed to provide the things that men want most in the place where they live and work—quietness, cleanliness, order, light and air and pleasant vistas. The cities' troubles, the suburbs claim, stem from cupidity, inefficiency, mismanagement and graft.

The city, in short, lives in fear of being nibbled away by the suburb; the suburb fears being swallowed up by the city.

The tug and haul between the central city and the communities that surround it is only one manifestation of the antagonisms that divide the metropolitan region. Old bedroom suburbs, struggling to retain their quiet ways, set up barriers against the flood of new people pouring in from the city. In an effort to keep low-income folk from settling in their midst, they "upzone" the area, requiring the building of more expensive houses on larger lots. To forestall mass housing, they set up building regulations requiring that each house on a street be basically different in design from five of its neighbors. Some of them buy up surrounding country land and screen newcomers as carefully as if they were seeking admission to a club. This creates friction even within the once tranquil town. The commuters want to keep the community small and select. The folk who make their living there—the doctors, dentists, lawyers, grocers and filling-station men—want more people so they can treat more sore throats, fill more teeth, try more cases and sell more groceries and gas. The politicians are caught in the middle. They want more people, for people mean more votes. But they are wary of newcomers who might upset an old, entrenched political machine.

New towns, springing up from farmlands, soon find themselves in trouble. They began as bedroom communities, clean and quiet and unsullied by industry. They soon discover they must either do without the services they want, or pay a crushing property tax. They begin to look around for industries to share the tax burden—and find themselves in a shin-kicking competition with the new town down the road, which is on a similar quest. Within the town itself, the citizens are divided, for nobody wants the new factory located on his side of town. In the unplanned sprawl of suburbia, it often happens that one town gets the industry and a nearby municipality gets the workers. The town that gets the factory sits back fat, smug and happy, for industry pays about three times as much in taxes as it receives in city services. The town that gets the workers' homes gets a fiscal headache; for, on the average, single-family properties don't pay their way. The homeowner who pays $300 a year in taxes receives about $400 in services, and 500 new homes can sorely deplete a small town's treasury.

There are, of course, a few old communities which recognize that no zoning barriers can long withstand the terrific pressures of population growth. The new people, inevitably, are coming, bringing with them their overwhelming demands for water, sewer lines, police and fire protection, more teachers and more classrooms for the schools. The problem is to find a place for them, to find the industries that will make up their tax deficits, and to fit homes and factories, parks and playgrounds, schools and churches and commercial areas harmoniously together in a tax-balanced community. To do this requires the joint efforts of three often antagonistic elements—the builder, concerned with making a buck; the planner, with dreams of the ideal community; and the community itself, with its diverse and conflicting interests.



"Maybe it's not quite as good a road, but it saves us two miles! Now, after you ford the creek up ahead you turn left. . . ."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

The best example, perhaps, of how these three can be brought together to create a planned and orderly development in the midst of the great sprawl of Suburbia is found in the town of Yorktown, once a pleasant bedroom suburb in northern Westchester County, New York. Between 1953 and 1957 the population of Yorktown surged from 5000 to 13,000 in a sudden spate of unplanned growth. It soon became clear to all that the upsurge would continue; and if it were left uncontrolled, all the amenities of living would be destroyed. The first move, therefore, was to bring in a planning consultant. By 1957 the firm of Frederick P. Clark and Associates had drawn up a comprehensive master plan. The next task was to find a builder willing to work within the framework of this plan.

In this search the town was lucky. Since 1945 a builder named David Bogdanoff had been operating in Westchester County, hopping from one community to another building subdivisions, finding with each move that land values were growing more inflated, zoning controls more restrictive, the market for his houses more limited. It was upon Mr. Bogdanoff's conscience, too, that in the subdivisions he had built, many community problems had been left unsolved. It had long been in his mind, therefore, that he would like to try a new tack, to develop a new type of community, planned and complete in all its parts.

Yorktown gave him the opportunity. Despite the sudden growth, there were still more than 4000 acres of open land in an unincorporated community called Jefferson Valley in the northeast section of the town. Here the new growth could be channeled in some rational form. By the autumn of 1957 Mr. Bogdanoff's Jefferson Valley Corporation, with the blessing of the city fathers, had acquired title to some 670 acres of this land. It lay in two distinct drainage sheds, providing excellent locations for two separate sewage-treatment plants that could serve not only the 4000-acre valley but areas in adjoining towns as well.

Then Mr. Bogdanoff outlined the ideas that had been stirring in the back of his mind. The laying of the sewer lines, he pointed out, would stimulate a growth of homes that would throw a tremendous burden on the city's resources for schools and other services. In the area as planned, only scattered plots had been reserved for industrial and commercial use. Before going ahead with any development, he suggested, the town should sit down and figure out what industry it would need to provide a sound tax base, both during its period of growth and when it had reached a point of saturation.

Once this had been done, the community should then make up a balanced land-use plan that would separate industrial areas from residential areas, and lay out a street-and-roadway system that would keep industrial traffic off the residential streets. Into this pattern should be fitted the new homes and factories, schools and churches, playgrounds and parks the new community would need. All this should be done before the first bulldozer had clanked into the valley and it should be done by the town itself, not by the builder; for the builder, being human, could not forget his own self-interest. His company would, however, pay for the study if the community would make it, and he would abide by its results. The town agreed.

The first step was to determine whether the 2640 acres of land that were available for house sites should be developed for high, low or medium density. The decision was that it should be of medium density, housing roughly 1.6 families to

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the acre. This meant that 4220 new homes could be added to the 1080 dwellings already there, a total of 5300 houses in all. At the old rate of eighty dollars per thousand of assessed valuation, the average tax paid by each of the 5300 households would be $326. The cost of providing city services to each lot would come to $424. Thus the city would go in the hole nearly a hundred dollars on each new home. This total of $530,000 would have to be made up by business and industry.

Past experience had shown that Westchester's well-fed residents spend about $1000 a year each in local stores, for food, clothes, drugs, gasoline and other necessities. With an average of 3.5 persons in each of the 5300 houses, the area would have a total population of about 18,500 people, who might be expected to spend some $18,500,000 a year with local merchants. This volume of business would require some 336,000 feet of new floor space in a business district valued for tax purposes at a little under $2,000,000. Tax revenues would amount to about $140,000, costs of services would run about $99,000, and the city would show a $41,000 "profit." Taxes on utilities would add another $6850 in revenues in excess of costs, but services to tax-exempt institutions—such as parks, public buildings and churches—would run about $58,000. The town, therefore, would still have to look to industry to make up a deficit of $540,000.

Industry in some areas, such as Greenwich, Connecticut, and Evanston, Illinois, pays about three times as much in taxes as the services it receives cost the city. In Arlington, Virginia, the ratio is five to one. Yorktown assumed a ratio of four to one, which meant that for every dollar of excess revenue that was needed, $1.25 in taxes would be required from industry. This meant that Yorktown must find somewhere about $22,000,000 worth of industry, which at an equalization rate of thirty-eight would give it the revenue it needed to hold its tax rate at a stable level.

The final plan for the valley shaped up something like this: 3310 acres of residences, assessed at $24,000,000 dollars; sixty acres of commercial property worth $2,000,000; eighty acres of utilities worth $80,000; and 150 acres of industry and offices valued for tax purposes at $8,445,000. A remaining 510 acres would be tax exempt, including 105 acres divided into seven fifteen-acre parks, five acres occupied by a library and firehouse and twenty-five acres covered by schools, churches and buildings housing charitable organizations.

All that remained was to lay out a plan that could fit these diverse land uses into a harmonious pattern—and to find the industry that could carry the tax load. This meant a survey of the area's labor resources—the number of people in the work force and their skills.

Today people are moving into the valley, the houses are going up, and the town's industrial commission is busily negotiating with a number of industries. Barring some unforeseen catastrophe, the town can look forward to a decade of balanced, orderly growth.

This happy alliance of the planner, the builder and the community which knew what it wanted is rare in Megalopolis. It can, Bogdanoff feels, be repeated anywhere and it need not be confined to one political subdivision. Many small communities now competing fiercely for industry could lay out a similar plan if they could only be persuaded to get together.

Even if this should happen, though, it would still be a piecemeal attack on the ever-growing problem of urban sprawl. No real solution will ever be found, the thinkers say, until detailed planning can be carried out—not on a local, but on a regional scale. And this will require something that does not now exist and that people, so far, do not seem to want—a metropolitan government.

How such a government could be set up and how it could be related to both state and Federal administrations is causing a great deal of brow-knitting at all levels of government and among all the students of Megalopolis. Bills have been introduced in Congress seeking to create a Council of Urban Advisers as a part of the executive office of the President. This, the planners feel, is a great step forward. For generations, they point out, we have been spending millions on agricultural and economic research. We have spent relatively nothing on a study at the Federal level of the problems of the metropolis. We need a Department of Urbiculture now, they argue, as much as we need a Department of Agriculture. We cannot continue to devote all our best thought to the problems of the last century.

A dozen governors in the past year have urged their legislatures to recognize the problems of the metropolis and to pass laws permitting communities to work and plan together on a regional basis. A Department of Urban Affairs has been urged for each state, with a separate "desk" for each metropolitan region within the state.

These things, though, don't get at the heart of the problem. The big political changes must take place at the local level, where old and new communities alike fight a stubborn battle against any sort of supergovernment that might erase their identity. Annexation to the central city is not the answer, for over the past thirty-odd years, for reasons no political scientists can quite explain, small communities have been refusing to be annexed. Consolidation of county and city government might be a partial step forward, but it would be no solution in those urban regions which overflow two or more county lines. Efforts at consolidation, too, always revive the ancient feud that has always existed between courthouse and city hall. In Miami and Dade County the only attempt at "metro-government" in the United States to date started off bravely enough, but it has been in constant danger of foundering on the rocks of precinct politics.

The creation of new "authorities," to handle such area-wide problems as transportation, sewerage and water systems, might be one part of the answer. But authorities are creatures of the state and they represent a dilution of the home-rule principle to which the communities cling.

The most hopeful solution seems to be a federation of governmental units, a republic in miniature, to provide services of a regional nature to an aggregation of smaller communities, each of which would keep its own identity and provide its own local services.

Such a federation could not be created by fiat. It would have to evolve slowly, its authority and its restrictions clearly defined—a process as laborious as that by which the founding fathers hammered out the Federal system, with its checks and balances, under which we live today.

It could begin, some planners say, with a meeting of all the mayors of the communities of a region—with the mayor from the central city making it clear to all that it was not his city's purpose to try to annex the universe. This icebreaking get-together could be followed by a joint meeting of all the planning commissions from the various towns, to talk in general about their common problems and to try to winnow out those which could be handled locally and those which, by their nature, were region-wide. If these two assemblies could be held without bloodshed, then the elected officials of the various towns could be brought together—these would be the politicians who would know by instinct what could and could not be done. If the politicians could agree that a metro-government was needed, then the nonprofessionals could be brought in—the business leaders, the civic clubs, the academicians and journalists, who presumably could sell the idea to the region as a whole.

Out of some such tentative approach as this there might finally evolve a regional council, made up of representatives of all the communities within the area and headed by a "metro-mayor." Under it, the planners say, could come such matters as a metropolitan transportation system which would embrace all forms of transport, from the location of highways to the supervision of mass transit. It would have responsibility for keeping the air over the area clear of smoke, the streams free of sewage and industrial wastes. It could see to it that each community received its share of the dwindling supply of water. It could provide, through the purchase of easements, for maintaining open areas of farm and woodlands that would break up the monotony of the urban sprawl. It could maintain regional recreation facilities that no small community could support alone. It could lay out a regional land-use plan, providing "industrial parks" for factories whose tax payments would be shared by several adjoining communities. It could set up zoning standards for the whole area and thus forestall the spread of cheap and ugly construction which is now marring the face of the land in many unincorporated communities where no standards exist.

To the communities would be reserved control of those things which best could be handled on the local level—schools, police and fire protection, local parks and sanitary controls.

So far in the United States such a metropolitan government is only a gleam in the planner's eye. It has worked elsewhere, however. In Canada thirteen municipalities, ranging in size from Toronto, with its 667,000 citizens, down to tiny Swansea, with 8972, have been linked together in such a federal system since 1953.

In the distant past great architects and pioneer planners, such as Frederick Law Olmsted and Daniel H. Burnham, caught a vision of an America that was truly beautiful—and as functional in all its parts and as pleasant to live in as it was pleasing in form. Somehow in the smoke and grime of our industrial civilization we lost sight of their dream.

The time has come to remember it, the modern planners say, and to bring it to fruition. For if it is our destiny to lead the world, it is our obligation to present to the world an image that is truly representative of our unity and our strength. To create this image, though, we must, in the words of Burnham, "make no little plans."

"They have no magic to stir men's blood," he said, "and probably themselves will not be realized. Make big plans; aim high in hope and work, remembering that a noble, logical diagram once recorded will never die, but long after we are gone will be a living thing.... Let your watchword be order, and your beacon beauty."

In the great sprawl of Megalopolis, where there now is little order and less beauty, it still is not too late to find a place for that noble and logical design.

This is the last of three articles by Mr. Martin. —THE EDITORS

"You'll have to speak up!"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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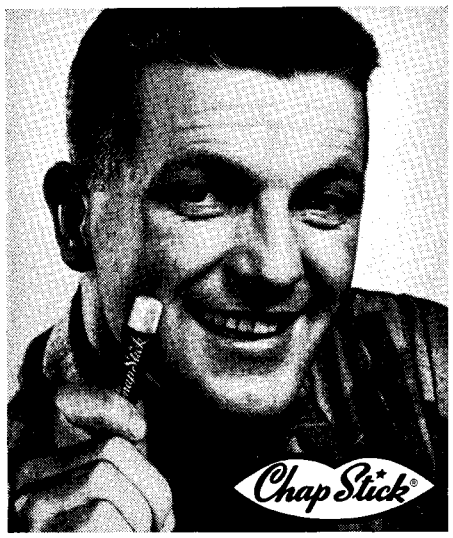

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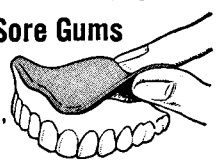

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Keeping Posted

An Island and a Storm

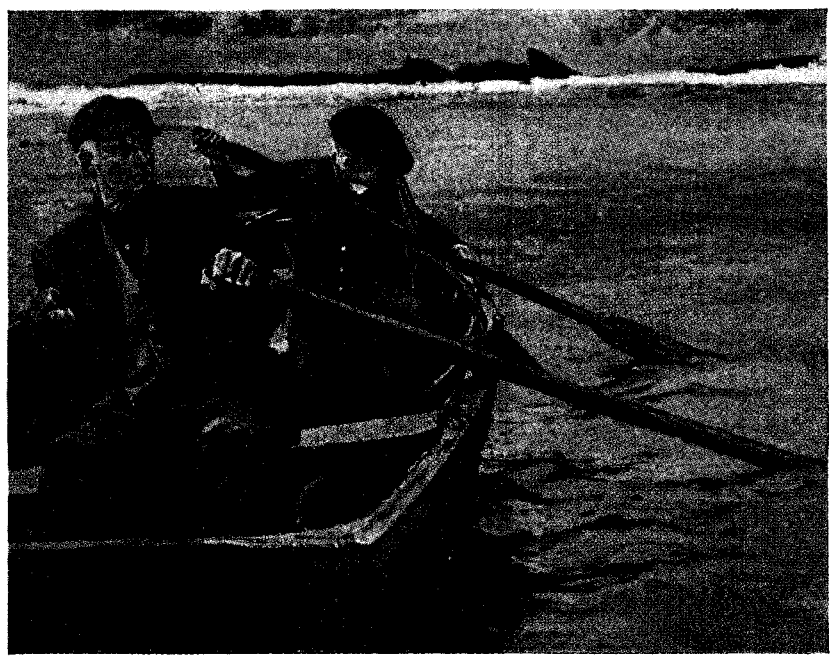
Leonard Wibberley, a Dublin Irishman who lives in Hermosa Beach, California, was in Ireland last summer writing a book about the old country. On the County Galway coast the author rented a house from Tom King, a farmer-fisherman, and one day Tom rowed Wibberley in his currach out to an island where lived an old man who was a great storyteller. When asked for a story, the ancient Irishman began in a soft, sad, remembering sort of way. "The small trees were breaking, and the great trees were bending, and the giants were coming into the land." There he stopped, and Wibberley was glad, wanting just to imagine the rest himself. When the old man was young, a furious storm had ravished the island, and everybody had gone to the mainland to live; now he had come back to live and die where he was born. Wibberley doesn't know his name, but in the wonderful novelette on page 16 he becomes Mr. Reece.

Wibberley never planned to write the novelette. When his wife Hazel was typing his book, she came to a passage containing the old man's words and exclaimed, "Write a story about an island and a storm!" The excited author wrote the story in three days. Then he decided it was terrible—"If I were given to tears, I would have wept." Mrs. W. said the story was swell. *The Post* happily bought it, whereupon Wibberley verbosely wired senior editor Erd Brandt, "Whoopee."

Leonard Wibberley, Patricia and Kevin, in a *Post* editor's office.

The author, whose 1954 *Post* serial THE DAY NEW YORK WAS INVADED is now the popular movie *The Mouse That Roared*, is the head of a teeming household. The Wibberley children range in age from the eldest son, Kevin, nine, down through Patricia, Christopher, Arabella and Rory, to Cormac—which last young man was born October twenty-eighth and named after Cormac Joyce of his dad's novelette.

Illustrations Galore



Painting by Austin Briggs which was not used on page 16.

As Leonard Wibberley's novelette went to press, *The Post* editors were going through the zany experience of possessing two complete sets of illustrations—Gene Kammerman's sensitive photographs which begin on page 16, and a series of typically fine paintings by Austin Briggs. One of the latter is reproduced here for comparison with Kammerman's interpretation of the same scene.

A rare decision for *The Post*—to try for photographic illustrations taken at the setting of the story—resulted in rushing Kammerman, then on assignment in Greece, to the rugged, winter-buffeted Aran Islands off the Irish coast. The publication deadline was close at hand. When word presently came that Kammerman's exposed films had been dropped into the gale-whipped Irish Sea during transfer from a rowboat to a trawler for conveyance to the mainland, painter Briggs, who had previously agreed to take over in an emergency, got busy fast. In a rather incoherent cable Kammerman indicated he was starting work all over again. During a month, he spent thirteen hours taking pictures, the rest of the time either waiting for the sea to get photogenically rough or calm down enough so that people in rowboats wouldn't drown—mostly the latter. When Kammerman ran out of money, cabling some to him was sticky business because there are no banks on the islands, the telephone to the mainland had gone dead, and a whooping gale had cut off communication by sea. Eventually a mail boat got through, and a package of money was tossed into the photographer's heaving rowboat.

Kammerman's last-chance films were taken to the mainland through a storm by Captain Stephen Conneely and his crew, Jackie Gill, in a fishing boat. Normally a one-hour run, it took them six hours because a fog had set in; and the island lifeboat which went out that night to find them found nothing. The films were delivered after midnight to mainlander Michael MacDonough, who had been running his car back and forth along a cliff for hours, flashing his headlights. Then John Moynihan, head porter of a hotel, who was a great help to Kammerman, rushed them to Shannon to catch the next New York plane. Because of a gasoline strike in Ireland the plane flew back to London, and its mail got switched to another United States plane. The films got here anyway.

NEXT WEEK'S POST

"I Call On Princess Grace"

Pete Martin chats with the former Grace Kelly of Hollywood about her life as mistress of Monaco's royal household.

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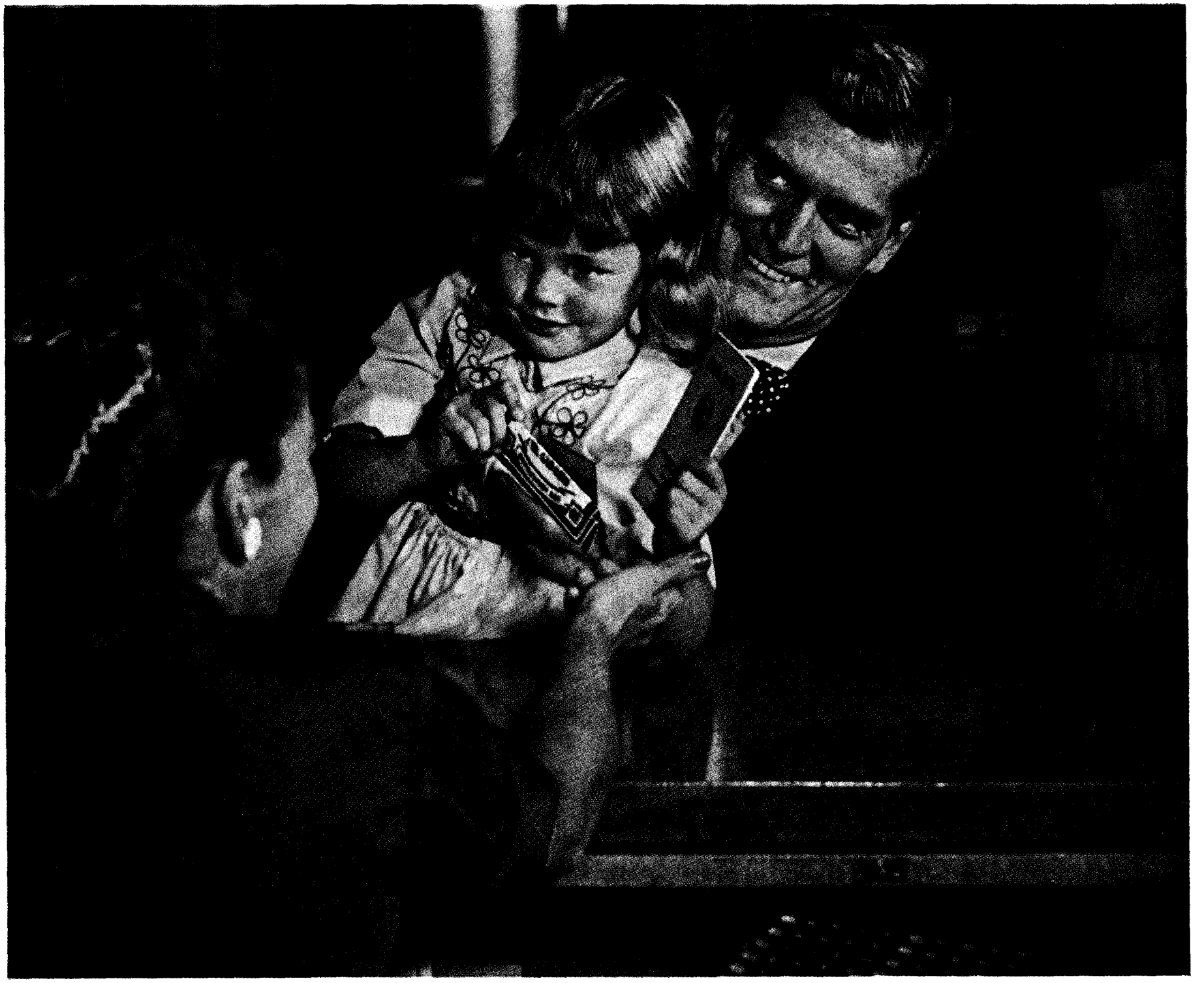

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